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22



THE

REVIEW OF REVIEWS



JANUARY,
1903.



FOR
AUSTRALASIA



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"Lever Set" and Cannot "Set" in the Pocket. Made in the only factory in the world where a complete watch (both case and movement) is made. Every Watch Guaranteed (Case as well as Movement).

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Write for our "Guide to Watch Buyers."

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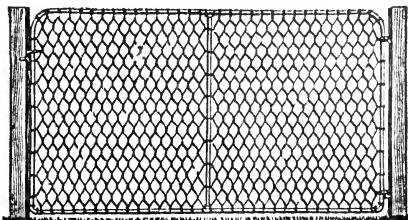
(Continued on page iii.)

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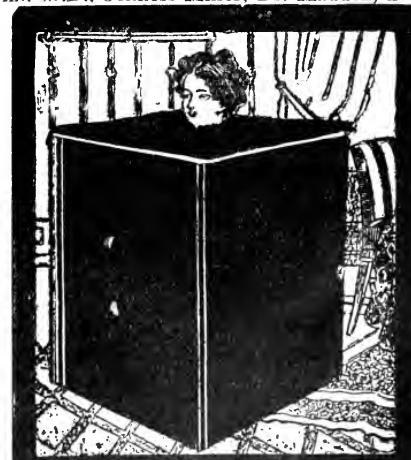
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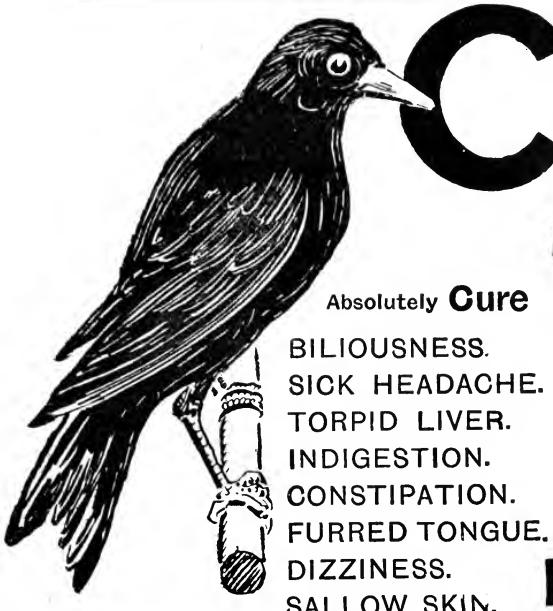
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They **TOUCH** the **LIVER**
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**THE STEEL STAR
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Is galvanised after being put together. This galvanises every rivet and bolt in its position, protecting the bolts and the cut edges from rust. This galvanising business is a great feature—increasing the life of the MILL.

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Rubber
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The cup-shaped teeth have a suction effect on the skin that smooths out wrinkles, rounds out the beauty muscles, and gives perfect circulation of the blood.

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(Continued on page vii.)

1st.—The New MOULDED Records, made of a harder material, which is more durable, and wears better than the old type, is not damaged by handling, and is more natural in tone, more distinct, and of exceptional loudness.

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All people wish they hadn't.
Why keep such
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"THE PET CORN CURE"

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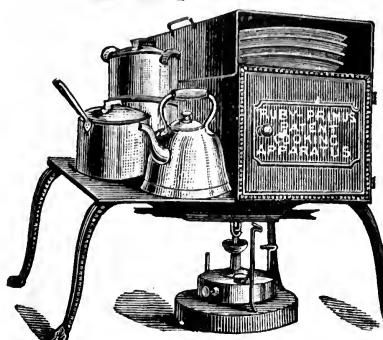
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Will do ALL THE COOKING for a household
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THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA - AND CONSUMPTION.

Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in Australia.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become Chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

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TOO ILL TO LEAVE HIS BED.
A COMPLETE CURE.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne—Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor, who pronounced my case to be Consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks—Yours gratefully,

"J. BLAIR.

"Westminster, Bridge-road, S.E., London."

AGONISING COUGH.—NINE MONTHS' TORTURE.
RELIEVED by ONE DOSE of HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS
CURE. CURED by TWO BOTTLES.

"Dergholm, Victoria.

"Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other 'remedies,' without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.

"Yours faithfully, JAMES ASTBURY."

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"The SCIENTIFIC AUSTRALIAN Office, 169 Queen-st., Melbourne.

"Dear Mr. Hearne,—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and singing the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips. This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Barham, accountant, Collins-street, and the effect that it had was so marked that ne has never since been continually recommending it to others. We are glad to add this our testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintance. Believe us always to be yours most faithfully,

"PHILLIPS, ORMONDE & CO."

QUEENSLAND TESTIMONY. FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.

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"Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Please send us 36 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order. We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to-day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses.

"We are, faithfully yours,

"THOMASON, CHATER & CO., Wholesale Chemists."

We the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Signed by the Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR, Myers-street, Geelong, and fifty-nine other leading residents.

Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

ASTHMA.

PREVIOUS TREATMENT FAILED. A SEVENTEEN YEARS' CASE CURED BY THREE BOTTLES.

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A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses.—P. F. MULLINS, Cowie's Creek, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. McDONALD, Trinkey, via Quirindi, N.S.W."

"My wife is 82 years old, and I am 79, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, it having quickly cured us both.—R. BASSET, Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."

"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as the smothering has completely left me.—(Mrs.) JOHN RAHILLY, Glenmaggie, Victoria."

"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARRINGTON, Bingegeong, Morundah, N.S.W."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—D. A. PACKER, Quiera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—C. H. RADFORD, Casterton, Victoria."

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. SEYTER, Bourke, N.S.W."

"Your medicine for Asthma is worth £1 a bottle.—W. LETTS, Heywood, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Yanko Siding, N.S.W."

"I suffered from Chronic Asthma and Bronchitis, for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN C. TRELAWNEY, Severn River, via Inverell, N.S.W."

"Last year I suffered severely from Bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—H. HODD, Brooklands, Avoca-street, South Yarra, Melbourne."

"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozzone House, Lorne, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure I got from you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WURLD, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria."

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WHYBROW, Enoch's Point, via Darlingford, Victoria."

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 "OH, THEY'RE GREAT."
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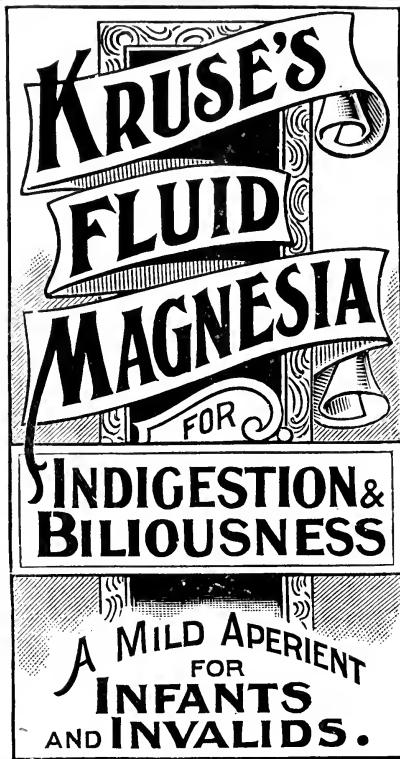
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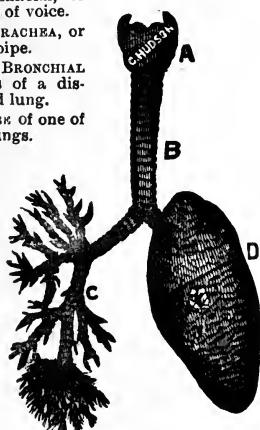
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For the Cure of
COUGHS! COLDS!
BRONCHITIS! and INFLUENZA!
and the
Prevention of CONSUMPTION.

Their daily use preserves the teeth, and keeps the mouth in a sweet, healthy condition.

IN TINS, 1/6, from
the PROPRIETOR,

or post free on receipt of Stamps. Sydney Depot:
5 and 7 Queen's Place.

G. HUDSON, CHEMIST,
IPSWICH, QUEENSLAND,

Extract from Analyst's Report; Mr. W. A. Dixon, F.I.C., F.C.S., the Public Analyst of Sydney, reports, after exhaustive tests, as follows:—"There is no doubt but that Eumenthol Jujubes have a wonderful effect in the destruction of bacteria, and preventing their growth."

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THE QUEEN OF AUSTRALASIAN COLLEGES!

Methodist Ladies' College, HAWTHORN, VICTORIA.

"If there is a College in Australia that trains its girls to be ladies it is the Methodist Ladies' College."—A Parent in New South Wales.

"The best praise of the College is that it trains its girls in character. This is what a parent values."—A Victorian Parent.

PRESIDENT - REV. W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

HEAD MASTER - J. REFORD CORR, M.A., LL.B.

THE COLLEGE consists of stately buildings (on which nearly £40,000 has been spent), standing in Spacious Grounds, and furnished with the latest and most perfect educational appliances. It includes Gymnasium, Art Studio, Swimming Bath, Tennis Court, etc.

THE ORDINARY STAFF numbers fifteen, and includes six University Graduates, making it the strongest Teaching Staff of any Girls' School in Australia.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—The Visiting Staff consists of eighteen experts of the highest standing, including the very best Teachers in Music, Singing, and all forms of Art.

BOARDERS are assured of wise training in social habits, perfect comfort, refined companions, and a happy College life.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING.—Each Boarder attends the Church to which her parents belong, and is under the Pastoral Charge of its Minister. Regular Scripture teaching by the President.

The following are unsought testimonials to the work of the College, taken from letters of parents received during 1901. They are samples, it may be added, of scores of similar letters received:

A parent whose girls have been, for some years, day-girls at the College, writes:

"Now that their school years are coming to an end, it is a great pleasure to me to be able to say what I hope will be the life-long benefit they have derived from being alumnae of the M.L.C. Their progress amply repays my wife and myself for any sacrifice we have made to secure them this great advantage."

A country banker, whose two daughters were resident students, writes:

"I am satisfied that my daughters have the good fortune to be where they have every advantage that talent, tone, and exceptional kindness can give to school-girls."

From a country minister:

"The College was a very happy home to our girl for the two years she was there. She is never weary

BOARDERS FROM A DISTANCE.—Girls are attracted by the reputation of the College, and by the pre-eminent advantages in Health, Happiness, and Education it offers, from all the Seven States.

SPECIAL STUDENTS.—Young Ladies are received who wish to pursue Special Lines of Study without taking up the full course of ordinary school work.

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES.—At the last Matriculation Examinations, fourteen students of the M.L.C. passed, out of seventeen officially "sent up," and two of the unsuccessful missed by only one point each! This is the highest proportion of passes secured by any college. There were no failures in Greek, Algebra, French, German, Botany, Geography, and Music, and only one in English and Physiology. Thirteen "Honours" were obtained in English, French, and German.

telling us of the great kindness and care she always received."

A South Australian lady writes:

"I wanted my girl to be brought up amongst lady-like companions, and to be happy; and I must congratulate you on accomplishing what is not only my desire, but what, I am sure, is the desire of hundreds of other mothers as well."

From a parent whose daughters have been day-students:

"I look upon the M.L.C. as a real temple of purity, kindness, and happy girl-life."

The "Young Man" (England):

"British readers will probably have but little idea of the national importance of this institution. It has earned the reputation of being one of the best High Schools for girls, not in Australia only, but in all the world."

I Offer Something Different—BETTER

Not better because I say so, but better because the Swoboda System actually accomplishes *results* where every other system and drugs and medicines either absolutely fail or fall far short of complete success.

Man living naturally would develop symmetrically. But we cannot live naturally—neither business nor society will allow it.

The Swoboda System is natural living in concentrated form. Ten minutes twice a day, morning and evening, in the privacy of your own chamber, is all the time that is required.

By it, firm, elastic muscle is added where muscle is needed; unnecessary fat is removed, obesity disappears, sound, healthful, restful sleep is assured, the digestive organs are toned up to normal, poisons and impurities are driven from the blood, the skin becomes clear and the eye bright. It builds up and restores the nerves, and adds fuel to the brain—in fact, my System, if conscientiously followed as laid down by me, will not only produce a magnificent muscular development, with ease of manner and grace of carriage, but also that freedom from aches and pains which every individual craves.

I don't ask you to believe this because I say it—I have "an axe to grind." I offer the unimpeachable testimony of business and professional men and women; people whose interest in Swoboda is measured by exactly what my System has done for them—not only the testimony of *one* man whom I have benefited, and whose letter appears in this page, but on receipt of your name and address I will send you a long list of names to select from, and I will pay the postage you use to write to whom you choose and as many as you wish, and abide by your decision as final.

A Man Without an Axe to Grind.

Beatrice, Nebr., September, 27, 1901.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I feel only right to send you an acknowledgment of the great benefit I have received from your system of physiological training.

At the time I commenced (last May) I was thought by everyone to be in a dying condition. I was in a very morbid state of mind from an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach, and with scarcely enough strength to keep moving. I had for years attempted to build up my physical system by first one method of physical culture and then another. In all, I found the results slow and the exercise *too much trouble*.

At the present writing I have arrived at a state of physical development which I would have thought impossible for me to attain. I am in a state of practically perfect health, and the excessive secretion of acid has entirely ceased.

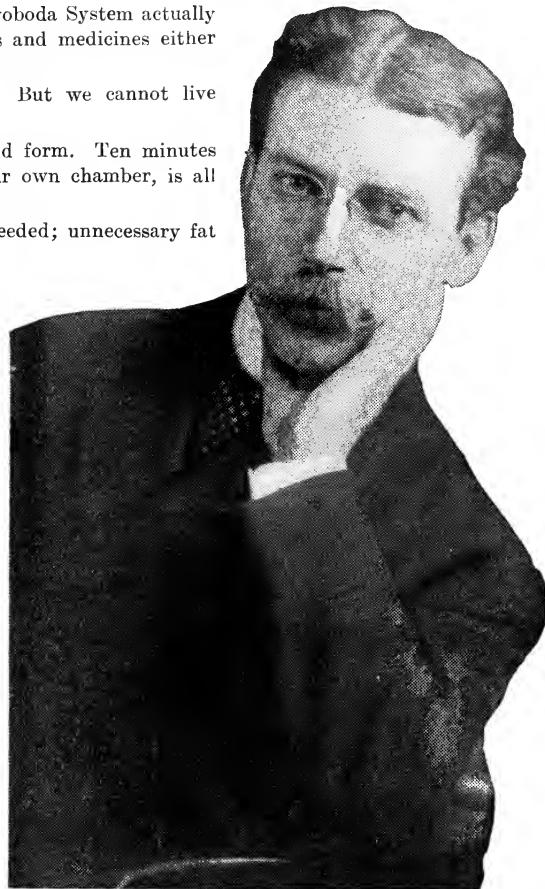
Your system is not only the best I have ever tried, but is beyond all comparison with any such.

Very gratefully yours,

CHAS. A. DAVIS, Beatrice, Neb.

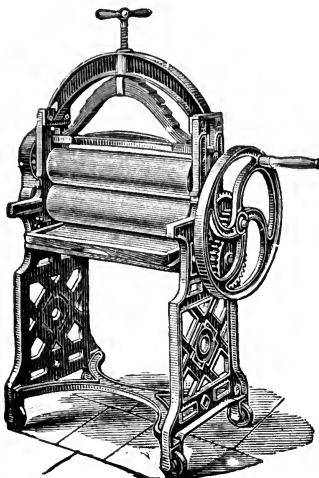
My System is as elastic as human need. It would obviously be foolish to offer the man or woman whose work involves arduous physical exercise the same instruction that is given the man who spends his days bending over a desk or perched on a stool. My instruction is entirely individual. I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by post only, and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 96 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.



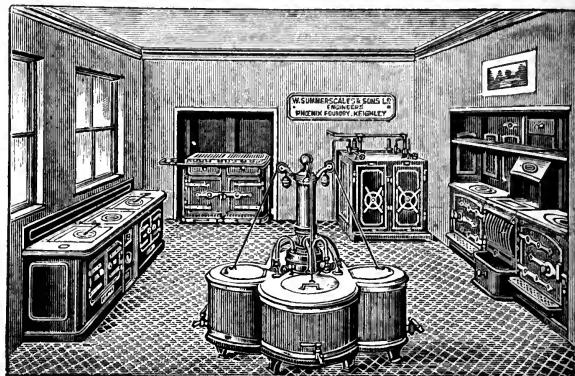
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ESTABLISHED 1850.

Makers of High-Class Laundry Machinery and Cooking Apparatus for Asylums, Hotels, Mansions, Public and Private Laundries, etc., etc.



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THIS IS WHY THE LION BRAND

“SHEMPFER EA'DEIM,”
WHICH, LITERALLY TRANSLATED, MEANS “ALL THE SAME.”

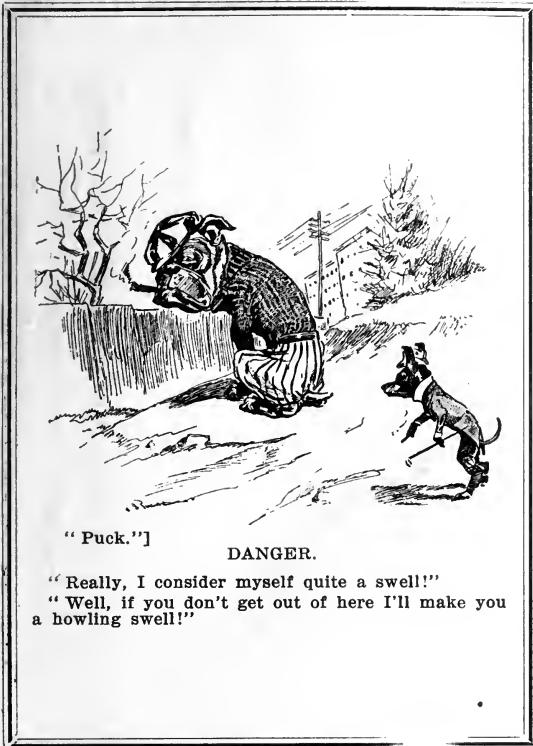
I defy all
to
approach
it.



MANUFACTURING CONFECTIONER.

CONFECTIONERY IS SO POPULAR.

Only the Finest Ingredients used.
They are the Greatest Favourites with the Children.
Manufactured only by **JAMES STEDMAN, 451 Clarence St., SYDNEY.**



"Puck."]

DANGER.

"Really, I consider myself quite a swell!"
 "Well, if you don't get out of here I'll make you a howling swell!"

SOLOMON SOLUTION

ACTS LIKE MAGIC!

Has Never Been Known to Fail to Cure Horses of
**SPLINTS, WINDGALLS, SPRAINS, SORE BACKS, SORE
 SHOULDERS, BROKEN KNEES, GREASY HEELS,
 STRAINS, SWELLINGS, ETC.**

EVIDENCE.

Sebastopol, March 4, 1902.
 Dear Sirs,—We have used Solomon Solution for a number of years, for sore backs, girth galls, sore shoulders, greasy heels, and for all kinds of wounds and sprains in horses and cattle. We have great pleasure in recommending it. No stable should be without it.

Yours truly,

D. HANRAHAN & SONS.

SOLOMON SOLUTION CURES.

Price 2/6 and 5/- jar.

Obtainable of All Chemists, Storekeepers, Saddlers.

Patentees and Sole Manufacturers

SOLOMON COX & SON,

422 BOURKE STREET.

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★ THE WORLD'S EMBROCATION ★

Recommended by Three Physicians to



Her Late Majesty the Queen
and H.M. the King.

BRACE UP.



Have you a strong will? Have you plenty of energy?

If you are deficient of either, or both, you should call to your help Nature's best aid in such cases. (Drugs will not build up energy and will power.)

Nature's own Vitality is the electrical energy which permeates every living thing, and you can obtain your share by using as the necessary connection one of

PULVERMACHER'S Galvanic Appliances.

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EVERY HOUSEHOLD AND TRAVELLING TRUNK OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF
ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'



**A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR PREVENTING AND CURING
 BY NATURAL MEANS**

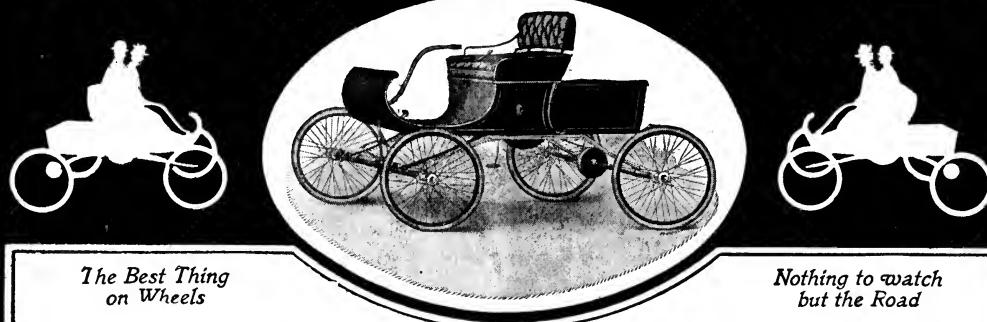
All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections and Fevers of all kinds.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—“I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous; I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right.” “Yours truly, — (August 8, 1900).”

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a Disordered, Sleepless, and Feverish Condition is simply marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—See capsule marked Eno's 'Fruit Salt.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

All roads alike to the OLDSMOBILE



*The Best Thing
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*Nothing to watch
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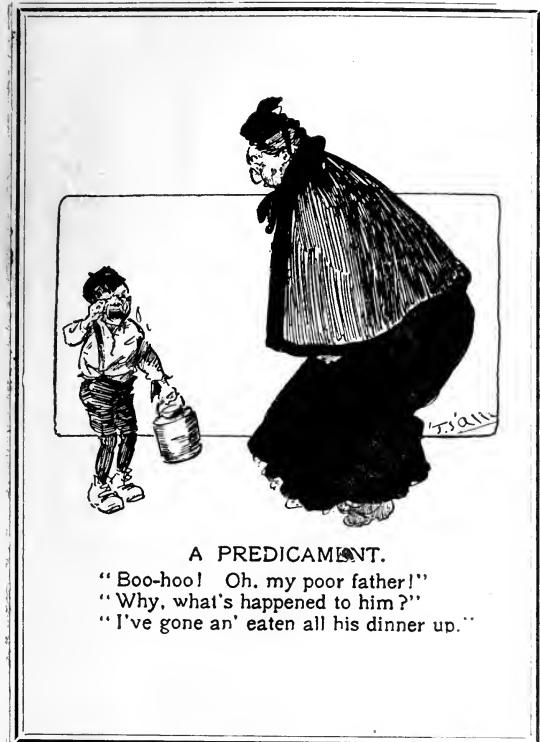
Embodying reliability in every detail. The pioneer and perfected motor vehicle for pleasure riding and business travel.

Weighs but 580 pounds but carries a load of 1500 pounds with absolute safety. Power is transmitted to the rear axle by a roller chain of 4000 pounds working strength, running direct from motor shaft—and all roads are alike to the Oldsmobile.

It has the regular wagon tread of 4 feet 7 inches, wheels 28 inches in diameter, fitted with heavy 2½ inch pneumatic tires. Runs everywhere without jar or vibration, and is always under constant control. In a class by itself.

Write Department 5 for descriptive book.

Olds Motor Works, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.



A PREDICAMENT.

"Boo-hoo! Oh, my poor father!"
 "Why, what's happened to him?"
 "I've gone an' eaten all his dinner up."



Wonder where we'd use it?

*This is a
good line
Dr.*

STARVATION

White Bread starvation is the unsuspected cause of wide-spread weakness and debility. The strength of Wheat lies largely in the Bran-Phosphates, which are, however, removed in making White Flour, but can be restored to the diet by using **CEREBOS SALT** at table and in cooking.

FROM GROCERS AND STORES.

Wholesale Agents:—Peterson & Co.,
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Bonnington's

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Irish Moss.

FOR STUBBORN COUGHS AND COLDS.

The above preparation has the largest sale of any cough medicine in Australasia. It is a safe and valuable remedy for Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and Chest Affections generally.

The "Irish Moss" is used largely by public speakers and singers as a voice restorative. It removes all huskiness, and increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

SOLD EVERYWHERE
In Large and Small Bottles.

PREPARED BY
GEORGE BONNINGTON, CHEMIST,
Christchurch, N.Z.

THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES

always keep a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS in the house, so that on the first sign of anything wrong, a timely dose may be administered, and further trouble and suffering averted. Nine-tenths of the BEECHAM'S PILLS sold are purchased by those who have used them before, and have found them indispensable as A FAMILY MEDICINE.

And then again,

BEECHAM'S PILLS

do not require the publication of testimonials to maintain their tremendous demand.

WHY? Because those who once try BEECHAM'S PILLS are naturally impelled to inform others of the benefits derived therefrom, and in this way the confidence and esteem of the public have been lastingly secured.

Sold in Boxes, price 1s. 1½d. (56 Pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills).

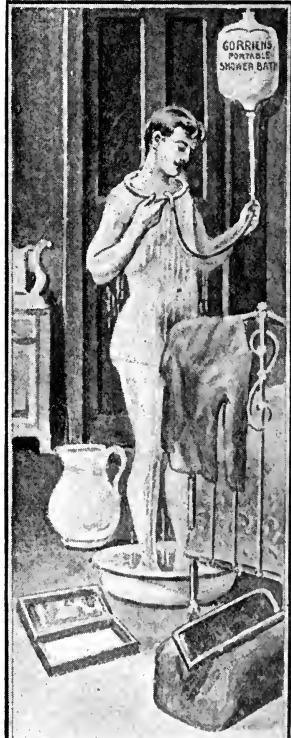
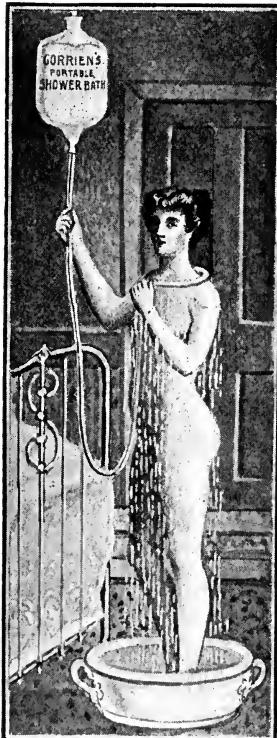
Dear Sir or Madam,—SUMMER is here, and one of the first considerations for comfort is a shower bath. We want you to buy one. Out of the question for you; water not laid on, do you say? Not at all. We will tell you why. We have an appliance you can use in your own bedroom. It is made of a rubber bag of a gallon capacity, and a tube which ends in a perforated ring, which fits over your shoulders. The bag you fill with water and hang up in a convenient position. The rubber ring you pass round your neck. You turn on a tap, and there you are, enjoying your bath to heart's content. How you revel in it! ^{at} to the best shower in the city? Yes, and BETTER than it, for there is NO SHOCK from the water striking you. THE MOST DELICATE CAN USE SUCH A BATH. The water passes over your body like a curtain. BETTER, for there is no splashing all over the place. For that matter, you can stand in the washing basin, and the water will drop into it, with never a drop on the floor. BETTER, for the water will not touch your hair, be it ever so daintily dressed.

IMAGINE ITS DELICIOUSNESS. Early in the morning, or on a hot afternoon, or at bedtime, you can have your bath without any trouble. You can fix it up in ten seconds. Only fill the rubber bag. Or if you want a WARM bath, put warm water in it. You see, you can regulate the temperature to a nicey' before you fill the bag.

THEN IN THE WINTER you can unscrew the tube, and you have a HOT WATER BAG to warm your bed, and give comfort in a score of ways. How grateful would you be for such warmth in the winter! There are other attachments which every well-ordered household keeps on hand.

We post it to you complete for 32s. 6d. A small price for so desirable and necessary an article. A perfect boon where water supply is not great. We have only a limited supply. Send post office order along at once. **Gorrien Shower Bath, Box 133, P.O., Melbourne.**

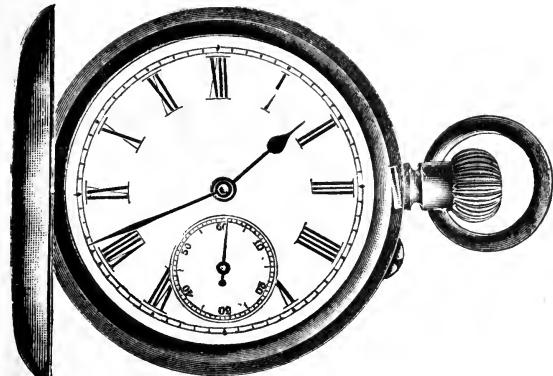
As an inducement to purchase, we have made arrangements with the Proprietors of "The New Idea" (the New Woman's Home Journal for Australasia) to present to each purchaser of a Shower Bath one year's subscription to that journal.





Old Lady: "Does this parrot use any bad language?"
 Bird-Dealer: "No'm; but he's a young bird, and easy taught."

EASY TO LEARN.



27/- Value for 18/6.

We are now offering an extraordinary bargain in this splendid Watch. The same quality Watch is now being sold by others at from 20s. to 25s. We also include a 2s. Double Albert Chain, all for 18s. 6d. This is a genuine offer, and we invite experts to examine the Watch; the result can only bear out our claim that it is a genuine bargain. It is only by selling large numbers that it can pay us at all.

DESCRIPTION OF WATCH.—Lever movement, jewelled in seven holes, splendid timekeepers, non-magnetic, visible ruby pallets, keyless, hand-set at side. A handsome, well-finished Watch that any gentleman can wear with perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed two years, but last a lifetime. Used by squatters, graziers, and others, when riding and when rough usage is essential—they stand the test.

PRICES.—Gent.'s Open-face, Gun Metal or Nickel, 18s. 6d. Gent.'s Open-face, Silver, 30s. Gent.'s Hunting Case, Silver, 35s.

SPECIAL.—With the next gross of these Watches sold we will send free (one with each Watch) a very handsome curb pattern Afghan Silver Double Albert Chain, to still further advertise our business. The chains are warranted to wear white, and they appear in every respect like a genuine silver chain.

Carefully packed, and sent by Registered Packet Post to any address in Australia, Tasmania or New Zealand, on receipt of Money Order for the amount.

Star Novelty Co.,

PREMIER BUILDINGS, 229-231 COLLINS STREET,
MELBOURNE.

FOREIGN STAMPS.

The "CLARENCE" Packets of Foreign Stamps: 30 varieties, 3d.; 50 var. 6d.; 75 var. 1s.; 150 var. 2s. 6d.

Sets of Foreign Stamps: 6 North Borneo, 1s.; Philippines, 7d.; 11 Honduras, 1s. 6d.; 50 Spain, 1s. 6d.; 7 Ecuador (Jubilee), 1s. 6d.; 5 Surinam, 6d.; 20 Argentine, 1s.; 50 Cuba, 3s. 6d.; 4 Peru, 5d.; 6 Bulgaria, 8d.; 6 Labuan, 1s.; 10 Montenegro, 1s.; and many others.

Special Offers: Complete unused set of Greece (Olympian Games), 21, to 10 drachmae, 12 varieties, 25s.; one set of Gibraltar (unused), 5 c. to 2 pesetas, 8 varieties, 4s.

Wanted to Buy: Old Australian stamps, from 1849 to 1874 specially; also Old Collections.

Approval Sheets sent on application. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commission. Particulars on application.

CHARLICK & GRODT,

155a Pirie Street, Adelaide,

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

TUBERCULOSIS OF THE KNEE OF SIX YEARS'
STANDING CURED BY

VITADATIO.

28 Park Street, Abbotsford,
19th September, 1902.

Mr. S. A. PALMER,

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in writing to inform you what your wonderful medicine VITADATIO has done for me. Seven years ago I had a bad attack of Typhoid Fever, from which I recovered, but about two months afterwards my right knee began to swell in an alarming manner. I was taken from one doctor to another without obtaining any relief. It gradually got worse. I became an in-patient of one of the leading institutions in Melbourne, but after three months' treatment I was worse than ever, and the doctor told my parents that unless I was taken out my lungs would go as well. I was then taken to another doctor, who told me that the knee joint would have to be removed altogether. He sent me into the hospital, consultation was held, and the operation was performed. Several more operations followed, but the wounds would not heal; the discharge coming from them was something terrible. I was then discharged as relieved, but two years later was again admitted, and another operation performed, but without any relief. My knee by this time was one mass of corruption, which ran down my leg in a stream, and the stench was terrible. I began to give up all hope of recovery. Amputation of my leg was the only thing left, but in my weak state I knew I never would survive. I had heard a lot of talk about VITADATIO, so I told my mother one day that I would like to give it a trial, which I did. People laughed at the idea of it curing me, and said I was a fool for taking it, but I persevered, and after the sixth bottle my leg began to get better. I still kept on, and now I am thankful to say that, through VITADATIO, I am now, after six years' suffering, completely cured of the disease, "Tuberculosis of the Knee." I shall be very glad to give anyone information concerning my case, and to show them the wonderful cure VITA-

DATIO has worked. You may use this in any way you think fit.—I remain, yours truly,

(Signed) HERBERT WEAVER.

I have much pleasure in certifying to the truth of my son Herbert's statement, for it has cured him when all else had failed. It is a grand medicine, and has done a great thing for us.

JOSEPH WEAVER.

I can confirm the truth of the above testimonial. Herbert Weaver was in my employ, and left to go into the hospital for the operation. T. R. WILDE.

Henry Street, Abbotsford.

VITADATIO

STILL TRIUMPHANT.

ACUTE AGUE AND LUMBAGO COMPLETELY CURED.

Sandhil's, Bundaberg,
14th May, 1902.

Mr. S. A. PALMER,

Dear Sir,—It has been my intention for some time past to write to you respecting my cure. I suffered for a long time from an acute form of ague and lumbago, and was so bad that I would fall down in the paddock, in which position I would often remain until help would arrive. As I felt that my condition was getting worse, I decided to ask the doctor what he thought of VITADATIO. He told me he did not know much about it, but I should try it. I did so. I took, in all, about five (5) bottles, and now I cannot speak too highly of the effect it had on me. It completely cured me, and although nearly two years have since elapsed, I have had no return of my old complaint. You may therefore justly claim a permanent cure for VITADATIO in my case. You are at liberty to make any use of this you wish.—Yours, very truly,

(Signed) GEORGE MOORE.

Witnessed by William Dart.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS:

S. A. PALMER,

Head Office: Clarendon St. N., South Melbourne.

(Retail Depot, 45 and 47 Bourke Street.)

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

WRITE FOR TESTIMONIALS.

The Price of Medicine is 5/6 and 3/6 per Bottle.



Snooks (who fancies himself very much): "What's she crying for?"

Arabella: "It's all right, sir. She was frightened. When she saw *you* she thought it was a man!"

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HILL & PURINGTON CO.

(INCORPORATED),
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Cable Address: "Hill," Chicago.

The Australasian public is respectfully solicited to correspond with us in regard to any goods or manufactured articles, of whatsoever kind, desired from America. We furnish distributors, and sell wholesale and retail at producers' prices, our sources of supply being the best, and of exceptionally high character. Any required information will be cheerfully furnished.

HILL & PURINGTON CO.,
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'Allenburys' Foods.

A PROGRESSIVE DIETARY, unique in providing nourishment suited to the growing digestive powers of YOUNG INFANTS from birth upwards, and free from dangerous germs.

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 1

Specially adapted to the first three months of life.

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 2

Similarly adapted to the second three months of life.

The "Allenburys" Malted Food No. 3

For Infants over six months of age.

Complete Foods,
STERILIZED, and
needing the addition of
hot water only.

To be prepared for use by the
addition of COW'S MILK,
according to directions given.

No. 3 Food is strongly recommended for Convalescents, Invalids, the Aged, and all requiring a light and easily digested diet. The "London Medical Record" writes of it that—"No Better Food Exists."

PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING Free on application to the Wholesale Depot, 484 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE.

ALLEN & HANBURY'S Ltd., LONDON, ENGLAND.

Kaye's Worsdell's BEST FAMILY MEDICINE. Pills.

They Purify the Blood, and as a Mild but effectual Aperient are unequalled, and beyond this, they brace up the nerves and set every organ in healthy action, thus ensuring complete restoration to perfect health.

They are a CERTAIN CURE for INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, DYSPERPSIA, CONSTIPATION, LIVER and KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, Etc.

For Ladies of all Ages they are invaluable. Sold by all Stores. 1/8.

For mutual advantage when you write to an advertiser please mention the Review of Reviews

TOOTH-ACHE CURED INSTANTLY BY Bunter's Nervine.

PREVENTS DECAY.
SAVES EXTRACTION.

Gives Permanent Relief by painless constriction of the Nerves to decayed teeth. Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve pains relieved.

GORDON STABLES, Esq., M.D.R.N., says: "Nothing can be better; it banishes all pain and saves the tooth."

DR. G. H. JONES, D.D.S., F.R.S., L.F.R.M.S., says: "I have a high opinion as to the action of Bunter's Nervine to allay pain. It is doubtless the best remedy for Tooth-ache."

SOLD BY ALL STORES, 1/8.



THE CELEBRATED C. B. CORSETS

Have far and away the LARGEST SALE OF ANY CORSET, British or Foreign, in the World.

Compel the approval of Corset Wearers everywhere.
Beyond comparison the most perfect Corsets extant.
Combine unique principles of Corset manufacture.
Of their kind the most popular competitive speciality.
Representative of the highest standard of excellence.
Stocked in good assortment, command an immediate sale.
Each season marks an enormous increase in their popularity.
Thousands of Drapers recognise their unrivalled merit.
Sold by the retail Drapery Trade to over 4,000,000 wearers.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED—Health Exhibition, London. FIRST-CLASS AWARD—Adelaide, 1887, and Melbourne, 1888.

Benger's Food

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, & THE AGED. Most Delicious, Nutritive, & Digestible.

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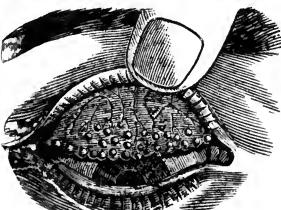
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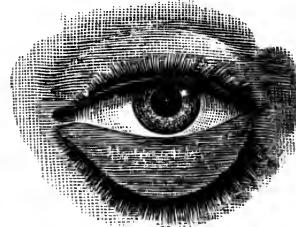
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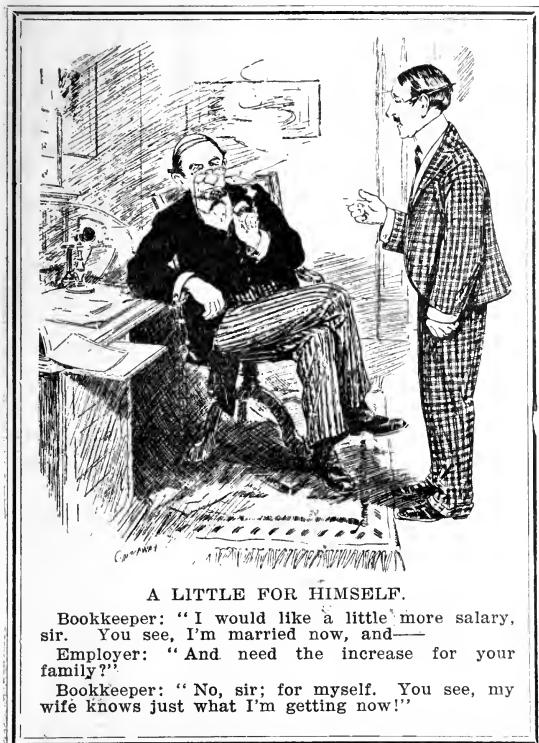
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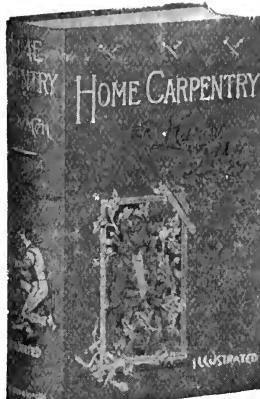
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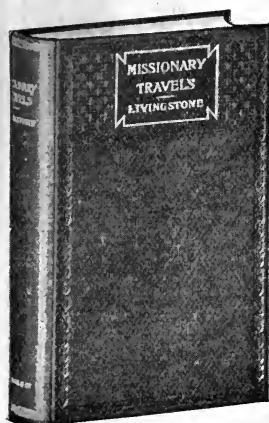
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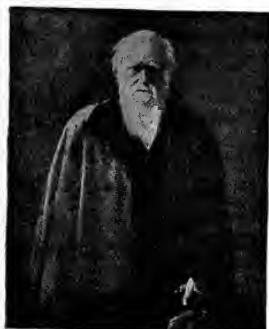


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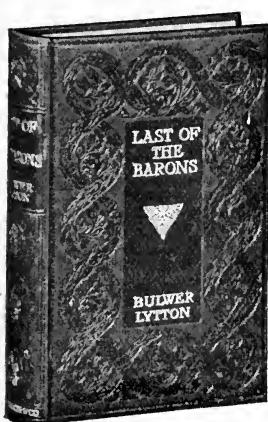
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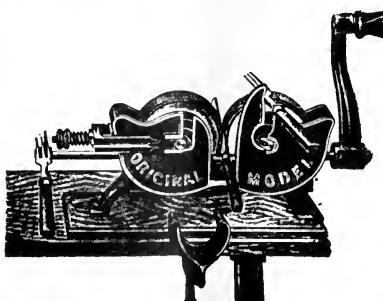
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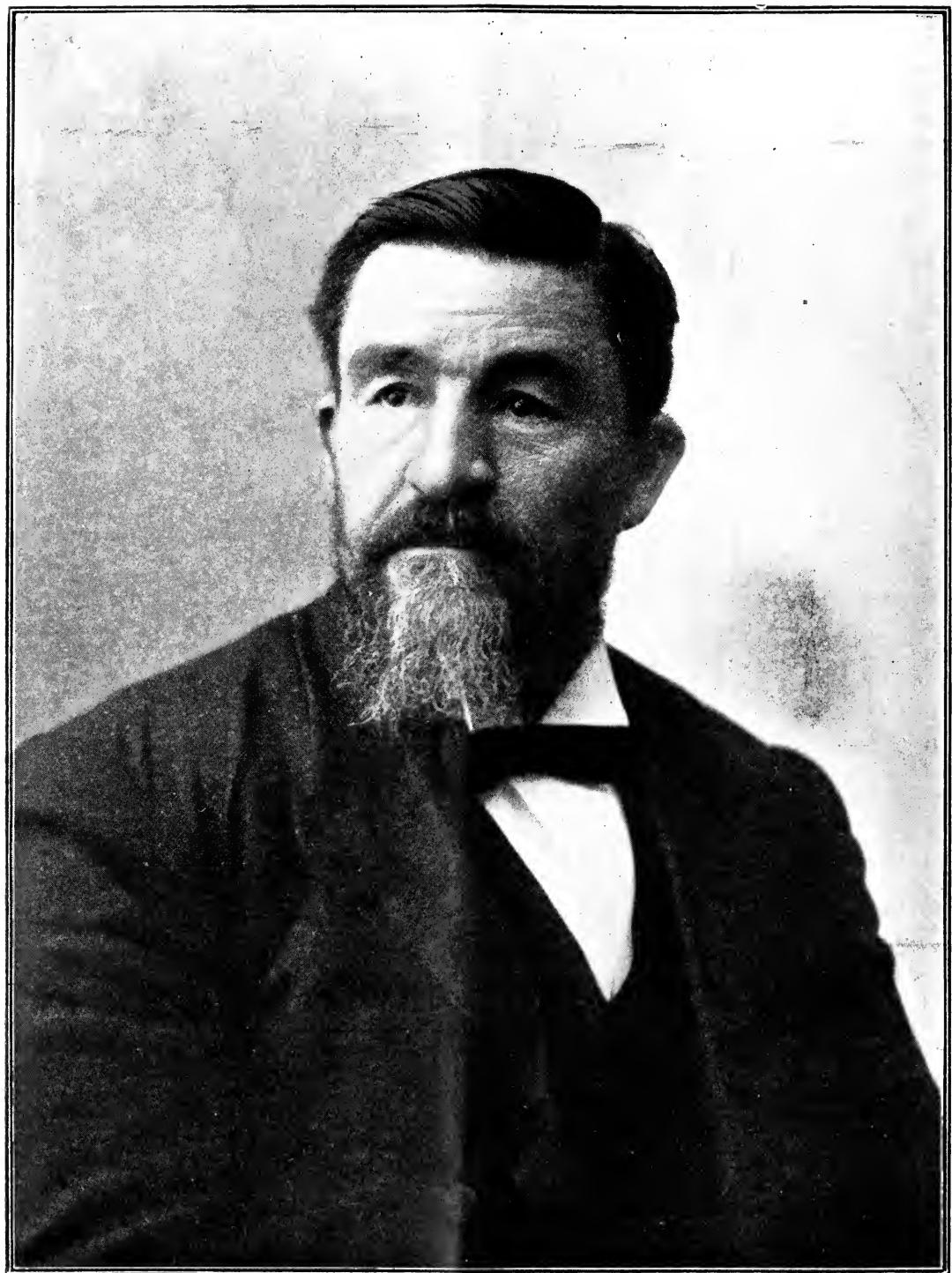
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VOL. XXII. No. I.

JANUARY 20, 1903.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

1903

The skies of the New Year break with a somewhat different aspect over New Zealand and the Australian Commonwealth, respectively. For New Zealand the sun shines brightly. It has a prosperous year behind, and a promise of unbroken prosperity before it. Nature has been kind to New Zealand. No drought has withered its harvests or slain its flocks. It has not tried any great political experiment like Federation, and had its nervous system strained as a result; and if, as it is sometimes said, New Zealand is under Labour rule, yet that rule, if it is expressed, is also qualified by the strong and dominating personality of Mr. Seddon. So cheerfulness is for New Zealand an easy virtue.

Australian Anxieties With the Australian States the position is different. They are just emerging from a drought which exceeds in length, and outburns in fierceness, the seven lean years of Pharaoh's time in Egypt. It is easy to put together some figures which express—though they do not measure—the cost of the great drought. The wheat harvest of Australia has shrunk from 40,000,000 bushels to 20,000,000 bushels. The losses in sheep and cattle are on a scale equally tragical. In some localities they are even greater. The Mount Cornish station, for example, is one of the best cattle stations in Queensland, carrying 40,000 head. The assessment paid this year upon the run shows 350 head of cattle and a few horses! But politics, as well as nature, have worn some cruel aspects for the Australian States during 1902. Federation, whether with reason or without reason, has generated much discontent. Six independent colonies, with diverse

tariffs and competing industries, can hardly be brought under a common political system without much temporary confusion. The drought, too, with its financial mischiefs, has made visible the weak point in the politics of some of the Australian States. The Labour party has had the rule; and Labour politics, with their exaggeration of State functions, and their unconscious drift towards Socialism, are expensive. And the Labour party, somehow, has not yet produced an effective administrator or a prudent financier. So—as in Victoria and New South Wales—there has been extravagant expenditure, with the inevitable consequence of big deficits, making retrenchments and new taxation inevitable. All this gives a complexion of anxiety to Australian affairs.

A Brightening Prospect And yet Australia is a land of measureless resources, and Australians themselves are rich both in courage and in political capacity. And for the Australian Commonwealth, as well as for New Zealand, the New Year shows a brightening sky. The long and bitter drought has ended. The whisper of running waters is heard everywhere. The desolate plains, sea-like in their level vastness, but brown and grassless for years past as the Sahara itself, grow suddenly green with the tender verdure of the young grass. In the dry stubble of the Mallee wheat fields the wheat ears begin to swell, the blue flower of the lucerne opens. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world does the parched land respond to the magic of the rain so quickly as under the warm skies of Australia. So there is a new cheerfulness everywhere. The flocks will multiply, and the harvests spring afresh. Hope is

poured like some strong wine into the very blood of Australia.

Australian Politics In Australian politics, too, the outlook is hopeful. Manhood suffrage gives supreme political power to the masses, and the dominating fact in Australian politics hitherto has been the supremacy of the Labour party; meaning, by that term, practically the wage-earners of the great cities. These, measured by count of head, are in the minority; but they are organised, united, energetic, and they have practically controlled the Parliaments and shaped the policy of the States. Their ideals have not always been wise, their finance has always been extravagant, and they have never mastered the homely wisdom of *Æsop's* immortal fable of the "War betwixt the Belly and the Members." It is always disastrous when any one class—whether capitalists or workers—separates its interests from that of the State as a whole. Every class has need of every other class. The city needs the country, the country the city. The capitalist is helpless without the workers; workers are impotent without the capitalist. Capital and labour are not enemies, but allies. They are the complement of each other. And the logic of the financial trouble is teaching the Australian States this rudimentary truth. In Queensland a combination of the other parties has checked the predominance of the Labour party. In Victoria a wave of popular feeling in favour of economy and business methods in public affairs has had the same effect; and the movement in Victoria is but a ripple which marks the flow of a current. The same force will certainly be felt in Federal politics. And in the long run the Labour party itself will profit by the very check that it is now experiencing. It will gain a new sobriety. It will develop wiser leaders. It will have a quickened sense of the community of interests which knits all classes together. It will learn that there are wholesome and necessary limits both to State action and State finance.

The Australian Climate The Australian climate has an almost impish capriciousness, and as it stretches through so many degrees of longitude it naturally runs to great extremes. The rains in places were of more than tropical volume, and in some localities an almost incredible number of inches was reported; a fall at the rate of nearly

three inches an hour occurring in some localities. In the southern parts of the continent the rainfall has been followed by moderate weather, a cool south-west wind blowing persistently for weeks; but in parts of New South Wales and Queensland the rains have been succeeded by a heat wave of extraordinary intensity. At Bourke, the thermometer registered 116.5 in the shade. At Texas, in Queensland, 121 degrees of shade temperature was recorded. This, of course, is a heat which suggests the burning fiery furnace of King Nebuchadnezzar himself! The tender grass over wide plains was turned to dust, the maize crops were blasted. At Casino, in the Richmond River district, where the thermometer stood for days at 115 degrees in the shade, no less than ten deaths in one day were caused by the heat. The Australian climate, it is clear, can romp through wide extremes in a very short space of time. It can half drown an unfortunate citizen to-day, and half fry him to-morrow!

Nature's Limits It is curious to note how the political development of Australia is affected both by climate and by geography. The drought, as we have shown, has powerfully affected the current politics of the Australian States; and the geography of Australia alone makes it certain that the Commonwealth will never grow with the speed of the United States. The United States at the time of the War of American Independence, had practically the population of Australia. But that mere handful of people has grown in little over a century to a population of nearly 80,000,000. For the swarming multitudes of Europe the Atlantic is a mere ferry to the United States. But the 12,000 miles of sea space betwixt Europe and Australia makes it certain that no such growth will come to us. A hundred years hence the population of the Australian Commonwealth will hardly amount to that of one of the States of the Union. There are compensations, of course, to this. The population of the United States is, in a sense, made up of the mud of all the continents! Never before was such a human compost! One-tenth of the population, too, is of negro stock. But the 12,000 miles of sea air betwixt us and the Old World, if it makes our growth slow, will keep our blood clean.

Sir Frederick Sargood

The death of Sir Frederick Sargood removes a very notable figure from the commercial and public life of Australia. Sir Frederick

was a man of high religious character, rich in what Tennyson calls "saving common-sense," who took every duty seriously, and had a capacity for sustained and intelligent industry such as few men possess. He built up a great business, and so won honourable wealth while still in the prime of life. He then carried his trained business skill and his high ideals of conduct into public affairs. Sir Frederick Sargood never pretended to eloquence; but his speeches were businesslike and lucid. He



THE LATE SIR F. T. SARGOOD.

took politics seriously, gave ungrudging service to every good cause, and his sudden death leaves Australia poorer. He has been accorded an almost semi-royal funeral. We have in our public life too few men of Sir Frederick Sargood's type, who first give proof of their fitness for taking charge of the interests of the country by managing their own affairs successfully; and then toil in the public service with perfect unselfishness, and with no less energy and judgment than they have shown in the management of their own affairs.

Filling the Vacancy Under the Federal Constitution, the seat in the Senate left vacant by Sir Frederick Sargood's death must be filled by the State Parliament. The clause runs:

If the place of a Senator becomes vacant before the expiration of his term of service the Houses of Parliament of the State for which he was chosen shall, sitting and voting together, choose a person to hold the place until the expiration of the term, or until the election of a successor, as hereinafter provided, whichever first happens. But if the Houses of Parliament of the State are not in session at the time when the vacancy is notified, the Governor of the State, with the advice of the Executive Council thereof, may appoint a person to hold the place until the expiration of fourteen days after the beginning of the next session of the Parliament of the State, or until the election of a successor, whichever first happens. At the next general election of members of the House of Representatives, or at the next election of Senators for the State, whichever first happens, a successor shall, if the term has not then expired, be chosen to hold the place from the date of his election until the expiration of the term. The name of any Senator so chosen or appointed shall be certified by the Governor of the State to the Governor-General.

This, of course, follows the example of the United States. The vacancy in the Senate must be filled; yet to poll the whole State for the sake of filling a single seat would be too costly. The Federal Constitution specifies no method to be adopted in filling the vacancy. The Victorian Parliament will have to invent its own procedure, and so create a precedent which the other States will follow.

The Kenniffs The Queensland Cabinet showed a fine courage and steadfastness in the case of two men, James and Patrick Kenniff, found guilty of murder. The murder was of an exceedingly brutal character. Constable Doyle and a young station-manager, Mr. Dahlke, were shot, their bodies burnt, and the charred fragments packed into sacks and tied upon the back of the murdered constable's horse, in order to be buried in some secret place. But the horse escaped with its dreadful load, and the crime was discovered. The Kenniffs, after a long and costly pursuit, were arrested, tried, and found guilty, the Full Court sustaining the verdict. Then followed a very curious outbreak of popular feeling on behalf of the criminals. They were cheered on their way to the court to be tried; a petition, signed by 4,000 people, was presented to the Governor in favour of a respite. It was desired to appeal to the Privy Council against the sentence, but of course no such appeal lies in a criminal case. The elder Kenniff was sentenced to be hanged, the younger brother to

imprisonment for life. The death-sentence was duly carried out in the case of Patrick Kenniff, and scores of wreaths of flowers were sent in to be laid on his coffin. What eccentricity of public sentiment is it that turns criminals of this class into popular heroes? The same perversity of feeling was shown in the case of the notorious "Kelly gang" in Victoria. Great public meetings were held in Melbourne to protest against the hanging of Ned Kelly, who had terrorised a whole district for months, committed endless robberies, and shot down victim after victim in cold blood. It is absurd to think there is any popular sympathy with the crime. But there is a certain picturesqueness and daring about the spectacle of a criminal, or a cluster of criminals, at open war with the police, who are hunted for months through wild districts, escaping from time to time by dazzling feats of horsemanship. A glamour of daring and adventure gathers about such criminals, and for thoughtless multitudes their crime is forgotten, or is almost condoned!

The public revenue of New South Wales is magnificent. For the half-year which ended on December 31 the revenue amounted to

**N.S.W.
Finance** £5,564,362. This is an increase on the same period for the previous year of over £260,000. The marvel is that this is insufficient for the public expenditure of a small community of less than 1,400,000 people. With a public revenue of nearly £12,000,000, the See Cabinet spent last year over £5,000,000 of loan money, and now propose to borrow £4,000,000 more. At the same rate of expenditure the peace budget of Great Britain would be something like £400,000,000 per annum. There is probably no other cluster of human beings on the planet just now who are spending more money on their public affairs than the 1,379,700 people who constitute the population of New South Wales; yet the credit of the State remains good. The first £1,000,000 of Treasury bills at 4 per cent. has just been floated in London at par.

**Mr.
O'Sullivan's
Defence** Mr. O'Sullivan, the Minister for Public Works in the See Cabinet, has attracted public attention by a defence of the financial policy of his Government, published in the Melbourne "Argus." Mr. O'Sullivan, who is at least a man of great energy, claims that in three years he has found employment for no less than £7,000,000 of public money in his own

department; and the "Argus" professed to find in Mr. O'Sullivan's "Celtic temperament" an explanation of his financial methods. To this Mr. O'Sullivan replies, pertinently enough, that the New South Wales Assembly does not consist of Celts, and his expenditure has its sanction. Parliament as a whole, and not any individual Minister, is, of course, responsible for the public finances. But Mr. O'Sullivan proceeds to lay down some surprising principles. If he spent £7,000,000 in three years, this, he explains, was "because there was very little employment for the people, and therefore very little other money in circulation." It is difficult to imagine a statement more damaging to New South Wales; or, it may be added, in more open conflict with fact. But the revelation Mr. O'Sullivan makes of his own political theories has an almost humorous effect. When times are bad, and business is stationary, and nobody has any money to spend, then, he holds, is the moment for a big budget! The sure cure for bad times, according to Mr. O'Sullivan, is vigorous expenditure. If your pockets are empty, that is the moment you must spend! It would be interesting to know when, in the judgment of Mr. O'Sullivan, a State ought to retrench. To do so in bad times, he thinks, is wicked. In good times it is foolish. It is always, according to the astonishing Mr. O'Sullivan, unnecessary! No wonder that last year New South Wales, with a huge public revenue, borrowed more money than all the other Australian States put together.

Studying the Colonies

Mr. Chamberlain's tour in South Africa is arousing a curious interest in every part of the world, and the English journals are asking why the Colonial Secretary should not visit the other British Colonies—New Zealand and Australia in particular. No doubt Mr. Chamberlain would receive a royal welcome in these States, and would go back from them with more definite ideas as to what "Greater Britain" really is than he ever had before. Times have indeed changed since the days when Lord John Russell, or even Lord Palmerston, had charge of the British Colonies. Lord Palmerston, when he took charge of the Colonial Office, had, according to a familiar story, to ask his permanent head "Where are the Colonies?" This story is told in detail in the "Autobiographic Memoirs" of Herman Merivale, just issued. Says Mr. Merivale:

Lord John Russell was the Secretary for the Colonies under Palmerston when he undertook a special mission to the Ionian Islands, and the Premier—committing himself to no special post of his own, but overlooking things generally under the comfortable style of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—figured in Lord John's post himself for the time. And so it was that the airy and famous Minister introduced himself one morning. "Well, you hear that I've come to look after the Colonies myself now Russell's gone. In the first place, Mr. Merivale, where are the Colonies? Glad to see that you have plenty of maps about. . . . I manage the British Empire, as you know," he went on; "but I never could understand my latitudes and longitudes or make out where the British Empire isn't."

Every British statesman, no doubt, knows where the British Colonies are to-day; but it might puzzle the wisest of them to say "where the British Empire isn't"!

A New Honour for Australia A German scientist, Dr. Shoetensack, is trying to thrust upon Australia an hitherto unsuspected honour. He has delivered a lecture in Berlin to prove that the ancient cradle of the human race is in Australia! Dr. Shoetensack draws his arguments in favour of this surprising thesis from a very wide area, ranging from the Bible to the latest discoveries in biology. One of the "facts" on which this sage depends is the circumstance that all the young of the human race are, for the first few hours after birth, of one colour—"a reddish chestnut"—which, we are assured, is the exact tint of the Australian aboriginal. All human babies when contemplated through Herr Shoetensack's spectacles may wear the complexion of the Australian native; but it may be suspected this is a theory which the mothers of these babies would reject with shrillest indignation. The Australian boomerang, as well as the fundamental colour of the human baby, supplies Herr Shoetensack with a demonstration that the human race found its starting point in Australia. Geologically, no doubt, Australia is the oldest of all the continents; the strata about Mount Lofty, in the neighbourhood of Adelaide, have a more bleached old age than any other patch of the earth's surface known to geologists. Herr Shoetensack, however, overlooks this circumstance, and we fear that the claim of Australia to be regarded as the original Garden of Eden must be dismissed as unproven.

A Great Debate Everyone is curious to know, not only the conclusions reached by the Colonial Conference in London, but the process by which they were reached. The resolutions are valuable, but the speeches are of even more human inter-

rest. Mr. Chamberlain, it seems, told the Colonial Premiers that, if a single member of the Conference objected to the publication of the debates, no reports would be published. One Colonial Premier—it would be interesting to know which one—did object, and, as a result, the debates of the Conference remained veiled in silence. The objecting Premier has, however, at last yielded, and a singularly full and clear report of the debates of the Conference has been issued as a "confidential" paper. The whole Empire is thus able, so to speak, to hear the political leaders of all its scattered provinces discuss, with the utmost frankness, their common—and sometimes their conflicting—interests. The very ablest brains of the Empire took part in these debates, and to read them has, sometimes, almost a humorous effect. It brings out the totally opposite views which equally able men take of the same set of facts. But a study of the debates, on the whole, deepens the respect for the Colonial Conference. It would be difficult to find any other example of men equally able, discussing subjects of equal scale with the same frankness of spirit, fulness of knowledge, and hearty loyalty to each other. To read the speeches is, in a sense, a political education.

The Coastwise Trade Perhaps the debate in which is most of the element of unconscious humour is that on the proposed revival of the Navigation Laws. America limits its coastwise trade exclusively to American-owned ships, and the rule covers the whole of the possessions of the United States. It extends, for example, to Samoa. Russia has a similar policy. Mr. Chamberlain asked the Conference to consider whether we should not adopt Navigation Laws which would confine all trade between British ports throughout the Empire to British-owned vessels. Certainly the States which themselves adopt that policy could not object to our imitating them. But five out of the seven principal countries with oversea possessions throw their coast trade open; and amongst these are France, Germany and Holland. The Premiers, on the whole, were in favour of Navigation Laws which would secure the trade of the British Empire to British-owned ships, and a resolution was carried unanimously asking the various Colonies to consider the matter.

A Political Resurrection Now, it has a humorous effect to remember that this new policy is but the translation into modern terms of the old Navigation Laws which the British Colonies of a century ago

hated so much, and which, indeed, were repealed in deference to their protests. It shows how completely the political landscape has been changed to find a Conference of Colonial representatives, at the beginning of the twentieth century, meditating a revival of the Navigation Laws which the Colonies at the beginning of the nineteenth century abhorred so heartily. Another touch of humour is supplied by remembering the policy which the Australian Federal Parliament is disposed to adopt towards British ships. They are to be treated in Australian waters as foreigners, and the Australian coastwise trade is to be kept, not for British, but for Australian ships! We are to have our own little edition of the Navigation Laws, directed against the rest of the Empire! In London, at the Colonial Conference, the Imperial view prevailed; but in Melbourne, in the Federal Parliament, the parochial note is dominant.

A New Railway Policy

Both in New South Wales and Victoria resolute attempts are being made to arrest the ever expanding railway deficits, and in the process experiments of various sorts have been tried. The railways are overmanned; yet there is a natural reluctance to make large dismissals; so the experiment of working part of the staff five days a week, instead of six, has been tried in Victoria, with unsatisfactory results. Mr. Bent, the Victorian Minister of Railways, offers a reward of £5 for every effective suggestion which a railway employe can make towards improving any detail of railway work. One experiment has been tried which promises to yield important results. A contract has been accepted for keeping in good order a certain length of the permanent way; the terms of the contract include a clause requiring the contractor to pay a minimum wage of 7s. per day, yet there is a saving of £12 per mile as against the cost when the work is done by the Railway Department itself. Mr. Bent proposes to try the same system over a section of 1,262 miles, representing the non-paying lines, and expects to save £15,000 a year by the adoption of the contract system. Applied to the railways as a whole, there would be a saving of £40,000. The figures prove incidentally that State-paid labour is the most costly of all. The burden of the railway system in both States is the number of lines which are run at an actual loss. Probably the next step will be to apply the contract system to the working of all the non-paying lines.

Reform in the States

In New South Wales the party of Reform has agreed to its platform. The Assembly is to be reduced from 125 members to 84. The Council is to be made elective, with a membership of 42. There is to be retrenchment; the abolition of class legislation; a large scheme of municipal government; no fresh appointments to the Civil Service except on the recommendation of the Public Service Board, etc. The general election is yet a year and a half distant; but meanwhile public opinion in New South Wales is to be aroused and organised after the pattern of the Kyabram movement in Victoria, and probably with much the same results. In Victoria the Bill for the reform of the Constitution has been arrested in its passage through the Upper House by the recess; but the logic in favour of reform in that State is made sharper still by the state of the public finances. The deficit for the year is £953,000, with an as yet unknown margin of increase. The year's expenditure is cut down by £597,000; new taxes to the amount of £250,000 are imposed; certain trust funds are levied upon; the repayment of £100,000 of what is known as Carter's bonds is postponed. Thus the accounts of the year are, after a fashion, balanced; but the financial problem of the State is by no means solved. The income tax is increased by £200,000; but only one citizen out of every ten pays income tax, and the vice of this particular tax is plain. Under it a tiny minority pays the tax, and the majority, who carry no part of its burden, impose the tax and spend it. Probate duties are fairer, and these are sharply increased, and will yield £160,000 per year. A wise and steadfast policy of retrenchment and an equitable distribution of taxation are the twin necessities of Australian finance.

The Liquor Trade

The great vote cast in favour of prohibition at the late elections has seriously alarmed the liquor trade of New Zealand. In some constituencies a recount of the votes has been demanded; in others the vote is challenged on various grounds. The trade, however, is not likely to gain by these tactics. They represent, indeed, a policy of pin-pricks, which is likely to harden political public opinion against the whole liquor interest still more. To escape being blotted out of existence, the trade must reform itself. It must, like Falstaff, "purge and live cleanly." So a Bill is likely to be introduced by the liquor trade for

its own reform. There is to be severe inspection; a virtuous observance of the law against Sunday trading; the abolition of barmaids; and perhaps the abolition of the tied-house system, which, beyond all doubt, is contrary to public opinion, and seriously influenced votes in the last election. Whether the New Zealand liquor trade, however, can sufficiently reform itself to be entitled to further existence remains to be seen.

An almost droll example of the **Exploiting the Rabbit** fashion in which what is to-day a curse may to-morrow be an ally is supplied by the scale to which the rabbit industry has grown in Australia. A few years ago the rabbit was the plague and dread of the whole pastoral class. The squatters waged war against the too-prolific bunny with almost despairing energy. Vast plains were gridironed with rabbit-proof fences; a small army of men was employed to poison and trap the fury enemy. Science was entreated in vain to come to the help of the pastoralist against the fury hosts of the invading rabbit. But we are learning, now, to turn the rabbit itself into a commercial asset. Twenty millions of Australian rabbit skins were sold in London last year, while nearly 3,000,000 rabbits frozen in their furs were sent to the London market from Victoria alone. The Australian rabbit is thus supplying the breakfast-tables of the United Kingdom with food, and the wardrobes of the civilised world with ornaments. No fewer than 24,000,000 rabbits were trapped in Australia last year; and being trapped, were translated into a marketable commodity.

Old Age Pensions Victoria is contemplating somewhat ruefully the cost of its old age pensions. A rasher flight of political finance was perhaps never attempted. The State undertook to pension all its aged poor without knowing what the cost would be, or making the least provision to meet it. The number of pensioners proved double what was anticipated, and the cost approaches £300,000 a year. If Great Britain had a pension scheme on the same scale, it would pay its aged poor £12,000,000 annually. The Victorian Treasurer, Mr. Shiels, has issued a report on the working of the scheme, and declares that the pensions have been granted lightly, in many cases to persons who did not need them, and with much injury to the pensioners themselves. At one time no less than 16,300 persons were drawing these

pensions; and Mr. Shiels thinks that this number can be reduced by one-half. "The operation of the Act," he declares, "has been, and is, encouraging thriftlessness and dependence upon the State, while it is weakening the sense of filial obligations and the ties of kinship." One of the officials employed in inquiring into the working of the Act declares that "most of the money received by old age pensioners is spent in beer, and the pensioners themselves are now in a worse position than under the old system, when they received two shillings or three shillings' worth of groceries weekly through the Ladies' Benevolent Societies." To expend £300,000 in purchasing results so disquieting is a surprising performance. A long list of sample cases is published, showing how pensions are abused, and how many well-to-do sons and daughters calmly transfer their filial obligations to the State. Mr. Shiels proposes to save £60,000 from the pension expenditure of 1903, and to do this by sharpening the sense of filial duty amongst the children of the pensioners, and by making sobriety and thrift conditions on which alone pensions can be granted. All the Australian States will profit by the melancholy experience of Victoria.

How the State May Corrupt The degree in which a too cheap and easy benevolence on the part of the State may relax the bonds of morality amongst the people is shown expressively by the fast-growing multitude in Victoria of what are called "neglected children." Practically, a parent who desires to escape the cost of keeping his own children has only to "neglect" them with sufficient ostentation and diligence, and they are transferred to the charge of the State by the order of a police magistrate or a justice of the peace, who not seldom, with an easy good-nature, hears the case in private. In hundreds of cases the children are handed back to the neglectful parent, with a weekly payment from the State as a bribe to virtue. New South Wales has 3,720 such neglected children on its hands; but Victoria, with a slightly smaller population, has 5,655 such children in its care; and this not because parents are poorer than in New South Wales, but only because the State administration is more careless; and, as a result, parents are more careless, too. In five years the amount spent in Victoria in State support of "neglected" children has increased by 50 per cent., or from £42,360 to £64,440. In this case the State, by its too easy benevolence, is plainly corrupting the parents.

**The
Typical
Australian**

From the crowded battalions of the figures in Mr. Coghlan's "Seven Colonies of Australasia for 1901-1902" there emerges the figure of the typical Australian—including the New Zealander—about whom all sorts of interesting details are ascertained. The average Australian is a singularly healthy human being, with a singularly vigorous appetite, much physical energy, and a decent number of coins in his pocket. He marries at 29 years of age a bride four years younger than himself, and has a family of 4.29 children. His capital consists of £243; he owes to foreign lenders an average sum of £84; it costs him £38 os. 6d. per year to provide for his physical wants; he smokes on an average more than 2½ lb. of tobacco a year, or twice as much as an Englishman, but if he is a West Australian he smokes twice as much as even this. He drinks 12 gallons of beer—though here again, if he be a West Australian, he manages to swallow twice this amount—a little less than a gallon of spirits, and a little more than a gallon of wine: uses 4 lb. of soap to wash himself, and expends 111 working days every year to provide the cost of his food.

**The
Australian
Appetite**

Perhaps the most astonishing statistics in Mr. Coghlan's book are those that describe what the average Australian eats and drinks.

Apparently he has the best appetite, if not the best digestion, of any human being on the planet. He eats every year 264 lb. of meat, which works out an average of two sheep and one-fifth of a bullock for every man, woman and baby in Australasia! The Australian's master passion is apparently a hunger for meat! He eats more than twice as much meat as the average Englishman, three times as much as the average Frenchman, and four times as much as the average German or Swiss. He eats, in addition, about 3½ cwt. of wheat, 2½ cwt. of potatoes, and almost 1 cwt. of sugar. If he is a Tasmanian, he eats a ¼ ton of potatoes in a year—a quite surprising feat. The food the average Australian eats daily is equivalent to 4.199 foot-tons of work. Here is a volume of mechanical energy surely sufficient to accomplish quite astonishing results!

**Progress
at Home**

Progress at home has been of two kinds—upwards and downwards. One assists the other. The persistent efforts of Ministers to reverse the great principles upon which British

legislation has been based for fifty years has contributed to the reconstruction of Liberal unity. Even the unworthy jealousies and morbid sensitiveness of rival leaders cannot maintain party divisions when Ministers are putting the knife to the throat of Free Trade and reimposing religious tests. We owe many thanks to Ministers for their services in this matter. The men who throw a dam across a stream are merely storing up energy which, undammed, would have been wasted. Of evidence of positive progress on the other side may be noted the gradual waking up of John Bull to a sense of his own shortcomings, the beginning of great national agitations in favour of Old Age Pensions and on the Housing question, and the universal conviction that radical measures of reform must be employed in order to save the trade of the Thames and to remedy the congestion of London. Further note as a sign of progress that the Unionists are beginning to realise their failure in Ireland, and that there is a general expectation that the New Year will see a bold attempt to settle the Land Question once for all. The support given by the Irish to the Clerical party on the Education Bill has been a useful reminder to all of us that if we persist in refusing to allow Ireland to manage her own affairs she will very effectively assert her right to manage, or mismanage, the affairs of the United Kingdom.

**The Key
to
Future
Progress**

The key to all steady progress is to be found in the federation of all the forces that make for progress. I confess to a thrill of gratitude when I read the cablegram which reported that the British Labour leaders whom Mr. Moseley has conveyed on a tour of education through the United States had unanimously passed a resolution in favour of establishing in this country an organisation similar to the National Civic Federation which has produced such excellent results in America. For the National Civic Federation is the child of the Civic Federation of Chicago, which dates from the time when Mr. R. M. Easley, now the able and indefatigable secretary of the Federation, but then only a newspaper reporter, interviewed me on my arrival in Chicago about my favourite ideal, the Civic Church. It is, indeed, welcome to find that from the grain of thought sown nine years ago an institution should have sprung up and taken such firm root in the New World. It will be curious if Mr. Moseley's deputation brings back as its most useful contribution to the future indus-

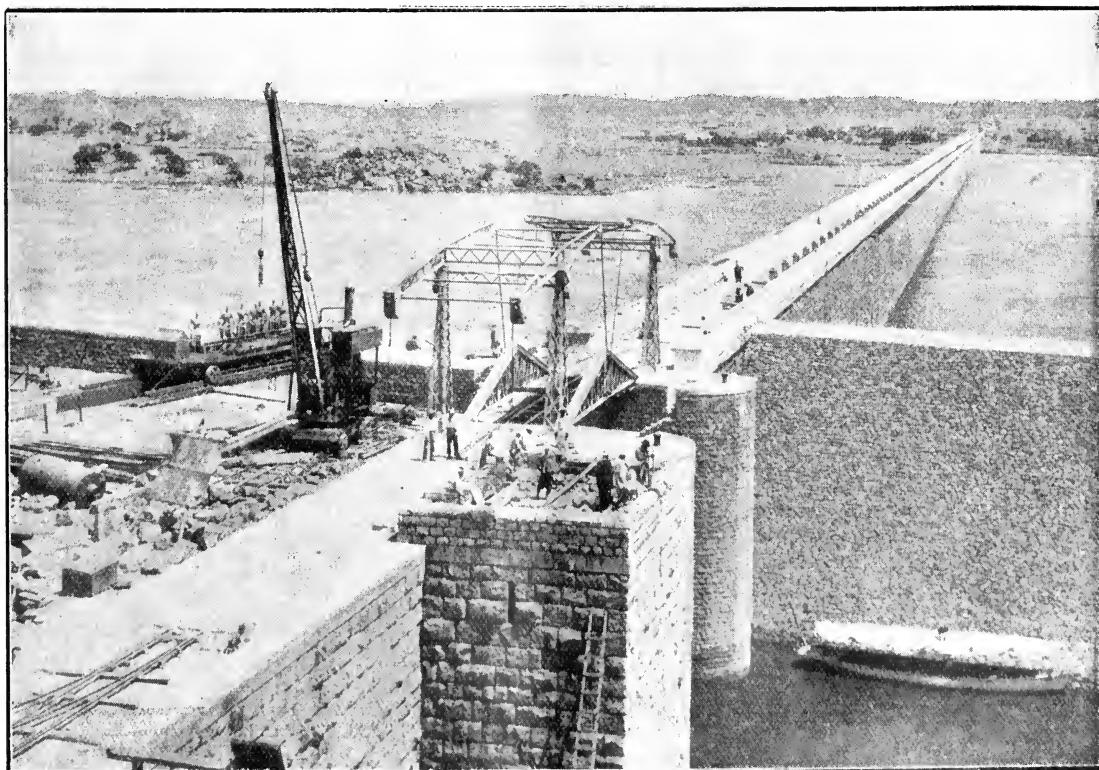
LONDON, Dec. 2, 1902.

trial peace and prosperity of Great Britain a report of the experimental verification by the Americans of the soundness of the doctrine which they received from the "Review of Reviews" and its editor nine years ago. The idea of the Civic Federation, like the idea of Democracy, was born here, but not until they both crossed the Atlantic and took root in America did they secure widespread recognition in the Old World.

A Tribute to Lord Curzon It is only just to say that the central figure at the Durbar will not be the King's brother, but Lord Curzon. The present Viceroy has shown himself keenly alive to the necessity for doing justice between the dominant white caste and the native population. The severity with which he punished the 9th Lancers for allowing natives to be murdered with impunity at the gates of their encampment has been much resented by the friends of the officers, who, it may frankly be admitted, were very hardly dealt with. Collective punishment is never really just, and in this case the innocent suffered with the guilty. Nevertheless, there

is no doubt but that Lord Curzon erred, if he erred at all, on the right side. There is a constant tendency among men, and perhaps still more among women, of a dominant military caste, to forget that each of the dusky myriads of their fellow-subjects is entitled to justice—that his life counts like that of a white man. It is impossible to exorcise this foul fiend, but Lord Curzon does well to spare no effort to keep it in check. When a major is hanged for killing his native servant, or a District Commissioner sent to gaol for leaving his Eurasian offspring unprovided for, more will have been done to justify our rule in India than can be effected by a score of Durbars.

The need for administering justice with an even hand is often forgotten nearer home than in India. Mr. Justice Bigham, fresh from his tour in South Africa, last month added a new and suggestive word to the English language. He tried at Old Bailey on a charge of cruelty to her child one Mrs. Penruddocke, a person—it is worse to call her a woman than to call her a lady—who moved in good society in



THE GREAT DAM ACROSS THE NILE AT ASSOUAN.
Inaugurated this month by the Duke of Connaught.



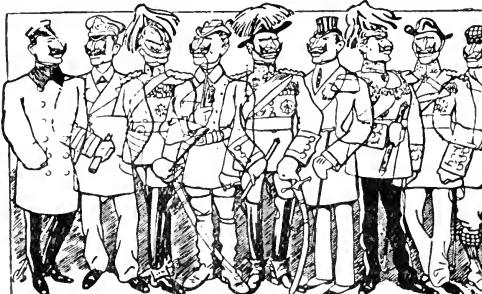
Photograph by Lafayette.] SANDRINGHAM, WHERE THE KING ENTERTAINED THE KAISER.

Wiltshire. Her husband was a Justice of the Peace, and the family, besides its ancient traditions, could boast of having a relative in the Cabinet. The cruelty was fully proved—as is almost always the case when the prosecution is set on foot by Mr. Waugh, the guardian angel of English children. The jury unanimously found the accused guilty, and everyone anticipated a sentence of imprisonment, say, of three months if the judge were lenient, or of nine if he took into consideration the aggravating circumstances of the case—such as the position of the prisoner and the wanton nature of her crime. To the amazement of all, and to the astonishment and indignation of the jury, Mr. Justice Bigham in-

flicted the merely nominal punishment of a fine of £50—less than the cost of a ball-dress. But it was a cruel kindness; for the popular imagination conceived a subtle and far more terrible punishment than “three months’ hard.” Henceforth, among the criminal classes, “Penruddocke” will become the cant word for excessive leniency. When Scotch Maggie, at Greenwich, got “one month’s hard” for being drunk and disorderly, she hurled at the Court a parting sneer, “Not much Penruddocke about that.” So Penruddocke takes its place beside Boycott, Jerrymander, Bowdler, Endicott, and others of that ilk, necessitating in all future dictionaries of the English-speaking world some such entry as this:

PENRUDDOCKE: used as substantive or verb; once the name of an honourable English family, but now a synonym for judgments where serious offences are treated with unexpected leniency. It originated in the sentence of £50 imposed by Justice Bigham upon Mrs. Penruddocke, a person of good social position, convicted of the crime of cruelly illtreating her little daughter.

The chief event in the world of international politics in November was the visit of the Kaiser to the King. People are beginning to take monarchs too seriously nowadays. The Kaiser, it is true, seldom travels without an object, but it is really too much when great schemes of partition are talked of in connec-



“Le Rire,” Paris.]

THE KAISER IN ENGLAND AS A MULTICHANGE ARTIST.

An instantaneous photograph of Emperor William at the moment of his landing at Dover.

Royal Visits



(By permission of the proprietors of London "Punch.")

"A PURELY NON-POLITICAL VISIT."

Gamekeeper Punch: "Wish you good sport, sir!"

[Several Cabinet Ministers have been invited to meet the German Emperor at Sandringham.]

tion with the visit of King Carlos of Portugal to Windsor. Nothing can be better than for Sovereigns to visit each other, especially if, like both Kaiser and King, they leave their Chancellors behind. It is a long time since the Tsar was in London; and as for the Emperor Francis Joseph, despite his effusive de-

clarations to Sir Horace Rumbold, he seems to prefer to love us at a distance. It is true that the Kaiser did see Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne at Sandringham, but that fact afforded no justification for the nonsensical stories put about. Mr. Balfour, when he made his first ninth of November speech as Prime Minister, administered the coup de grace to the lying legends about the Kaiser's visit. He described them as "the wildest and the most fantastic inventions which even an inventive Press has ever discovered." He then threw ridicule upon the "imaginary negotiations" and "strange bargains" which form the staple of these fantastic dreams. Mr. Balfour then went on to speak of the prospect of peace. He said:

I know not that any danger within the ken of human wisdom menaces, in the smallest degree, that peace which it should be our earnest endeavour to preserve. I believe that every great Power in Europe is not only desirous of peace, but is firmly resolved that peace should be maintained.

Nothing can be more satisfactory—so far as assurances go. But if they are all so resolute for peace, why are they, and more particu-



Photo by Lafayette.]

The King.

The German Emperor.

The Queen.

The Prince of Wales.

The Princess Victoria.

A ROYAL GROUP AT SANDRINGHAM.



(By permission of the proprietors of London "Punch.")

THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

Rt.-Hon. Superintendent B-if-r: "In you go, my little beauties!"

larly why are we, piling up colossal armaments, which threaten to land us all in bankruptcy? Words are all very well; but deeds are more eloquent. If what Mr. Balfour said were really true, why should he not revive the Tsar's "Standstill" proposition even now?

Towards the United States of Europe Mr. Balfour's peroration was a fine appeal for international good feeling and good manners:

I can only say, and it shall be my last word, that there is no desire which I think ought to be more constantly present to the minds of European statesmen, there is no sentiment which they ought more sedulously to cultivate than that spirit of international tolerance, international comprehension, and, if it may be, international friendship and international love, which, if duly encouraged, will have the most powerful effect in the future, whenever dangers menace European peace, in enabling us to continue that great policy of the European concert which, when all is said and done, has been in the past a great instrument for peace, and is destined, in my judgment, in the future to play an even greater part in the progress of civilisation and Christendom than it has during the years that have recently elapsed. That this should happily result from the common union, from the cultivation of affection between European peoples, and from the mutual understanding of European statesmen, ought to be the most earnest prayer of every man who has at heart the future of civilisation and that peace upon which civilisation is based.

The Education Bill Rammed Through The chief feature of the debates on the Education Bill last month has been—to use a Hibernicism—the suppression of debate by the use of the guillotine-closure by compartments. Mr. Balfour, finding it impossible to get his Bill through before Christmas, moved on November 11 the adoption of a resolution shutting down all discussion on the Education Bill after fixed dates arbitrarily laid down for the termination of the consideration of such clause. The motion was carried by 284 votes

to 152, and with the aid of this lethal weapon Mr. Balfour has forced the Bill through Committee. The third reading is moved to-night. Very few alterations have been made in the Bill, and most of those that have been made have been more in the direction of Clericalism than of Nonconformity. The central principle remains intact. The clerical schools are henceforth to be paid for entirely from the public funds, the headmasters and mistresses must all submit to the test of accepting the dogma of the Church to which the school belongs, and no effective control is given to the representatives of the public over the teaching in the school, either secular or religious.

The Kenyon-Slaney Amendment

The only commotion created by any of the amendments proposed in Committee was raised by an amendment moved by Colonel Kenyon-Slaney. This amendment runs thus (4th sub-section, 7th Clause): "Religious instruction shall be given in a school not provided by the local education authority, in accordance with the tenour of the provisions (if any) of the trust deed relating thereto, and shall be under the control of the managers." It was accepted by the House of Commons by a majority of 211 to 41, everyone, save a handful of "Hughligans"—followers of Lord Hugh Cecil—being satisfied that such a provision was eminently reasonable and just. But as soon as the High Church clergy discovered that they were to have a body of laymen interfering with their high and exclusive prerogative of deciding what particular brand of the assorted lots of dogma which go under the common name of Anglicanism should be served up to the children as the only true and genuine Christian religion, they made a great outcry. "Here is Erastianism with a vengeance! Out upon it! Away with the Bill! It is not fit to live!" But at the great meeting at Albert Hall, the Bishop of London spoke softly to the irate clerics, and assured them that the reference in the amendment to the trust deed rendered the proposed control of the managers quite nugatory. For if the trust deeds do not already provide for an appeal to the Bishops whenever the managers differed from the parsons, they could be speedily manufactured. This assurance, given forth on the authority of the law officers of the Crown, warded off a threatened vote of censure, but it left the hearts of the sacerdotalists still sore. So on November 27 they proposed to strike the amendment out altogether.

They were defeated by 294 votes against 35. It remains to be seen what the House of Lords will have to say. The highflyers among the clergy detest the Bishops' control almost as much as that of the lay managers. For their ideal seems to be that each man (parson) should be allowed to do exactly what seemeth right in his own eyes, none daring to make him afraid, least of all his Bishop.

Yet Another Surprise I had written so far when the situation was again transformed by the reply of the Attorney-General to Mr. Kenyon:

The only reference to the Bishop on my view of this clause will be on any question as to the nature of the religious teaching. On every other question—as to the management of the religious teaching, how it is to be given, and by whom—the managers will have full control, and no appeal will lie against their decision. If the managers should infringe the terms of the trust as regards the character of the religious instruction, as defined by the deed itself or by the Bishop on reference in terms of the deed, the proper remedy would be, as in the case of any abuse of a charitable trust, by an information in the name of the Attorney-General.

This knocks on the head the Bishop of London's assurance that the clause would leave intact "the normal duty of the clergyman to give and superintend the religious teaching of the school." The famous appeal to the Bishop can only be taken on a question of the orthodoxy of the teaching given by direction of the managers, and even from it there will be an appeal to the Civil Courts. So as we write, Erastianism is once more triumphant. But what will the clericals do now?

The November Elections in America Immense interest was taken this year in the November Elections in the United States. They were regarded on both sides as a crucial test of the extent to which Mr. Roosevelt has succeeded in securing popular support. The result was tolerably decisive. Dr. Albert Shaw, writing in the "American Review of Reviews," says that the elections will not affect the relative party strength in the Senate, but they reduce the Republican strength in Congress to thirty votes:

According to normal precedents, a strong reaction was due last month. That the reaction as a whole was only slight, and in some States not visible at all, is regarded by authorities in both parties as due to the confidence of the people in President Roosevelt more than to any other factor. Not a single State was completely carried by the Democrats last month outside of the former slaveholding group, with the sole exception of Nevada, where results never have any outside significance. In addition to carrying all the Northern States except Nevada, the Republicans also prevailed in Delaware, Maryland, and West Virginia. Thirty-one States were

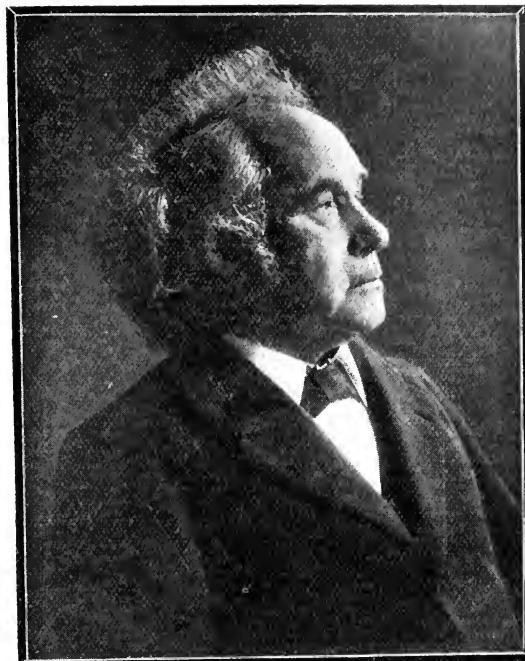


Photo by E. H. Mills.]

THE LATE DR. PARKER.

carried by the Republicans, and fourteen by the Democrats. If the Presidency of the United States were to be determined by last month's voting, it has been estimated that the Republican candidate would have 322 electoral votes as against 154 for the Democratic candidate, the Republican majority being 168, or considerably larger than McKinley's majority over Bryan. Of the twenty-two Governors of States elected on November 4, all but six are Republicans.

The Americanisation of Newfoundland It is a curious sequel to the Colonial Conference that Mr. Bond, the Prime Minister of Newfoundland, should have no sooner left London than he went to Washington, where he concluded a treaty of reciprocity with the Government of the United States, which was signed by Mr. Hay and the British Ambassador on November 8. Under this treaty various products of the fisheries of Newfoundland will be admitted into the United States free of duty. In return, the fishing vessels of the United States in the waters of Newfoundland obtain the long-coveted privilege of purchasing bait fishes without restriction. Furthermore, many articles of American manufacture are to be admitted to Newfoundland free of duty, and various other specified supplies at merely nominal rates. It is the American market far more than the American Government which is Americanising the world.

**Hugh Price
Hughes
and
Dr. Parker**

The question whether a good man has a right to do himself to death by overwork is one which is raised in an acute form by the death of Hugh Price Hughes last month at the early age of fifty-five, while Dr. Parker lasted till he was seventy-two. The answer is, probably, that it all depends upon circumstances. That it is sometimes not only right, but an imperious duty, to sacrifice one's life for others is obvious. Quintus Curtius, when he leapt into the gulf in the Forum, only did in one heroic moment what Hugh Price Hughes did in instalments. There is always enough sin and sorrow in the world to justify anyone spending his life, either wholesale or retail, in an attempt to improve matters. But the crucial question, which eager and impulsive souls are always apt to ignore, is, whether most improvement can be effected by going slow and lasting long, or by spending all your life in one magnificent, unresting attack upon the foe? Hugh Price Hughes answered the question in one way; Joseph Parker in the

other. Perhaps both were right. But the question for us who survive is serious and practical.

**The
Fallen
Leaders**

It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that which existed between the sturdy old Northumbrian who for a quarter of a century occupied the City Temple, and the lithe, active, enthusiastic Welshman, to whom is due more than to any other man the revival and renewal of the spirit of Methodism. Both men believed profoundly in their religion, and hardly less devoutly in themselves. Hughes was more of a propagandist, Parker was a preacher *et præterea nihil*. Both were voluminous writers, and both represented to millions who never heard their voices a recognised standard of public and private morality to which it would be well if all men were to conform. Dr. Parker was more of a humourist and much more gifted with the dramatic sense. Hugh Price Hughes was more exuberant in his energy, more incisive in his writings, and, in short, much more of a Celt than his senior.

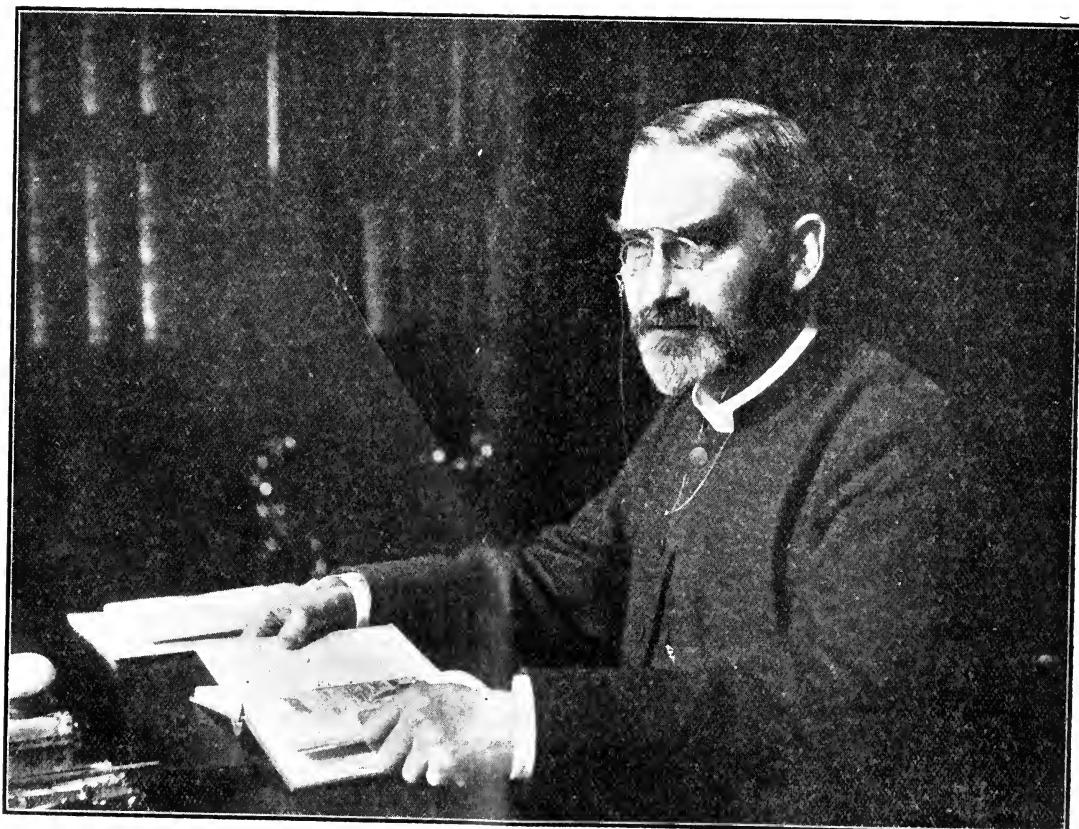


Photo by E. H. Mills.]

THE LATE HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

If Hughes had spared himself he might have lived as long as Parker, but he could never slow up, and his work slew him in the traces. The English-speaking world is poorer by the disappearance of these two doughty Non-conformists, and for a time there will be a void that will be felt in the City Temple and in St. James' Hall. At present no one is visible on the horizon who can fill their place.

The Death of Herr Krupp brought the Kaiser to the funeral of the iron-master. The deceased was the grandson of the founder of the firm. He succeeded his father when thirty-four, and bore the burden of an immense conglomerate of factories, mines, and shipyards for only fourteen years. By his will he leaves his widow sole heiress, and after her the colossal fortune will pass to her eldest daughter, who is now a girl of seventeen. The Salic law fortunately does not prevail in the new dynasty of Money Kings. The death of Herr Krupp has been the occasion for a singular encounter between the Kaiser and the editor of the Socialist organ "Vorwärts." The Socialist editor evidently believed that the deceased was not the ideal philanthropist which he was made out to be in many quarters, and said so with considerable freedom. Whereupon the Kaiser, after attending the funeral, declared that "a deed had been done in German land so base and mean that it made the hearts of all shudder," and then, disregarding all that has been written on the monstrous



THE LATE HERR KRUPP.

criminality of boycotting, he called upon all to hold no communion or relationship with the author of this shameful deed—which he declared was nothing less than murder! When an Emperor attempts to organise the boycotting of a newspaper, things must have come to a strange pass.

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT.

The Navy League in Australia.

Mr. Geo. C. Craig, 70 Hunter Street, Sydney, writes:

"In your last number of excellent 'Review of Reviews for Australasia' I notice with regret, and even pain to read a 'par' re the starting of a branch of the Navy League in Australia, when for the last six years I have, as agent of the said Navy League, distributed 15,000 circulars, and a large amount of its instructive reports and general naval literature, throughout all the States. The 'par' is a bit misleading, though I desire to thank you most respectfully for drawing attention to the growing and urgent necessity for the establishment of such branches to educate the masses in that direction. I will only be too happy to enrol names as members, and supply local secretaries of proposed branches how to establish them, in association with the headquarters of the League in

London. A representative from London, now touring Canada, will shortly tour New Zealand and Australia in the matter."

New South Wales' Extravagance.

On this subject Mr. J. A. Hendry, Darlinghurst, Sydney, writes at length. We can find room for part only of his letter:

"The characteristic feature of New South Wales' public finance has been an utter disregard of those sound principles which govern the conduct of ordinary business firms. Notwithstanding the fact that the State receives, in addition to taxes and payments for services rendered, the very handsome revenue of three-quarters of a million from the leasing of the public lands, it also spends yearly, in current outlay, the whole of the money, about £1,200,000, obtained from the

alienation of land. The latter sum is really part of the capital of the country, and the present generation is not entitled to squander it as if it were bona fide income. This, however, is not all of the evil, for over and above this practice of living on land sales the State borrows, annually, a large sum for the construction of so-called permanent and reproductive works. The professed object of this loan outlay is to develop the resources of the country, but a recent deliverance by the New South Wales Minister for Works is a practical admission that the real object of borrowing now is to get the wherewithal to support a large section of the population who otherwise would not be able to live, notwithstanding the boasted wealth of the mother State. An examination of the objects on which the wealth is spent shows that in most cases the works constructed incur a heavy annual loss. The new railway lines each and all add to the shortage of about £300,000 a year, which the Railway Commissioners have to try and cover by charging excessive rates on other parts of the railway system. The new tramway works are largely in substitution for other forms of traction, and will have to yield much more profit than they do to cover value of old rolling stock and plant now rendered obsolete. The outlay on water supply and sewerage shows a yearly deficit in income, while no sinking fund is provided for depreciation of works. To-day outside the very limited municipal area, New South Wales has no form of local government, so that roads and bridges are free gifts from the State, and even the towns are so restricted in their powers of revenue raising that they have to go, cap in hand, to the Government for grants in aid to cover any extra local outlay. This divorce of expenditure from responsibility is the result of having all this money from land sales available for current outlay, and the further resource of money borrowed abroad, to pay for any more works that may be desired.

"The weight of debt per head is now much heavier, and would be more severely felt were it not for the importation of fresh loans from abroad, under whose adventitious aid not only the Customs revenue but all other sources of Government income get a temporary and unearned increment. As a proof of this, it may be instanced that the foreign borrowings of New South Wales during the last twelve months gave the State Treasurer an increased income from Customs alone of £350,000, equal to interest on ten millions, which is practical confirmation of the statement often made, that colonies pay interest on their loans by further borrowings.

"The obvious remedy for the extravagance and folly now so dominant in the mother colony is for the people to give up living in a fools' paradise and begin to look the facts of the situation in the face. There is no royal road to financial reform. The plain rule to guide individuals and nations is to live within legitimate income, and if that be limited by the niggardliness of Nature, then all the expenses of government, from

the highest to the lowest, must be proportionately reduced. The boast of unlimited natural resources, when a country cannot carry on without lavish outlay of borrowed money, is absurd. It is more, it is dishonest and cruel, for the fiction can only benefit a minority who live by 'booming,' while the labour and property of the producing majority are endangered by its continuance. The truest patriotism calls for an end to this pledging of future earnings for the maintenance of a temporary carnival of prodigality.

"The mother colony poses as the leader among the States, and anything it can do in the way of living honestly within its income will have a beneficial influence on all of its neighbours. Every holder of State obligations or depositor in the Savings Banks should wake up to the fact that any lengthened continuance of governmental extravagance will lead surely to national bankruptcy, and the ruin of those who have trusted in Government security."

The Civil Servants in Victoria and the Franchise.

On this subject "Civil Servant" writes:

"As a constant reader of the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia,' and a member of the Victorian public service, I was, with others, on reading the paragraph in your issue of the 20th ult., with reference to Public Service special representation, painfully surprised at the incorrect reference which your readers are allowed to draw from the statement made, that 'The Public Service are not disfranchised; they will, like the great Universities in England, have representatives of their own.'

"Now, sir, while that statement is perfectly true as far as it goes, it does not go far enough. Members of the English Universities have the *privilege* of voting for their special representative—which I judge is an honour conferred—as well as the *right* of voting for the borough or county constituency in which they at any time happen to reside. In Whitaker's Almanac, p. 253, this concession as regards the Universities is specially referred to as a *privilege* granted by James I., a privilege which they have ever since enjoyed.

"It is not my desire to enter into the rights or wrongs of this question, which the majority of public servants regard as an injustice and degradation, but have taken the liberty, on behalf of several of my friends in the Public Service, who, like myself, have great respect for the editor, as well as an intense appreciation for a publication which has always been considered by them as fair and unbiased in its opinions on social and political questions, to point out what, to them, is apparently a misleading statement, for the reasons given."

The Yellow Tiber, according to Professor Nispiland, as reported by Hayden Church in "Pearson's Magazine," is a veritable Pactolus—a stream with a bed of gold. He bases his belief on the fact that whenever and wherever the Tiber was searched in the work of bridge-building or of work on the embankments, ancient and valuable things always came to light. Gene-

rally, they were valuable enough to pay the entire cost of the operations. He expects to find at the bottom of the Tiber untold wealth in the shape of money and jewellery, statues in gold and silver and bronze, weapons and armour, and, above all, the golden candlestick from the Jewish Temple. Already £60,000 has been guaranteed for systematic exploration.

THE HUMOUR OF THE MONTH.



SANTA CLAUS AND FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Christmas suggests the best bit of humour in the literature of the month, and it is found, curiously enough, in the columns of "The Young Man." Mr. F. C. Gould—the "F. C. G." of the "Westminster Gazette"—arranges with Santa Claus to visit a number of eminent personages, and leave appropriate gifts for them, and the result is described very amusingly:

Santa Claus on His Travels.

How I got an introduction to Santa Claus, and where I found him, is a secret that I cannot divulge. It was only on pledging my word that I had no evil interviewing intent, and that I would not give his private address to the world, that he consented to see me at all.

"Why," he said to me, "if it were known where I live when I am at home I should never have a moment's peace. I should be deluged with letters by every post from children all over the world. They fancy I keep a toyshop, and that I've only got to shout down a tube, 'Woolly rabbit—two in order!' like the waiters used to do in the City eating-houses, and up they come. And then, you see, I should get the largest orders from the wickedest children."

I asked Santa Claus how he arrived at that opinion.

"Well, you see," he replied, "the bad children themselves would be the only ones to think that they deserved to have things given to them, so they wouldn't leave the asking to others."

I promised that I would not tell, and so, if I say that this interview took place at The Noah's Ark, Toy Avenue, Stockington, Bedsideshire, you need not waste your time in trying to find it on any map or in any county directory.

Before I left the Noah's Ark, Toy Avenue, etc., everything had been arranged. I was to be there on Christmas Eve, and Santa Claus would have a place for me. Moreover, in the goodness of his heart he suggested that it might help me if he were to exercise the magic power that he possessed of turning people into children for the time, no matter how old or unchildlike they might be.

I jumped at the idea with gratitude, for I saw possibilities in it, and after I had thanked Mr. Claus profusely I went away.

"Don't say anything about it to old Father Christmas, if you happen to come across him," he called out after me as I went down the garden path; "he's so dreadfully jealous of me, and he says that I was made in Germany."

"Now, then," said Santa Claus, as we got into the motor car, "is there any particular line you want to take? Where would you like to go first?"

I told him that I should like to get in something about the Empire and the Colonies, if it were possible.

"Oh! I suppose you mean Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Seddon," was Santa Claus' prompt response. "Very well, off we go for Birmingham."

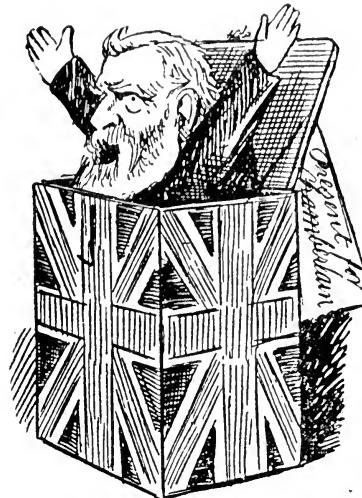
Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Seddon.

Away we whizzed at dizzy speed, the car quivering under the tremendous pressure, with the stiff paralytic reindeer gliding weirdly in front like a ghost-animal. So swiftly did we fly that we seemed hardly to have started when we stopped outside a house in the outskirts of some large manufacturing city.

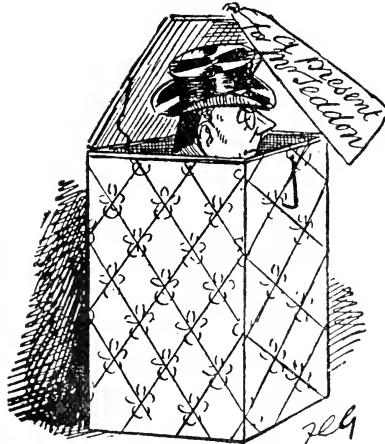
"Highbury," Santa Claus whispered to me, as we got out. "Wait a moment till I get out the presents, and then we'll go up to the nursery." I had forgotten for the moment that the celebrities I was to interview were all to be rejuvenated for the occasion, and I was puzzled why we should want to go to the nursery.

But when we went noiselessly upstairs (how we got in I haven't the least idea), I remembered Santa Claus' promise that all the great men to be visited should seem to be children again.

I had no sensation of being disembodied, but closed doors were no obstacles to my guide and myself, and presently we found ourselves apparently in the night nursery of some very patriotic little boys, for I noticed a large stuffed rocking lion, some boxes of khaki sol-



FOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN.



FOR MR. SEDDON.

diers, and lots of flags; whilst a dilapidated clock-work woolly rabbit, with a face that reminded me of poor old Oom Paul, was lying in a corner as if its machinery were broken.

There were motto texts hung on the walls. One was, "What I have said I have said;" another was, "Honour the Zollverein;" and a third was, "Expansion is the reward of Virtue." I forgot the rest.

At the end of the room there were several little beds, all in a row, but only two of them were occupied. In these two, side by side, lay the sleeping figures of two children. At least they appeared to be children to judge from their size, but the faces were older, and they certainly were familiar. One was unmistakably the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, and the other the Right Hon. Richard Seddon.

"Joe and Dick!" whispered Santa Claus to me.

It struck me as a little irreverent to speak of them in that way; but I remembered that, of course, he had known them when they were really little children, one at Camberwell, and the other at St. Helens.

"Where are all the others?" I asked Santa Claus. We spoke in whispers, so as not to wake the sleepers.

"Gone back to their Colonies," was his reply. "Barton said that he had to go out to so many dinners that if he stayed any longer there wouldn't be room for him when he went home. Gordon Sprigg is in Capetown looking after the Constitution, which some of the people out there wanted to suspend, and he has to keep an eye on them."

"Then why is Mr. Seddon staying on?" I wanted to know.

"Well, you see," said Santa Claus, "he can't trust John Bull altogether, and he's afraid that if he doesn't keep close to him he'll never wake up as much as Dick thinks he ought."

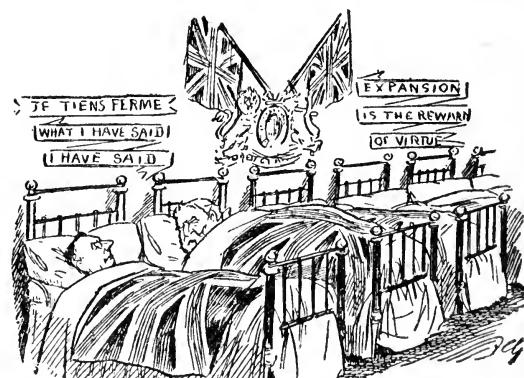
Although we spoke in low tones, something disturbed Mr. Seddon in his sleep, for he turned over restlessly, and murmured the word "Mutton!"

Mr. Chamberlain, too, stirred uneasily, and muttered, "Zollverein" in his sleep.

"We'll hang up their presents, and go before they wake," said Santa Claus, and he proceeded to tie up a box at the corner of the foot of each of the two beds.

I asked him what sort of toys he was giving them.

"Two Jacks-in-boxes," he whispered—"this is Joe's." He opened it quietly, and out popped a little effigy of



COLONIAL COTS.



IN THE HIGHTBURY NURSERY.

Mr. Seddon. "And this is Dick's," he went on, and as he opened the other box out popped a figure of Mr. Chamberlain, dressed as John Bull.

"They'll both be pleased," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "Joe can sit on or let out Dick whenever he pleases, and Dick can do the same to Joe."

We were just gliding noiselessly out of the room when Santa Claus stopped.

"By the bye," he said, "I think I must leave something else, as well as the Jack-in-the-box for Dick."

He took out of his pocket a little book, the title of which was "Elements of Economic Science," and laid it gently down on the pillow of Mr. Seddon's cot; and then we went away and left them.

Santa Claus and F. C. G. next visit Malwood, with gifts for Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir William Harcourt, and leave those gentlemen in their night-shirts, engaged in a pillow fight.

Mr. Balfour and Lord Hugh Cecil.

"Next?" Santa Claus asked jocularly, as we seated ourselves.

I suggested that I should like to call on Mr. Balfour if it were not too far. "The distance doesn't matter a bit," he said; "but we shall find him at Hatfield. He's spending his Christmas there, because he wants to find out from his cousin, Lord Hugh Cecil, what a Nonconformist is. Mr. Balfour only found out a few months ago that there was such a thing, and his cousin, who knows all about theological natural history, promised to coach him up in the subject."

And so we presently found ourselves mounting the staircase of a splendid Tudor mansion, and tiptoeing along a gallery towards the Cecil night nursery.

But here again, as at Malwood, we found the children awake. There were two in the room; one had the familiar features of Mr. Arthur Balfour, and the other those of Lord Hugh. They were sitting up in their little beds talking.

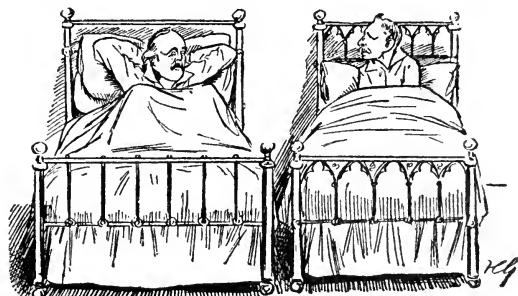
"I do wish, Cousin Arthur," said Lord Hugh, with a plaintive sigh, "you would try to be a little more mediæval. You have just the figure for it, and you'd look beautiful, with leads round you, and a halo, in a church window."

"But I don't want to be leaded into a window!" Mr. Balfour replied, a little irritably. "Mediævalism is all very well occasionally, but if I went in for all that sort of transcendentalism what would become of my golf?"

Lord Hugh groaned, and assumed a pained fourteenth-century attitude of martyrdom.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed. "If you only devoted to the Church the energy you expend on golf it might be possible to crush out the schismatic and heretical sin of Nonconformity from our midst."

"Well, but, my dear Hugh," protested Mr. Balfour, "they accuse me of thumping the box in the House of Commons whenever I talk about religion. What more do you want?"



ARTHUR AND HUGH.

"I am afraid, Arthur," Lord Hugh replied sadly, "that your energy on such occasions as those to which you refer is more inspired by polemics than by priests. I do believe you wouldn't hesitate to use a crozier for a golf club."

"I might," said Mr. Balfour, musingly; "but then I am only a child in these matters. But now, Hughie, you've tried to explain to me what Nonconformists are, tell me before we get to sleep why they shock you so much."

"They're so—so sluggy, so absolutely incompatible with stained-glass windows, you know," groaned Lord Hugh.

And then there was silence.

After waiting a few minutes we stole into the room and found the cousins fast asleep.

"Let me see," said Santa Claus to himself. "What shall I give them this year? I think perhaps Arthur would like best some of the newest things in golf balls, and Hugh nice new biretta. There they are," and so saying he tied the parcels to the door handle, and we went away silently.

"Where would you like to go next?" Santa Claus asked when we got outside.

I told him that there were lots more people I should like to have called upon, but I was afraid I would have to reserve them for another year.



TWO BOYS WERE WHACKING EACH OTHER MERRILY.

So we mounted the car, and I was whizzed home in less time than it takes me to write it. I thanked Santa Claus warmly for his kindness, for he had helped me out of a difficulty.

"By the bye," I asked him, "would you mind telling me how it is that none of the children we have seen to-night had hung their stockings up, as used to be the custom?"

"Children don't often do it nowadays," he replied. "Possibly they realise that a stocking implies a certain limitation which is not in accordance with the modern spirit."

So we wished each other good-bye, and a happy Christmas, and with a whirr and a whizz away went Santa Claus with his motor car, and his stuffed reindeer, and his presents.

Another bit of excellent humour is found, in the shape of a parody of one of Rudyard Kipling's "Just So Stories," in the columns of London "Punch":

The Elephant's Child.

In the high old Tory Times, Dearly Beloved, the menagerie at the Hotel Cecil was greatly excited by the goings-on of a gay and galumphing young rogue Elephant, who was full of 'satiable impudence. He was a source of secret but semi-piternal anxiety to his uncle, the Dozy Pachyderm until he retired into the Hatfield Wild Woods; and he kept his foster-brother, the Arthabalf, on thorns, in spite of the succulent and salubrious affection that subsisted between them (isn't "subsist" a nice word, Dearly Beloved?) But when it came to his more distant relatives! He insulted his great uncle the Planta Genista Jumbo so much that he retired permanently to his fireside in the New Forest. He abused his second cousins, the Misses Tabernaak—Miss Henrietta and Miss Camilla, you know—so dretfully that they fell ill of a twinsky and had to be dosed with Epsom salts; and he was so unkind to his sensitive relative, Peer the Ploughman, that the poor fellow had to be given a new Chesterfield coat and a bunch of Neapolitan violets. And still the Elephant's child was full of 'satiable impudence.

One fine morning in the middle of the equinoctial session, when all the Menagerie were eating Cabinet pudding with Education sauce, together, the young Elephant suddenly asked, "Where do the Cape Gooseberries grow?"

Then everybody said in a loud and unanimous chorus, "In South Africa, stupid; why don't you go and sample them yourself?"

So the Elephant's child immediately took

23 Saratoga trunks;

10 Long spoons;

1 Squeezed sponges in hermetically sealed sponge-bags;

1 Aristocratic private secretary;

1 Man-of-War;

and a long farewell of Birmingham;

and said to his weeping colleagues, "Good-bye, I am going on a wild Cape Gooseberry chase to enlarge my mind and examine my Milner."

And they all cordially approved of his plan and wished they were as lucky, being very tired of Cabinet pudding and Education sauce, and they gave him a sumptuous and sonorous dinner and went to see him off, crying, "Don't come back too soon."

So off he sailed in the man-of-war to Durban, and from Durban he went to Bloemfontein, and from



"He insulted his great uncle the Planta Genista Jumbo so much that he retired permanently to his fireside in the New Forest."

Bloemfontein to Pretoria. And the first thing he found at Pretoria was a highly educated Balliol bilingual Rock Python in a state of great suspensionist animation.

" 'Seuse me," said the Elephant's child in his polite Parliamentary manner, "but have you seen such a thing as a gigantic Cape gooseberry all a-blowing and a-growing in these Pretorian regions?"

" 'Leave I seen a Cape gooseberry?" said the Rock Python, with an agonised and academic inflection. "Great Markham's History, what will you ask me next? Why I see nothing else."

So the young Elephant said good-bye to the bi-lingual Rock Python and went on to Johannesburg, and there the first thing he heard was the groans of a gay and gilded Crocodile, who was concealed in a deep level, shedding copious tears over his desolate and impecunious condition.

" 'Seuse me," said the Elephant's child, in his most urbane accents, "but do you happen to have seen a great gooseberry in these penurious and pestiferous parts?"

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye, and said. "Come hither, little one, why do you ask such things?"

" 'Seuse me," said the Elephant's child, "but I can't get any reliable information at home, and my uncles and aunts won't have anything to say to me. So I came to look for myself and forgot Education sauce."

"Come hither," said the Crocodile, "for I am the proprietor of the gooseberry you are looking for."

Then the Elephant's child inadvertently put his leg down into the deep level, and the Crocodile caught him by the leg and began to pull it with extreme pertinacity and power. Whereon the Elephant's child was much annoyed, and said, "Let go! You are pulling my leg in the most audacious way. Your Beit is as bad as your bark."

Then the bi-lingual Balliol aristocratic Rock Python uncoiled himself from an adjacent pedestal and observed, "My venerable but impulsive friend, if you do not immediately extricate your nether limb from the jaws of that vociferous and voracious Helot, I feel pretty certain that, before you can say J. B. Robinson, he will elongate your slim and elegant figure to such an extent that your fond relatives will hardly know you. And having done so, perhaps you had better return to your own orchidaceous preserves, and ponder awhile upon the leg-pulling capacities of these southern and Semitic regions."

Whereupon the Elephant's child whistled to his man-of-war, and hastened to his native haunts, resumed the consumption of Cabinet pudding, accompanied however, by less unpalatable sauce than when he left. And that, Dearly Beloved, is the true story of the Great Mission.



"Let go! You are pulling my leg in the most audacious way!"

The Christmas number of the "Strand" is more serious than usual. Its most attractive feature is Mr. Rudolph de Cordova's description, with admirable reproductions, of the panels in Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's hall. Mr. Harry de Windt's plea for the political exiles in Siberia claims special notice. Mr. E. T. Cook, out of his exhaustless stores of information about Ruskin and his books, publishes an interesting interview with Mr. George Allen, explaining how, suddenly and abruptly, Mr. Ruskin transformed Mr. Allen, engraver, into the publisher of his works.

Why Railway Dividends have Fallen is the question which Mr. William J. Stevens essays to answer in the

"Magazine of Commerce." 1900 has been a record year for gross revenue, and it has been one of the worst on record for dividends. The reason for this paradox is found in the growth in the cost of coal, wages, materials, rates and taxes. In eight years the wages paid by fifteen railways have leaped from eighteen millions to twenty-five millions. Rates and taxes in ten years have risen from two millions two hundred thousand to four millions two hundred thousand. Another explanation suggested is the expensive additions made to third-class travelling on the Northern lines, and the policy of charging unproductive outlays to the capital account.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.



SOME "BULLETIN" CHRISTMAS CARDS.

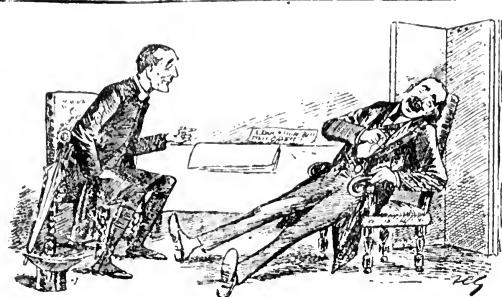
I. *Gratuitous Sandwich Men.* A free advt. for the hat-trade.—II. *Christmas "Waits."* They may have to wait for some time.—III. *Revised "Relief" Map of Australia.*—IV. *The Last Man (Australian).*—V. *The Commonwealth Standing Army.*—VI. *Breaking up of the Drought.*—VII. *A HALO BUILT FOR TWO.* An Ecclesiastical Christmas Card dedicated to Cardinal Moran and Pope Dill Macky.—VIII. *The Commonwealth High Court.* An august body, if you like, but—puzzle: to find the head.



"Bulletin."]

THAT DOG WON'T FIGHT.

Mr. Reid (at Melbourne): "My battle-cry at the next election will be Freetrade."

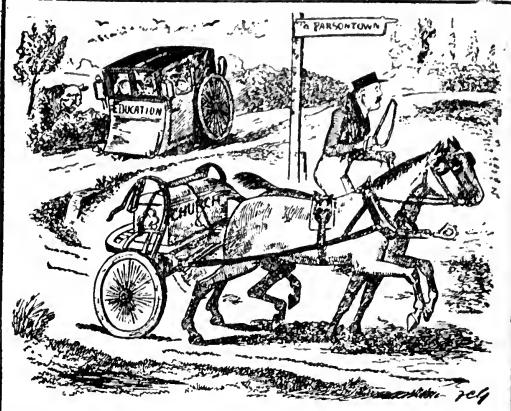


[Nov. 20.]

Another Good Story.

MR. BALFOUR. "Why, you must have got between £200,000 and £300,000 out of the State to build school-teachers' houses with."—THE BISHOP OF LONDON: "Yes! and now we're going to make the public pay a rent for them!"

MR. BALFOUR: "Ha, Ha! that's good!"



[Nov. 3.]

Wilfully Deaf.

After G. Cruikshank's Deaf Postillion

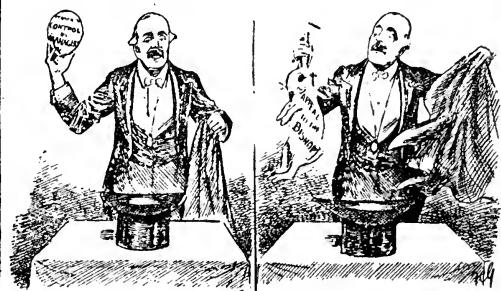


[Nov. 12.]

THE DUKE OF D.: "I whistled for a wind, and, by Jove! poor Londonerry has got it. I'm glad I cleared out. It's rather too much of a good thing."

"A year ago the Duke of Devonshire was whistling for a wind on the subject of Education, and he did not seem to approve of the breeze now that it had come."—SIR EDWARD GREY on the Education Bill.]

Sir Edward Grey's reference was to a speech made by the Duke of Devonshire at Liverpool, October 26, 1901, in which he said "he did not altogether resent the imputation of whistling to the wind. But no vessel could sail its course unless it had a breeze behind it."

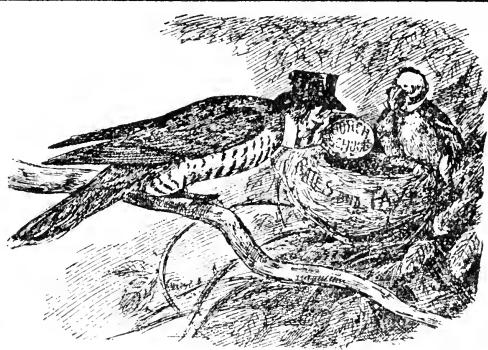


[Nov. 21.]

A Skilful Trick.

PROFESSOR BALFOUR. "Gentlemen, there is no deception. You see me place this Kenyon-Slaney egg in the hat—I cover it for a moment with a cloth—Hey presto!"

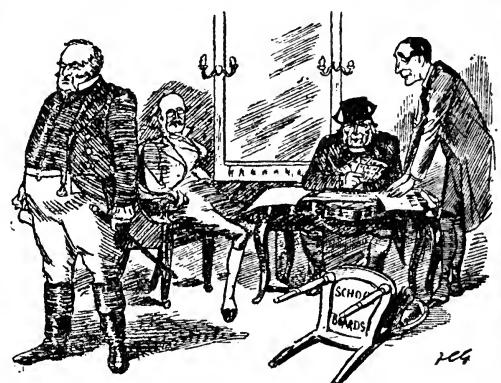
"There you are, my lords! I think you'll be pleased with this transformation."



[Nov. 18.]

Cuckoo (Cuculus Ecclesiasticus) to Hedgesparrow.

There, you'll have to support it; but it will always be a cuckoo.



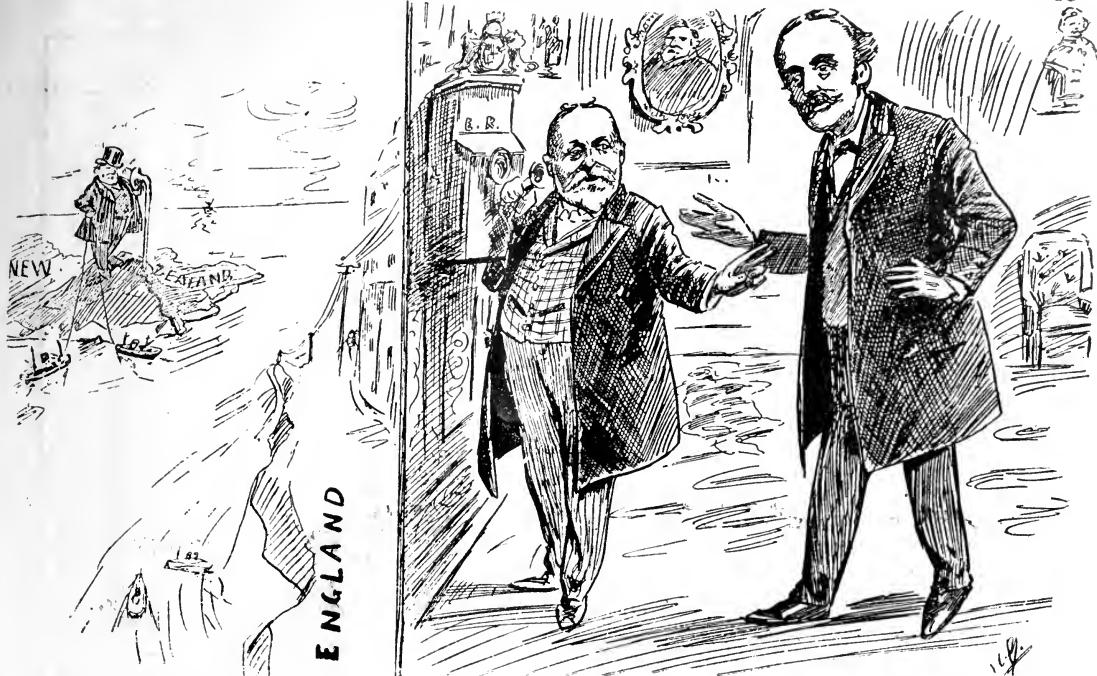
[Nov. 24.]

Done!

(With apologies to Mr. Orchardson, R.A.)

MR. CARRUTHERS GOULD ON THE EDUCATION DEBATES OF NOVEMBER.

(From the "Westminster Gazette.")



"Free Lance."]

READY FOR EMERGENCIES.

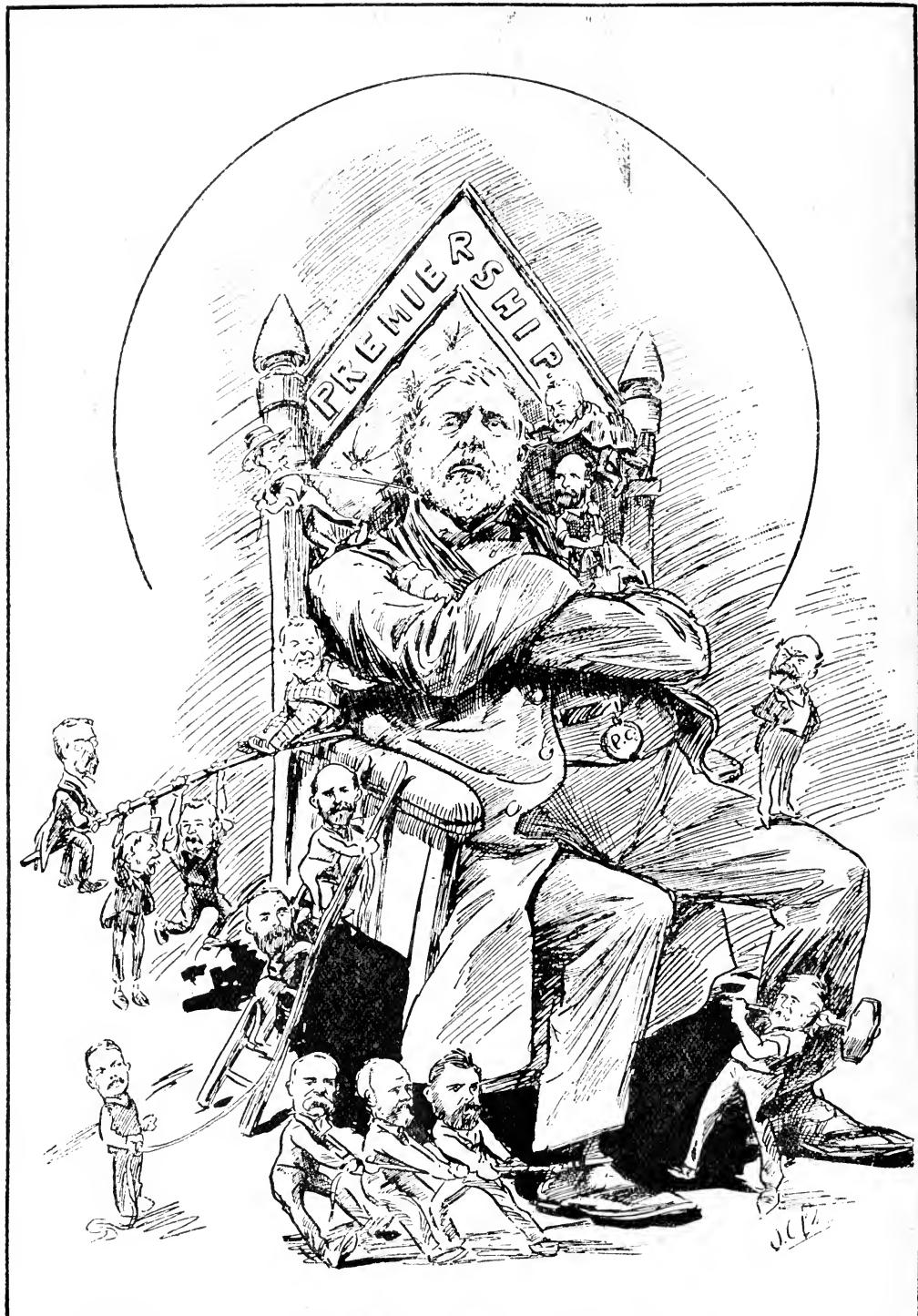
King Edward: "Dear old Dick! Listen, Balfour. He is rather anxious just now because we have two wars on hand, and he wants to take the Venezuela trouble over, and settle it in one act. His two men-o'-war—the Janie Seddon and Lady Roberts—are quite ready, and, having got his elections safely over, he is eager to lend us a hand. What would the Empire do, Balfour, without its Dick?"



"Critic."]

MR. LYNE'S PICNIC.

Australia: "It strikes me you would have shown more decency in staying . . . home, and saving as much money as possible, seeing how badly those girls are provided for."



Free Lance."]

DISCOURAGING NEWS FOR THE OPPOSITION.

Mr. Seddon told the Natives at Wanganui that he was a fixture, like Mounts Egmont and Ruapohu.—Newspaper item.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE TRUSTS.
NURSERY RHYMES FOR INFANT INDUSTRIES.



The House the Trusts Built, No. 1.
 This is the House the Trusts built.



New York Journal.]
Roosevelt v. The Trusts.
CHORUS OF SPECTATORS: "Fake! Fake! Fake!"



New York Journal.]

[5/11/02]

The House the Trusts Built, No. 2.

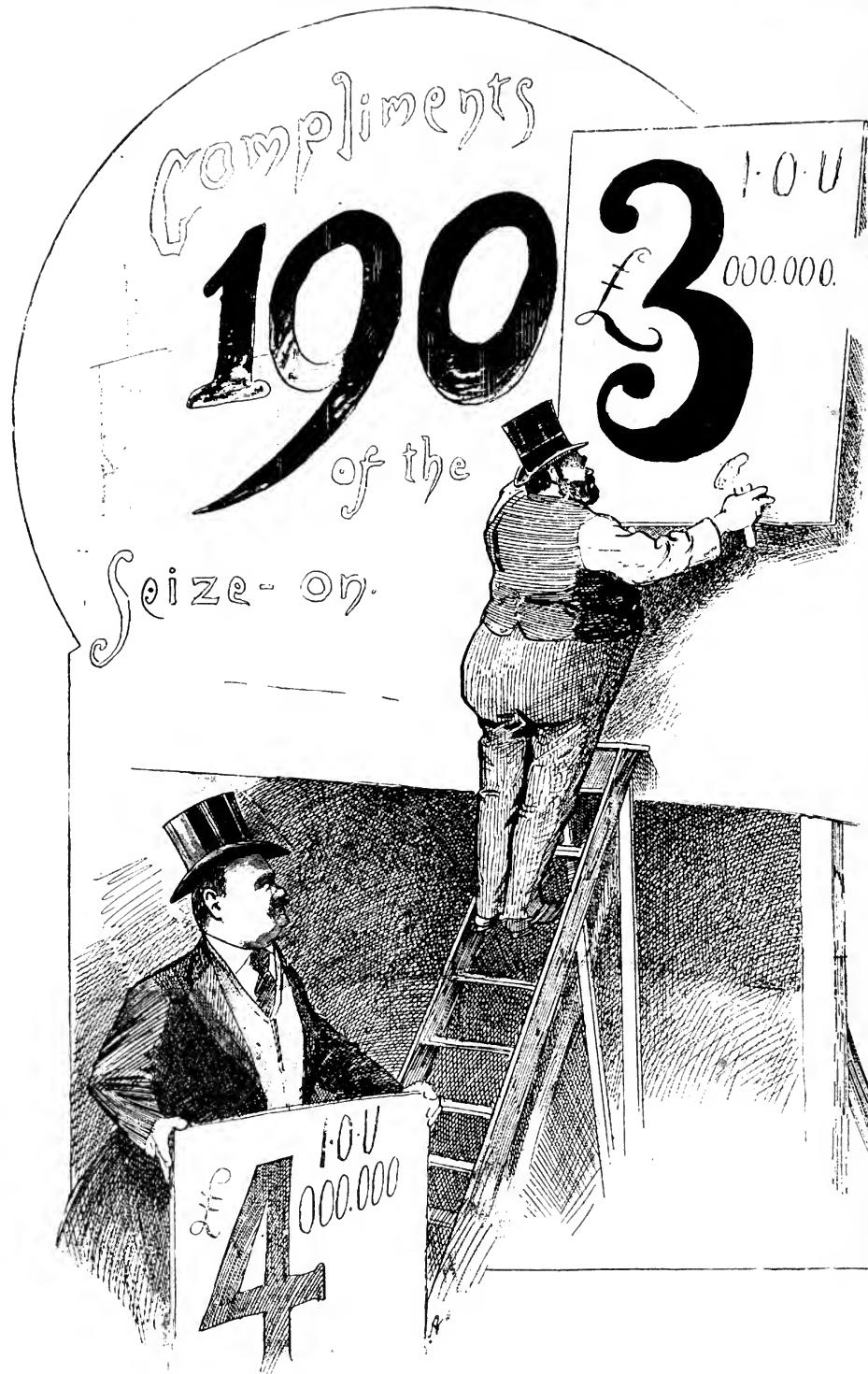
This is the Dough, in heaps and stacks,
 And bags, and barrels, and kegs and sacks,
 That lay in the House the Trusts built.



New York Journal.]

An Alphabet of Joyous Trusts.

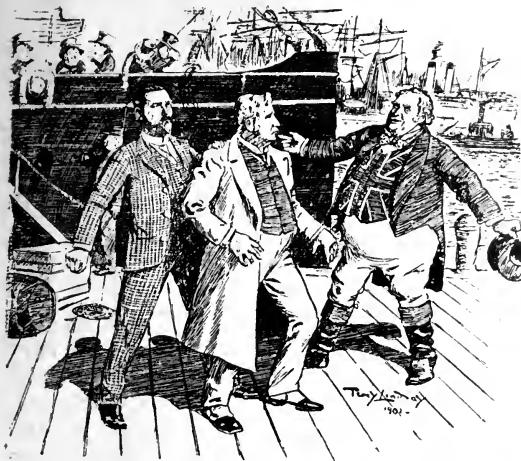
U is the United States Rubber Trust. He
 Twists himself into knots while he robs the C. P.



"Bulletin."]

A N.S.W. NEW YEAR CARD.—CHANGING THE NUMBERS.

O'Sullivan: "Hadn't you better put this up, too, while you're about it?"
 Premier See: "No; let's break that 7,000,000 to 'em gently."



"Arena."]

THOSE HORRID HATTERS.

Watson: "What do you mean by letting them in?"
John Bull: "What do you mean by keeping them out?"
Barton: "Now, don't be cross, gentlemen. I'm sure I only try to please everybody—and nobody ever accused me of having a principle of my own!"



"Bulletin."]

Young Australia: "Mother, may I go and swim?"
Britannia: "Yes, but don't go near the water."



"Bulletin."]

THE
JUDGMENT
OF CENONE
—WILL SHE HAVE SENSE?

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL LAND-GRANT RAILWAY.

BY THE HON. J. H. GORDON, K.C., M.L.C., ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

South Australia's scheme for the construction of a railway across Australia is one of the biggest ventures ever undertaken by any State, and is certainly one of the most important ever offered to private enterprise in any part of the world. Put shortly, the offer is "Build within our territory a thousand and sixty-three miles of railway, which shall remain your own property, and we will give you, as a bonus, a grant in fee simple of seventy-nine million seven hundred and twenty-five acres of land!"

Whoever earns this bonus will be the greatest private landowner of whom history has any record. He will possess in fee simple a territory larger than the whole of the United Kingdom.

Why South Australia Makes the Offer.

Thirty years ago South Australia earned the praise and gratitude of the world by building the transcontinental telegraph line, and not many years afterwards she began to bridge the continent with a railway also. Towards this great work railways were made, running north from Adelaide to Oodnadatta, 688 miles, and south from Port Darwin to Pine Creek, 146 miles. Between these there remains a gap of 1,063 miles. It is this gap which it is proposed to fill with a railway built on the land-grant system.

Though circumstances have caused delay, the project of establishing railway communication between Adelaide and Port Darwin has never been abandoned by South Australia. If we cannot get the railway built upon the terms now offered, we shall, I am convinced, do the work ourselves. Possibly, in the long run, South Australia would gain by making it a State undertaking pure and simple. But "the long run" is too distant an outlook.

While we are waiting until we have money enough to build the railway ourselves, some other State will certainly "jump our claim." The route from Port Darwin to the southern coast of Australia through our territory is much the best; but it is not the only route possible. Our rich sister States of New South Wales and Queensland have rival schemes, and they are not by any means blind to the immense advantage of having such a line within their borders. The necessities of Australia call for the railway. South Australia has upon all grounds the best right to supply the

want, and she does not intend to sleep upon that right.

What the Railway Will Do.

It will be of immense advantage to the Commonwealth from a military point of view. Port Darwin, as Major-General Jervois said many years ago, is the key to the East. A railway connecting a point of such strategical importance with the southern part of Australia will be invaluable for the purposes of defence; indeed, it cannot be said that we are sufficiently protected against our powerful Eastern neighbours without it.

It will be of even greater commercial advantage. It is said that when the Russian Siberian railway reaches Port Arthur, mails and passengers can be landed at Port Darwin in fourteen days from London. Given our proposed railway, they should reach Adelaide from Port Darwin (about 1,900 miles) in three days. Result: Seventeen days from



HON. J. H. GORDON, K.C., M.L.C.
(Kerry & Co., Photo).

London to Adelaide. Time is money. The railway means money to all Australia.

For a time the trade of the East must be gripped by the paw of the Great Bear. But some day, perhaps in our time—who knows?—Singapore will be the terminus of a line running from Europe through India and Burmah. Singapore is three days nearer Port Darwin than Port Arthur. When this is accomplished—again, of course, given our railway—we shall not only be within fourteen days of our Imperial centre, but we shall have ousted our Russian rival in favour of a route which will run largely through British territory.

guarantee that the contract will be signed if the tender is accepted; and they must state: 1. The quantity of land per mile of railway which is asked for the construction. 2. The time within which they will complete the work. No tender will be considered which asks for more than 75,000 acres of land per mile of railway.

Tenders must be sent in on or before May 2, 1904. The successful tenderer must: 1. Construct the railway to the satisfaction of the Engineer-in-Chief, on the 3 ft. 6 in. gauge; the rails to be of steel, and of not less weight than 60 lb. to the yard. 2. Complete the work in eight years; the



TOWNSHIP ON THE PROPOSED TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

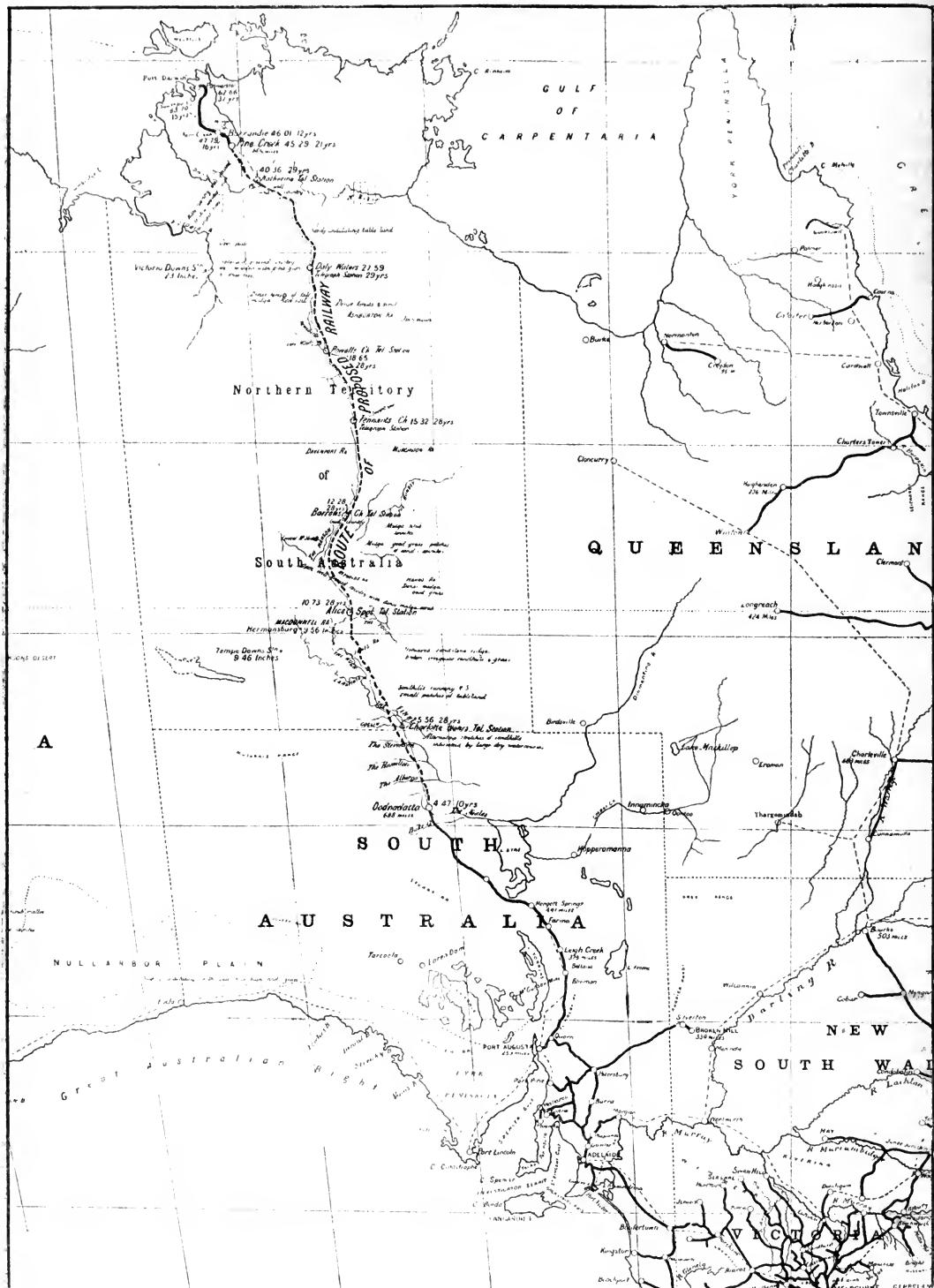
These are all advantages which every State in the Commonwealth will share. South Australia, with the gateway to a continent within her territory, as well as the only land approach thereto, will, of course, reap a special reward. In addition, South Australia will benefit by the opening up of an immense area of country, much of which is eminently suited to carry a European population, but which is now idle for want of railway communication.

Details of the Scheme.

Boiled down, the main details of the scheme are as follow:—Tenderers must put up £10,000 as a

minimum length of line to be constructed in any one year being 100 miles. 3. Provide and always maintain a train service for goods and passengers once a week at least from each terminus, with a minimum speed of 20 miles per hour. 4. Deposit £50,000, which is to be absolutely forfeited if default is made in any of the conditions of the contract.

The rates for carriage of goods and passengers are not to exceed those charged by the Government on the line running from Port Augusta to Oodnadatta.



MAP OF THE PROPOSED TRANSCONTINENTAL LAND-GRANT RAILWAY.

The successful tenderer is given a right of purchase of the railway from Port Darwin to Pine Creek, at a price to be fixed by arbitration, and also running rights over all South Australian railways on terms to be fixed by the Railways Commissioner.

As each forty miles of railway is completed the contractor may select the land to which he is entitled, in blocks, which must be chosen alternately on either side of the railway, and abutting upon it. No two blocks may face each other, and each must be as nearly as possible in the shape of a parallelogram, running true east and west, having a width of twenty miles. The land will be granted with all gold, metals and minerals thereon, and without any reservation except that public roads may be taken therefrom by the Governor without compensation. The land is to be free from any land tax imposed by South Australia for ten years from the date of the grant. Goldfields actually proclaimed at the time of the passing of the Act, and all lands in use for public purposes, are excluded from selection.

It is estimated that the railway, with equipment, will cost about five millions sterling. The Government reserves the right to purchase the railway at any time, at a valuation to be fixed by arbitration in case of disagreement.

The Route and the Country.

The route presents no engineering difficulties. A nursemaid could wheel a baby in a perambulator from end to end of it. Ballast can be obtained almost everywhere, and good water has been proved to exist all along the telegraph line. The climate is eminently suited for white labour. Malaria is unknown between Pine Creek and Oodnadatta. Mr. Simpson Newland, a most reliable authority, says that—

The climate is more temperate than that of a large portion of inhabited Australia, as well as more fertile and better grassed. It is indeed excellent country, and exceedingly healthy; warm, with occasional excessively hot days, but cool nights. The climate of the MacDonnell Ranges in particular is reported by the residents of years as most enjoyable, as with such an elevation it must be. Professor Baldwin Spencer writes: "There is no finer climate in the world than that of the MacDonnell Ranges; indeed, the winter in the interior was of a most perfect kind—bright, clear days and cool nights. Admirable conditions for a consumptive sanatorium."

The only dry stretch of country along the route is that between Oodnadatta and Charlotte Waters, 130 miles. Over this the average annual rainfall is about 5 inches, but within this belt, low as the rainfall is, some of the finest cattle and horses in Australia are bred, and most of it is at present profitably occupied by stock raisers. The country is also artesian, and good lucerne is grown

at Oodnadatta when sufficient trouble has been taken to use the artesian supply.

Above Charlotte Waters the rainfall increases until it reaches an almost tropical fall at Port Darwin, as the following table shows. The record is for twenty-eight years:

	Average Annual Rainfall.
Port Darwin	62.66
Southport	63.20
Yam Creek	47.79
Burrundie	46.01
Pine Creek	45.29
Katherine River	40.36
Daly Waters	27.59
Powell Creek	18.65
Tennant Creek	15.32
Barrow Creek	12.28
Alice Springs	10.73
Charlotte Waters	5.56
Oodnadatta	4.47

The products of the Northern Territory answer to the rainfall. In the north all the useful tropical plants—such as cotton, rice and sugarcane—flourish. From Powell Creek southward the greater part of the country is admirably suited for the breeding of sheep, horned cattle and horses. It would be unwise, perhaps, to speak too confidently of the mineral wealth of this vast stretch of country, throughout the whole of which gold, silver, copper, and other minerals have been found in varying quantities. The reports of our Government Geologist, Mr. Brown, F.G.S.; of the late Professor Tate, F.G.S., and many other competent authorities, more than hint at immense possibilities of mineral wealth in the Northern Territory. It is well known that large and payable gold-bearing reefs exist in many places, only waiting the railway to make them available for working. Nearly every mail brings to Adelaide news of fresh mineral discoveries. The man who builds this railway will earn no barren estate.

What South Australia Will Gain.

Objections have mostly come from outside South Australia. South Australia itself is for the scheme almost to a man. Some people say that the bonus of 75,000 acres of land for each mile of railway is too great. It is certainly magnificent; but we have in the Northern Territory alone 523,000 square miles of land—that is, 335,116,800 acres. By far the greater part of this is not only idle, but an annual burden upon the State. After giving 79,000,000 acres for the railway, we shall have, in round figures, 256,000,000 acres left, and we shall have it occupied, and a source of public revenue, instead of idle and a constant expense. We shall be very much in the position of a landowner who, having had more land than he had money to work, sold some of it to enable him to profitably use the rest. But the analogy is not quite true. We shall

be in a better position. The landowner would cease to have any benefit from the land he had sold; not so with the State. The 79,000,000 acres of land will not only remain as a taxable asset, but it will become, like the Government land adjoining, a source of indirect public revenue in many ways. The South Australian taxpayer is not a fool. He prefers to own 256,000,000 acres of land yielding him a revenue rather than 335,000,000 acres which costs him money out of pocket every year.

Are Land-grant Railways Wicked?

There are many people, of course, who object to land-grant railways under all circumstances, and it must be admitted that there are cases in which such schemes have been disadvantageous to all concerned in them. On the other hand, some of these schemes have been of the greatest advantage to the country in which they were undertaken. My colleague, the Hon. J. G. Jenkins, put this very forcibly in moving the second reading of the Bill:

Those who spoke against the construction of the line on the land-grant system said: "See what injury it has done to other States." What injury had it done to the United States of America or to Canada? He would like some definite information as to the injury those two countries had suffered from their land-grant railways. He had an opportunity of knowing that there were millions of acres of undeveloped country in America which carried no more population than the Northern Territory until the Trans-American Railway was made by the land-grant system, after which the mineral resources of the country were enormously developed, and trade increased in all the States the line had passed through.

Personally, I think that every such scheme should be considered on its own merits. The question should be, "Is it good business?" From this point of view South Australia is taking a sensible course in seeking to have the railway built in return for land, and I have advocated it from my first entry into politics. The bogey of "monopoly" has been raised to decry the scheme, but it is a misuse of terms to speak of the ownership of the land granted for the railway as a "monopoly" in the proper sense of that word. As I have already pointed out, the owner cannot occupy his land without contributing to the State revenue, and without adding to the value of the immensely greater area which remains the property of the Crown. He cannot take his land away. It must remain for ever a taxable public asset.

The Sydney "Bulletin," in trying to defeat the scheme, has used this fact very unfairly. It has attempted to alarm possible tenderers by hinting that the Commonwealth Parliament has power to impose a special "bursting-up" tax upon the land. But this is all nonsense; no tax can be imposed by the Commonwealth which is not equal upon land in every State. The Constitution prevents

discriminations; besides, as everyone knows, a Federal land tax is outside all reasonable probability.

Is South Australia within Its Rights?

The Sydney "Daily Telegraph" is the mouth-piece of those who say that the Commonwealth has the prior right to construct the railway, and who accuse South Australia of "seeking a State advantage at Commonwealth expense." Two reasons are given for this view. One is, that the undertaking is too big for the State; and the other is that the State is precluded from undertaking it owing to negotiations which have passed between it and the Federal Government relating to the transfer of the Northern Territory to the Commonwealth. The first point hardly merits reply. South Australia is able to manage her own affairs, and may be trusted not to embark upon any scheme which she has not fully considered, and which is not well within her right to initiate and her power to manage. As to the second point, what happened was that Sir Frederick Holder, when Premier of South Australia, in April, 1901, proposed to the Federal Government that the Commonwealth should take over the Northern Territory "on fair terms." Nothing followed this proposal. Sir Edmund Barton replied, merely saying that the matter would receive "attention from Ministers;" and there was a desultory debate in the Federal Parliament upon the question, but no obligation of any kind was created on either side. In the meantime the aspect of things changed very much regarding both the estimation in which the Federal Parliament was held by the Parliament and the people of the State, and also in the outlook of the Northern Territory itself. Rightly or wrongly, the doings of Federal legislators did not encourage confidence, and general opinion grew to a disinclination to entrust the Commonwealth with further power. Then the Territory itself began to force its value upon us, first as a cattle raising country, and then as being richer in gold in the temperate zone than we had dreamed of. The rapid advance of the Siberian railway to Port Arthur, making Port Darwin the key to oversea communication with Europe, assisted the conviction that it would be well to withdraw the proposals to transfer the Northern Territory until events more fully justified the wisdom of such a course. There was nothing either in law or honour to prevent this being done, and it has been accomplished by later correspondence between the Federal and the State Governments. I think it is unlikely that any further proposal for the transfer will be made by the State Government. The accomplishment of this great project will be an event of world-wide interest, and I am proud that South Australia has had the courage to initiate it.

CONAN DOYLE ON THE AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER.

Conan Doyle—now Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—has completed his “History of the Great Boer War,” and it undoubtedly makes the most complete and lucid account of the great struggle which has yet appeared. The geographical scale of the field and the nature of the fighting—especially the last twelve months of pure guerilla warfare—make the Boer War the most tangled bit of military history known to literature. It may well prove the despair of historians. But Sir Conan Doyle sets the incidents of the struggle in something like clear perspective, so that the whole landscape of the war becomes intelligible; and yet he fills in the details with a picturesque minuteness which makes the story of great interest. The individual is never sacrificed to the campaign. We are concerned in the present instance, however, only to give, for readers in Australia and New Zealand, some account of the part which the Australasian soldiers fill in the canvas of Conan Doyle’s picture. Two years ago, when reviewing the first and incomplete edition of the present work, we wrote:

It is, perhaps, yet too soon to assess the Australian soldier at his precise value; to weigh him in the inexorable scales of history; or even to find out the exact impression he has made on the outside world. That he has all the fighting qualities natural to his race and blood, we may be sure; and it is even possible that he brings to the stern business of war some special qualities of his own. But, if so, we are not quite sure what these are. We are, of course, proud of the brave men whom New Zealand and Australia are just now welcoming back from the kopjes and veldts of South Africa. We know they have played a part in a great drama, and have not shamed us in the process. Their names will be written on a great page of history. They come back to us crowned with compliments. Someone with an adequate historical imagination will, in due time, write the story of “What the Australians did in South Africa;” but we are too near to the events just now to make this possible. Something of the tumult of the actual fighting is still in our ears; something of its dust in our eyes.

The representatives of the Australian press have, of course, told—and told sometimes with great literary power—the story of what the various Contingents have suffered and achieved. But, so far, the tale has been told only in unrelated fragments, and there has been no perspective in the telling. We do not see, that is, the Australian set against the background of the campaign as a whole; and we are hardly given the opportunity of measuring him against the other soldiers of the Empire. How does he compare, for example, with Guards and Highlanders from the motherland; with the Dublin Fusiliers, who made that fierce rush up Railway Hill, or the men of the Manchester Regiment, who held their own with such long-enduring courage at

Cæsar’s Camp? How does the Australian or the New Zealander show when set beside the gallant lads from Canada, or the hardy and dashing men of the Imperial Light Horse, or with the sturdy riders of the Imperial Yeomanry?

It may, perhaps, help to answer the questions he suggested if we reproduce some of the pictures, swift and graphic, if microscopic, which Conan Doyle gives of the Australian soldier in the later months of the war in South Africa.

We have, for example, a vivid description of the fight betwixt De Wet’s war-hardened raiders and De Lisle’s mounted horsemen near Bothaville—a very smart bit of fighting, in which that fine soldier, described by De Wet himself as the bravest of all British soldiers, Le Gallais, was killed, but in which De Wet himself came off second best.

Hustling De Wet.

In the grey of the morning of November 6, Major Lean, with forty men of the 5th Mounted Infantry, came upon three weary Boers sleeping upon the veldt. Having secured the men, and realising that they were an outpost, Lean pushed on, and topping a rise some hundreds of yards further, he and his men saw a remarkable scene. There before them stretched the camp of the Boers, the men sleeping, the horses grazing, the guns parked, and the waggons outspanned.

There was little time for consideration. The Kaffir drivers were already afoot, and strolling out for their horses, or lighting the fires for their masters’ coffee. With splendid decision, although he had but forty men to oppose to over a thousand, Lean sent back for reinforcements and opened fire upon the camp. In an instant it was buzzing like an overturned hive. Up sprang the sleepers, rushed for their horses, and galloped away across the veldt, leaving their guns and waggons behind. A few stalwarts remained, however, and their numbers were increased by those whose horses had stampeded, and who were, therefore, unable to get away. They occupied an enclosed kraal and a farmhouse in front of the British, whence they opened a sharp fire. At the same time a number of the Boers who had ridden away came back again, having realised how weak their assailants were, and worked round the British flanks upon either side.

Le Gallais, with his men, had come up, but the British force was still far inferior to that which it was attacking. A section of U battery was able to unlimber, and open fire at four hundred yards from the Boer position. The British made no attempt to attack, but contented themselves with holding on to the position, from which they could prevent the Boer guns from being removed. The burghers tried desperately to drive off the stubborn fringe of riflemen. A small stone shed in the possession of the British was the centre of the Boer fire, and it was within its walls that Ross of the Durhams was horribly wounded by an explosive ball, and that the brave Jerseyman, Le Gallais, was killed. Before his fall he had despatched his

staff officer, Major Hickie, to hurry up men from the rear.

At half-past eight De Lisle, whose force had trotted and galloped for twelve miles, arrived with several companies of Australians, and the success of the day was assured. The smoke of the Prussian guns at Waterloo was not a more welcome sight than the dust of De Lisle's horsemen. But the question now was whether the Boers, who were in the walled inclosure and farm which formed their centre, would manage to escape. The place was shelled, but here, as often before, it was found how useless a weapon is shrapnel against buildings. There was nothing for it but to storm it, and a grim little storming party of fifty men, half British, half Australian, was actually waiting with fixed bayonets for the whistle which was to be their signal, when the white flag flew out from the farm, and all was over. Warned by many a tragic experience, the British still lay low in spite of the flag. "Come out! come out!" they shouted. Eighty-two unwounded Boers filed out of the enclosure, and the total number of prisoners came to 114, while between twenty and thirty Boers were killed. Six guns, a pom-pom, and 1,000 head of cattle were the prizes of the victors.

This excellent little action showed that the British mounted infantry had reached a point of efficiency at which they were quite able to match the Boers at their own game. For hours they held them with an inferior force, and finally, when the numbers became equal, were able to drive them off and capture their guns. The credit is largely due to Major Lean for his prompt initiative on discovering their laager, and to Major Taylor for his handling of the force during a very critical time. Above all, it was due to the dead leader, Le Gallais, who had infected every man under him with his own spirit of reckless daring. "If I die, tell my mother that I die happy, as we got the guns," said he, with his failing breath. The British total losses were twelve killed (four officers), and thirty-three wounded (seven officers). Major Welch, a soldier of great promise, much beloved by his men, was one of the slain. Following closely after the repulse at Frederickstad this action was a heavy blow to De Wet. At last, the British were beginning to take something off the score which they owed the bold raider.

Another combat, in which the New Zealanders played a specially brilliant part, was the fight at Rhenoster Kop, on the 29th of the same month. Paget, who commanded, had a force of some 2,000 men, including Queenslanders, South Australians, New Zealanders and Tasmanians, with four companies of the Munsters and some Yeomanry. The Boers, under Erasmus and Viljoen, were equal in number to Paget's force, but held a strong defensive position.

The New Zealanders at Rhenoster Kop.

In the early morning of November 29 Paget's men came in contact with the enemy, who were in some force upon an admirable position. A ridge for their centre, a flanking kopje for their cross fire, and a grass glacis for the approach—it was an ideal Boer battlefield. The colonials and the yeomanry, under Plumer on the left, and Hickman on the right, pushed in upon them, until it was evident that they meant to hold their ground. Their advance being checked by a very severe fire, the horsemen dismounted and took such

cover as they could. Paget's original idea had been a turning movement, but the Boers were the more numerous body, and it was impossible for the smaller British force to find their flanks, for they extended over at least seven miles. The infantry were moved up into the centre, therefore, between the wings of dismounted horsemen, and the guns were brought up to cover the advance. The country was ill-suited, however, to the use of artillery, and it was only possible to use an indirect fire from under a curve of the grass land. The guns made good practice, however, one section of the 38th battery being in action all day within 800 yards of the Boer line, and putting themselves out of action after 300 rounds by the destruction of their own rifling. Once over the curve, every yard of the veldt was commanded by the hidden riflemen. The infantry advanced, but could make no headway against the deadly fire which met them. By short rushes the attack managed to get within 300 yards of the enemy, and there it stuck. On the right the Munsters carried a detached kopje which was in front of them, but could do little to aid the main attack. Nothing could have exceeded the tenacity of the Yorkshiremen and the New Zealanders, who were immediately to their left. Though unable to advance, they refused to retire, and indeed they were in a position from which a retirement would have been a serious operation. Colonel Lloyd, of the West Ridings, was hit in three places and killed. Five out of six officers of the New Zealand corps were struck down. There were no reserves to give a fresh impetus to the attack, and the thin, scattered line, behind bullet-spotted stones or anthills, could but hold its own while the sun sang slowly upon a day which will not be forgotten by those who endured it. The Boers were reinforced in the afternoon, and the pressure became so severe that the field guns were retired with much difficulty. Many of the infantry had shot away all their cartridges, and were helpless. Just one year before, British soldiers had lain under similar circumstances on the plain which leads to Modder River, and now, on a smaller scale, the very same drama was being enacted. Gradually the violet haze of evening deepened into darkness, and the incessant rattle of the rifle fire died away on either side. Again, as at Modder River, the British infantry still lay in their position, determined to take no backward step, and again the Boers stole away in the night, leaving the ridge which they had defended so well. A hundred killed and wounded was the price paid by the British for that line of rock-studded hills—a heavier proportion of losses than had befallen Lord Methuen in the corresponding action. Of the Boer losses there was, as usual, no means of judging, but several grave-mounds, newly dug, showed that they, also, had something to deplore. Their retreat, however, was not due to exhaustion, but to the demonstration which Lyttelton had been able to make in their rear. The gunners and the infantry had all done well in a most trying action, but by common consent it was with the men from New Zealand that the honours lay. It was no empty compliment when Sir Alfred Milner telegraphed to the Premier of New Zealand his congratulations upon the distinguished behaviour of his fellow-countrymen.

The New Zealanders and the Australian Bushmen had a share, again, in the brilliant charge of Barrington's force at Kafir Kraal on March 23, 1901. The fight was a lucky accident, and is thus described by Conan Doyle:

Kafir Kraal.

On March 23 Babington moved forward through Kafir Kraal, the enemy falling back before him. Next morning the British again advanced, and as the New Zealanders and Bushmen, who formed the vanguard under Colonel Gray, emerged from a pass they saw upon the plain in front of them the Boer force, with all its guns moving towards them. Whether this was done of set purpose, or whether the Boers imagined that the British had turned, and were intending to pursue them, cannot now be determined, but whatever the cause it is certain that for almost the first time in the campaign a considerable force of each side found themselves in the open, and face to face.

It was a glorious moment. Setting spurs to their horses, officers and men, with a yell, dashed forward at the enemy. One of the Boer guns unlimbered and attempted to open fire, but was overwhelmed by the wave of horsemen. The Boer riders broke and fled, leaving their artillery to escape as best it might. The guns dashed over the veldt in a mad gallop, but wilder still was the rush of the fiery cavalry behind them. For once the brave and cool-headed Dutchmen were fairly panic-stricken. Hardly a shot was fired at the pursuers, and the riflemen seem to have been only too happy to save their own skins. Two field guns, one pom-pom, six maxims, fifty-six waggons, and 140 prisoners were the fruits of that one magnificent charge, while fifty-four stricken Boers were picked up after the action. The pursuit was reluctantly abandoned when the spent horses could go no farther.

The disaster at Wilmansrust—the worst mishap which befell the Australians, but for which they themselves were scarcely responsible—is thus described:

Wilmansrust.

Before Viljoen's force made its way over the line it had its revenge for the long harrying it had undergone by a well-managed night attack, in which it surprised and defeated a portion of Colonel Beatson's column at a place called Wilmansrust, due south of Middelburg, and between that town and Bethel. Beatson had divided his force, and this section consisted of 350 of the 5th Victorian Mounted Rifles, with thirty gunners and two pom-poms, the whole under the command of Major Morris. Viljoen's force trekking north towards the line came upon this detachment upon June 12. The British were aware of the presence of the enemy, but do not appear to have posted any extra outposts, or taken any special precautions. Long months of commando chasing had imbued them too much with the idea that these were fugitive sheep, and not fierce and wily wolves, whom they were endeavouring to catch. It is said that 700 yards separated the four pickets. With that fine eye for detail which the Boer leaders possess, they had started a veldt fire upon the west of the camp, and then attacked from the east, so that they were themselves invisible, while their enemies were silhouetted against the light. Creeping up between the pickets, the Boers were not seen until they opened fire at point-blank range upon the sleeping men. The rifles were stacked—another noxious military tradition—and many of the troopers were shot down while they rushed for their weapons. Surprised out of their sleep, and unable to distinguish their antagonists, the brave Australians did as well as any troops could have done who were placed in so impossible a position. Captain Watson, the officer in charge

of the pom-poms, was shot down, and it proved to be impossible to bring the guns into action. Within five minutes the Victorians had lost twenty killed and forty wounded, when the survivors surrendered. It is pleasant to add that they were very well treated by the victors, but the high-spirited colonials felt their reverse most bitterly. "It is the worst thing that ever happened to Australia!" says one in the letter in which he describes it.

The South Australians and the New South Welshmen played a singularly gallant part, again, in the fight on June 6 at the little village of Reitz. A column under Elliott was in pursuit of some wandering Boer commandoes:

The Fight at Reitz.

Major Sladen with 200 Mounted Infantry, when detached from the main body, came upon the track of a Boer convoy, and ran it down. Over a hundred vehicles, with forty-five prisoners, were the fruits of their enterprise. Well satisfied with his morning's work, the British leader despatched a party of his men to convey the news to De Lisle, who was behind, while he established himself, with his loot and his prisoners, in a convenient kraal. Thence they had an excellent view of a large body of horsemen approaching them, with scouts, flankers, and all military precautions. One warm-hearted officer seems actually to have sallied out to meet his comrades, and it was not till his greeting of them took the extreme form of handing over his rifle that the suspicion of danger entered the heads of his companions. But if there was some lack of wit there was none of heart in Sladen and his men. With forty-five Boers to hold down, and 500 under Fourie, De Wet, and Delarey around them, the little band made rapid preparation for a desperate resistance: the prisoners were laid upon their faces, the men knocked loopholes in the mud walls of the kraal, and a blunt soldierly answer was returned to the demand for surrender.

But it was a desperate business. The attackers were five to one, and the five were soldiers of De Wet, the hard-bitten veterans of a hundred encounters. The captured waggons in a long double row stretched out over the plain, and under this cover the Dutchmen swarmed up to the kraal. But the men who faced them were veterans also, and the defence made up for the disparity of numbers. With fine courage the Boers made their way up to the village, and established themselves in the outlying huts, but the Mounted Infantry clung desperately to their position. Out of the few officers present, Findley was shot through the head, Moir and Cameron through the heart, and Strong through the stomach. It was a Waggon Hill upon a small scale, two dour lines of skirmishers emptying their rifles into each other at point-blank range. Once more, as at Bothaville, the British Mounted Infantry proved that when it came to a dogged pelting match they could stand punishment longer than their enemy. They suffered terribly. Fifty-one out of the little force were on the ground, and the survivors were not much more numerous than their prisoners. To the 1st Gordons, the 2nd Bedfords, the South Australians, and the New South Welshmen belongs the honour of this magnificent defence. For four hours the fierce battle raged, until at last the parched and powder-stained survivors breathed a prayer of thanks as they saw on the southern horizon the vanguard of De Lisle riding furiously to the rescue. For the last hour, since

they had despaired of carrying the kraal, the Boers had busied themselves in removing their convoy; but now, for the second time in one day, the drivers found British rifles pointed at their heads, and the oxen were turned once more and brought back to those who had fought so hard to hold them. Twenty-eight killed and twenty-six wounded were the losses in this desperate affair. Of the Boers, seventeen were left dead in front of the kraal, and the forty-five had not escaped from the bulldog grip which held them.

The last bit of close and resolute fighting in which the Colonial Contingents took part was on the night of February 23, 1902. One of Kitchener's great "drives" was in progress, the front covering a distance of nearly sixty miles. De Wet was fairly cornered in a triangle bounded by sixty-six miles of blockhouses and wire on one side, and thirty on the other, its base being a moving front of fifty-five miles of British horsemen. De Wet broke through, not the human front, but the line of blockhouses and wire; but almost immediately the British were upon his heels again:

The Night Fight of the New Zealanders.

After a short rest to restore the columns, the whole pack were in full cry upon his heels once more. An acute angle is formed by the Wilge River on one side and the line of blockhouses between Harrismith and Van Reenen upon the other. This was strongly manned by troops and five columns; those of Rawlinson, Nixon, Byng, Rimington, and Keir, herded the broken commandos into the trap. From February 20 the troops swept in an enormous skirmish line across the country, ascending hills, exploring kloofs, searching river banks, and always keeping the enemy in front of them. At last, when the pressure was severely felt, there came the usual breakback, which took the form of a most determined night attack upon the British line. This was delivered shortly after midnight on February 23. It struck the British cordon at the point of juncture between Byng's column and that of Rimington. So huge were the distances which had to be covered, and so attenuated was the force which covered them, that the historical thin red line was a massive formation compared to its khaki equivalent. The chain was frail and the links were not all carefully joined, but each particular link was good metal, and the Boer impact came upon one of the best. This was the 7th New Zealand Contingent, who proved themselves to be worthy comrades to their six gallant predecessors. Their patrols were broken by the rush of wild, yelling, firing horsemen, but the troopers made a most gallant resistance. Having pierced the line, the Boers, who

were led in their fiery rush by Manie Botha, turned to their flank, and, charging down the line of weak patrols, overwhelmed one after another, and threatened to roll up the whole line. They had cleared a gap of half a mile, and it seemed as if the whole Boer force would certainly escape through so long a gap in the defences. The desperate defence of the New Zealanders gave time, however, for the further patrols, which consisted of Cox's New South Wales Mounted Infantry, to fall back almost at right angles, so as to present a fresh face to the attack. The pivot of the resistance was a maxim gun, most gallantly handled by Captain Begbie and his men. The fight at this point was almost muzzle to muzzle, fifty or sixty New Zealanders and Australians, with the British gunners, holding off a force of several hundred of the best fighting men of the Boer forces. In this desperate duel many dropped on both sides. Begbie died beside his gun, which fired eighty rounds before it jammed. It was run back by its crew in order to save it from capture. But reinforcements were coming up, and the Boer attack was beaten back. A number of them had escaped, however, through the opening which they had cleared, and it was conjectured that the wonderful De Wet was among them. How fierce was the storm which had broken on the New Zealanders may be shown by their roll of twenty killed and forty wounded, while thirty dead Boers were picked up in front of their picket line. Of eight New Zealand officers, seven are reported to have been hit, an even higher proportion than that which the same gallant race endured at the battle of Rhenoster Kop more than a year before.

This was the last and certainly not the least brilliant contribution made by the Australasian Contingents to the great struggle. Three months afterwards the stubborn Boers signed, at Vereeniging, their surrender. Conan Doyle sums up the result in some expressive sentences:

After two years seven and a half months of hostilities the Dutch republics had acquiesced in their own destruction, and the whole of South Africa, from Cape Town to the Zambesi, had been added to the British Empire. The great struggle had cost us twenty thousand lives and a hundred thousand stricken men, with two hundred millions of money; but, apart from a peaceful South Africa, it had won for us a national resuscitation of spirit and a closer union with our great colonies which could in no other way have been attained. We had hoped that we were a solid empire when we engaged in the struggle, but we knew that we were when we emerged from it. In that change lies an ample recompense for all the blood and treasure spent.

In "McClure's Magazine" for November, Miss Ida M. Tarbell begins the history of the growth of the Standard Oil Company. The first instalment describes the beginnings of the oil industry in America, when the oil region was full of buoyant hope. The article concludes as follows: "Suddenly, at the very heyday of this conference, a big hand reached out from nobody knew where, to steal their conquest and throttle their future.

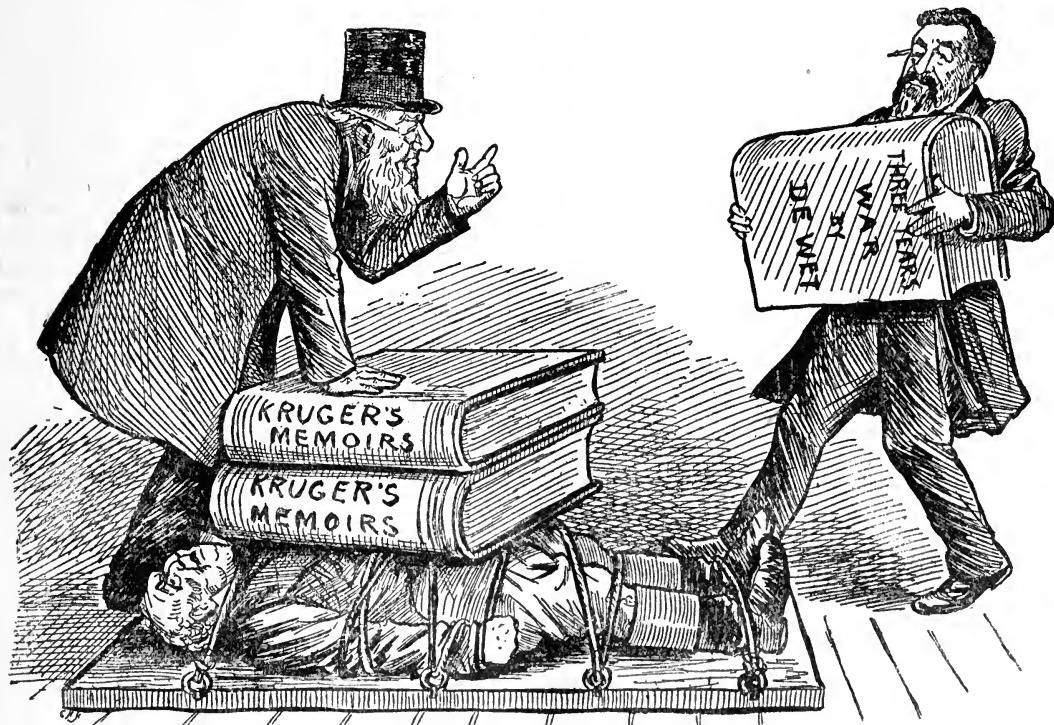
The suddenness and the blackness of the assault on their business stirred to the bottom their manhood and their sense of fair play, and the whole region arose in a revolt which is scarcely paralleled in the commercial history of the United States." From which it may be inferred that Mr. Rockefeller is going to catch it hot. The rest of the magazine, with the exception of Mr. Smalley's literary gossip, is fiction and advertisements.

THE BOER LEADERS ON THE BOER WAR.

KRUGER : DE WET : VILJOEN.

It might almost be said that the war once waged with Mauser and Lee-Metford in South Africa has been transferred to the realm of literature, and is now being waged with pen and ink. The Boer Generals, having helped to make history, are now hastening to write it, and volume after volume is being poured forth, giving the story of the struggle as seen from the Boers' standpoint, and through Boer spectacles. It is hardly to be imagined that all these volumes are the actual composition of the writers whose names they bear. In the case of Kruger's two ponderous volumes, for example, we are expressly told that the "Memoirs" were dictated to Mr. Bredell and to Mr. Piet Grobler. The notes of these gentlemen were then handed to Mr. Schowalter. Mr. Schowalter stimulated Mr. Kruger's memory by a schedule of 250 questions. All this was written in Dutch, has

been translated, first into German and then into English, and the English publishers, at a certain stage in the "Memoirs," substitute the third for the first personal pronoun. Mr. Kruger's recollections are thus filtered to us through Messrs. Bredell and Grobler, edited by the Rev. Mr. Schowalter, translated from Dutch into German, from German into English; and how much of the original Kruger survives it is impossible to guess. It is idle to look for severe accuracy in these "Memoirs," and it would be unreasonable to imagine that they are without more or less bitter partisan bias. The sullen echoes of the guns have scarcely died away on the South African veldt, the writers of these "Memoirs" for two and a half years were themselves the leading actors in the stern drama of the war, sniping at British columns, blowing up trains, cutting off



"Westminster Gazette."]

Mr. Kruger: "That's right, come along, De Wet, and pile it on, and if you see Delarey and Botha tell them to hurry up."

Mr. Bull: "I wonder how many more are coming!"

THE BOERS' REVENGE.

lonely outposts, riding on wild raids through Cape Colony, or breaking desperately through one of Kitchener's great "drives." It is impossible that, when these men—their hands still warm from the Mauser—seize the pen, and commence to write the story of all they have dared and suffered, they can tell the story in accents of philosophic calm. The British reader must often expect to find his pride wounded, his imagination startled, and sometimes his sense of humour tickled. Nevertheless, these "Memoirs" have a curious interest. They give us the struggle as seen from the Boer side, and if, like all accounts of war and battle, they are in patches wildly inaccurate, this need excite no wonder; and if some fiery gleams of the passions of the strife still burn in these pages, this, too, is natural.

I.—"MR. KRUGER'S MEMOIRS."

"Mr. Kruger's Memoirs, Told by Himself"—with such assistance as we have described—are in two bulky volumes, with the modest price of 32s. Measured by pounds avoirdupois, they are, no doubt, the weightiest contribution to the literature of the struggle from the Boer side; but in genuine interest and as a real contribution to history, they do not for a moment compare, say, with De Wet's book. From the time Mr. Kruger became the President of the South African Republic, and tells the story of his dealings with England, the "Memoirs" become a mere bitter political pamphlet—a statement of the Boer case which might have been written by, say, Dr. Leyds himself. They tell nothing that is new; they utterly ignore such an interesting question as, say, the relations betwixt the Boer Government and Germany, and they are thick and slab with misstatements of fact. The interest of the "Memoirs" lies in the earlier part, which describes Kruger's youth, his adventures as a hunter, the part he played in battle against fierce African tribes, his rise to leadership amongst his own people. All this is summarised very happily in the English "Review of Reviews":

Paul Kruger, like Nimrod, was a mighty hunter before the Lord—a hunter of an heroic age, who had something better to do than the chasing of the timid hare or the harrying of the fox. It was no mere love of adventure that made hunting a passion with the young Boer, but the stern necessity of self-preservation. Long before men fought with each other they had to battle for dear life with the four-footed aborigines of the forest and the veldt. In the Transvaal, when Paul Kruger was a boy, the combat still raged; nor was the victory in these remote African natural fastnesses finally secured for the bipeds when Paul Kruger, then a boy of fourteen, shot his first lion.

A Mighty Hunter.

The old hunter, in these "Memoirs," recalls complacently the adventures of those stirring times, although

it is nearly fifty years since he was present at a big hunt. "As far as I know," he says, "I must have shot at least thirty to forty elephants and five hippopotami, and I know that I have killed five lions by myself." He tells the story of each of these combats with lions, and very good stories they are. The first he shot, as it leapt to seize the horse, in front of which the boy Kruger was crouching with his rifle: "As he rose I fired, and was fortunate enough to kill him outright, so that he nearly fell on top of me. My companions ran to my assistance, but I needed no assistance, for the lion was dead; he was a strong beast." The second lion he shot through the head at a distance of twenty paces. The fifth lion he killed with the aid of his good and faithful dog, who was his constant companion, and with whose aid he used to track the lions through the bushes. For Kruger was swift of foot in those days, and many a time he owed his life to his speed. There is one delightful story telling how he shot his second rhinoceros, which brings out into strange relief the character of the man and of the men among whom he was reared. Together with his brother-in-law he went after rhinoceroses. The two of them made an agreement by which the one of them who behaved recklessly, or allowed wounded game to escape through cowardice, should receive a sound thrashing. Coming upon a herd of a bull and three cows, Paul Kruger killed the bull with a single bullet fired at ten paces distance; he then rode off to assist his brother-in-law, who had wounded one of the cows. "As I rode past him he called out, 'Do not dismount in front of the beast; she is awfully wild, and can run like anything.'" Kruger did not pay much attention to the warning, believing his relative to be over-cautious; he jumped off his horse, and ran past the rhinoceros. Instantly she started in hot pursuit. He allowed her to come within a distance of three or four yards before he fired; to his horror the gun missed fire. There was no time for a second shot; he turned and ran for dear life. His foot caught in a root, and he came down flat on his face. The beast was upon him, the dangerous horn just missed him; she pinned him to the ground with her nose, intending to trample him to death. "But, at that moment, I got the contents of the second barrel full under the shoulder-blade right into her heart. The rhinoceros sprang away, but fell down dead a few yards away. My brother-in-law hurried up, expecting to find me dead, but when he saw me standing up, safe and sound, he took his sjambok, and, according to the contract, commenced to belabour me soundly, because I had, he said, acted recklessly in disregarding his warning." It was the first time, but not the last, that Paul Kruger was sjambocked; for in the rough school in which he was reared the exploits which would have won an Englishman the Victoria Cross were rewarded by severe punishment.

Fighting the Kaffirs.

The second occasion upon which he got into trouble by excessive daring was in the Kaffir war, in which Potgieter had been barbarously seized and skinned alive on a hilltop in the presence of his groom. Kruger formed one of the commando despatched to avenge this horrible crime. The Kaffirs took refuge in a cave, where they were closely shut up in order to compel them to surrender by starvation. Although they suffered greatly, they refused to come out. Kruger grew impatient, and determined to end the matter. He crept in the dark into the cave where the Kaffirs were hidden.

"I sat down among them, and began to talk to them in their own tongue as if I were one of themselves, and offered to go out to the white men to treat with them. Suddenly an armed Kaffir exclaimed, 'Magoal' (white man). At the word all the Kaffirs fled deeper into the cave, and I jumped up and ran after them right into the back of the cave. The Kaffirs now began to look for the white man, looking for me in every direction except where I was—in their very midst. When they had quieted down a little I once more addressed them in their own language, and urged them to surrender. Finally, I succeeded in bringing 170 to 180 women out of the cave. And it was not until we were outside that they discovered that it was I and not a Kaffir who had been talking to them."

For this exploit Kruger appears to have been sjam-bocked by the Commandant-General—the lives of white men being too precious in those early days to be recklessly risked in this fashion. But Kruger was incorrigible; he was ordered away from the caves, but he continued to take part in the siege, and narrowly escaped being killed. Commandant-General Potgieter, brother of the man who was skinned alive, was shot while standing on the edge of a rocky wall, so that his body fell down into the midst of a Kaffir trench. "I saw this happen," says Kruger, "and I rushed down at once to try at least to save the body. The Kaffirs aimed a furious fire at me from the entrenchments, but the burghers answered the fire no less heartily, and I was able to leap over the entrenchments, and leapt back shielded by the smoke of the powder, and brought the body safely back with me. Potgieter was a big, heavy man, and I had to exert all my strength to carry him back to his people."

Soon after, Kruger came upon the horrible remains of a cannibal feast, where, in the midst of blood-stained garments of women and children whom they had murdered, he found portions of human bodies that the Kaffirs had roasted on a spit—roasted shoulders, arms, etc. To such fiends the Boers showed no mercy. Many hundreds of Kaffirs died of hunger—starved to death in the caves in which they had taken refuge. Very few escaped into the mountains; all who were captured were shot under martial law. This was the beginning of his wars against the savage Canaanites who were still in the land.

A Typical Boer.

Whether hunting big game or fighting Kaffirs, we get a clear vision of Paul Kruger. A man of indomitable courage, gigantic stature, swift of foot in wood and fell, a sure shot with his rifle, and as strong as he was brave, endurant of pain, indifferent to hardship, he towers aloft, a typical hero of the great epic triumph of men over the wilderness.

In the midst of this fierce warfare with the savage aborigines, biped and quadruped, Paul Kruger was employed to look after the herds on the veldt, and was early entrusted with a gun for their protection against wild beasts. But in the midst of the wilderness the old Boer voortrekkers did not forget the schooling of their children. "Every Boer," says Paul Kruger, "taught his children to read and write, and, above all, instructed them in God's Word. At dinner and supper, as the children sat round the table, they had to read part of the sacred Scriptures, and to repeat from memory or write down now this, now that text. This was done day by day. That is how my father taught me the Bible, and instructed me in its teaching during the evenings."

When he was sixteen years of age Paul Kruger went a-courtting, and with characteristic impetuosity swam across the Vaal in flood, and visited his betrothed under conditions which, in the opinion of the ferryman, ensured almost certain death. This Leander of the veldt was rewarded by winning the love of his Hero, and he married her when only seventeen years old. Four years later he was left a widower, both wife and child having died. But he was not long comfortless. "God gave me another life companion in Miss Gezina Suzana Frederica Wilhelmina Duplessis." From this marriage sprang nine sons and seven daughters, of whom three sons and five daughters are still living. The result of this early upbringing, by which Paul was nurtured on the Bible in the wilderness, pitted while in his early teens against lions and savages, left an indelible stamp upon his character. Down to the present moment Paul Kruger bears unmistakable traces of the mould in which he was fashioned. The appendix, which contains several of his speeches, proclamations and despatches during the war, is saturated through and through with the results of his early Biblical-Hebraic training. Paul Kruger was a Non-conformist who all his life was a declared opponent of the State Church of the South African Republic.

The same strong Puritan element came out in Kruger when he refused to go to battle under General Burgers. "I cannot lead the commando," he said to the then President, "if you come. For with your merry evenings in laager, and your Sunday dances, the enemy will even shoot me behind the wall, for God's blessing will not rest upon your expedition." Kruger, although in his old age he repeatedly declared that the right of criticism was instituted by the devil in the Garden of Eden, did not hesitate in his early manhood to indulge in the right very freely. Immediately before the annexation he was one who refused to pay a special tax of £5 imposed by President Burgers upon every burgher. This measure, he says, brought the President into violent conflict with himself, for he considered the tax unlawful, as it was imposed without the consent of the Volksraad. Together with his uncompromising assertion of his own rights as a burgher, and the supremacy of conscience even in matters of military discipline, there is a fine vein of humour in him, of which there are many traces in this book. There is a capital story which he tells of a native whom he had sent to his mother's farm one New Year's Day to fetch some raisins. His mother gave the Kaffir some raisins, together with a note to her son, saying that she had sent him five or six pounds' weight of fruit. When the Kaffir arrived he had not more than two or three pounds left. Paul Kruger asked him what he meant by trying to cheat him by eating the raisins, "for," said he, "this letter tells me that there were a great many more than you brought me." "Baas," replied the Kaffir, "the letter lies, for how could it have seen me eat raisins, for I put it behind a big rock, under a stone, and then sat down behind the rock to eat the raisins." There is another curious passage relating how he protested against the execution of two burghers who had been convicted of high treason, and who were ordered to be hanged as punishment. The bargain had been made between the contending forces that each section should have the right to punish offenders in its own country. Kruger protested against the hanging of the burghers as a violation of this agreement. "When Boshoff," he says, "would not allow this, I fetched a Bible, and showed him that the Holy Writ distinguished between punishing and chastising. We may chastise a man with the prospect of death, but

we may not kill him in order to punish him." This Biblical law convinced the Free Staters, and the burghers' lives were spared.

Kruger was an intensely human man, given to tempestuous wrath, for the old Adam within him was never quite extinct. On one occasion he mentions that one Koos Venter, a big, strong man, began to rage against President Pretorius, declaring that if he only had him there he would wring his neck for him like a bird's. "At last my blood was up, too," says Kruger, "and I said, 'Let Koos take off his coat, and I will take off mine, and we will fight it out. If he is beaten, you must submit to our conditions, and if he beats me it will be the other way about.'" It is not surprising that Koos Venter declined the combat.

II.—DE WET'S EXPLOITS, AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

De Wet's book is incomparably the most vivid and interesting of all the Boer memoirs, and it promises to be the literary success of the season. "Orders have been pouring in from all quarters," it is announced. On the Continent the sales are large—over 130,000 copies in France, and 100,000 in Germany. The sales in England and America are on the same scale. It is easy to understand the success of the book. De Wet himself emerges from the war with a nimbus of fame about him which outshines that of any other of the Boer leaders. He is perhaps the most interesting personality, and certainly the most brilliant partisan fighter, which the war, on the Boer side, has produced; and his book is written with a simplicity, a directness, and a wealth of De Foe-like detail, which give it great interest. That the book is honestly written cannot be doubted, but, as was inevitable, it is written on half knowledge, and at many points is hopelessly inaccurate.

A Catalogue of Errors.

Thus De Wet tells the story of how he "held up" the train at Leeuwspruit, and all but captured Lord Kitchener himself. He says:

A train arrived from the south on which the burghers opened such a fierce fire that it was speedily brought to a standstill. General Froneman at once gave orders to storm the train, but his men did not carry out his orders.

Had they done so Lord Kitchener would have fallen into our hands!

Nobody knew that he was in the train, and it was only later that we heard how, when the train stopped, he got a horse out of one of the waggons, mounted it, and disappeared into the darkness of the night. . . . Our great opportunity was gone!

De Wet almost weeps over the golden chance thus missed, and yet, as a matter of fact, Lord Kitchener was not in that train at all, and De Wet's emotions are wholly wasted! He is lost in wonder over the repeated failure of the British commanders to support each other, as, for example, at Sanna's Post, fought within seventeen

miles of Bloemfontein, where Lord Roberts was with 60,000 men, and, according to De Wet, "never lifted a hand" to help Broadwood's fiercely attacked force:

"I do not mention this," he says, "with the object of throwing an unfavourable light upon Lord Roberts' conduct, but merely to show that in the great English army incomprehensible irregularities were not unknown, and irregularities of such a character as to quite put in the shade the bungles we were sometimes guilty of."

But this only shows that De Wet was quite ignorant of the fact that Lord Roberts did despatch a strong force, under Colville, the moment he heard of Broadwood's peril. De Wet blunders again in his account of the supposed failure of the British commanders to support each other at Reddersburg:

Here again he says: "I have never been able to understand why the great force stationed at Reddersburg made no attempt to come to the aid of the unfortunate victims at Mostertshoek. Their conduct seems to me to have been even more blameworthy than the similar negligence which occurred at Sanna's Post. They were not more than five miles off, and could watch the whole engagement, and yet never stirred a foot to come and help their comrades."

As a matter of fact, there was not a single British soldier at Reddersburg at the moment when De Wet leaped upon the detachment at Mostertshoek. Gatacre, whose faults as a leader are certainly not those of want of energy and daring, was pushing on at top speed to the rescue with 300 mounted infantry and 600 Camerons and two batteries, but could not get there in time. He arrived one and a half miles west of Reddersburg two hours after the force had surrendered five miles east of the same place. De Wet, again, omits altogether the mention of some inconvenient things—such as the shooting of Mongendaal, the Boer delegate, and the shameful sjamboking of Major Bogle Smith—an act of brutality which leaves an enduring stain on De Wet's own name.

But when all this has been said—and much more might be said in correction of De Wet's facts—the book remains a memorable bit of literature, the story of two and a half years of adventure, daring, suffering, and brilliant guerilla leadership, such as it would be difficult to parallel. We cannot do better than borrow from another pen the summary of this epic of adventure, which constitutes De Wet's part in the war:

The history of his career can be best linked up by the order of his seven greatest exploits—the tragedy at Nicholson's Nek, when he captured over 800 of two famous British battalions on the nineteenth day of the war; the capture of Lord Roberts' enormous convoy of food and material on the Riet River; the destruction of Broadwood's force at Sanna's Post; the capture of 470 of the Royal Irish Rifles at Reddersburg imme-

diately afterwards; the destruction of the railway and winter stores at Roodeval just as Lord Roberts was needing everything for Pretoria; the capture of De-wetsdorp, the place named after his father; and the annihilation of the Yeomanry camp at Tweefontein, near Harrismith, in the darkness of last Christmas morning.

A Fighting Record.

In the intervals between these exploits come the long weeks of rapid movement, of failure, of hiding, and almost incredible escapes. We find him rushing round from Ladysmith, much against his will, to take up his first high command under Cronje in the west, and thus just missing Colenso and other battles of that black week. We see him flickering round Lord Roberts' advance, trying to save old Cronje, trying to stem the mad flight from Poplar Grove. He sends his burghers home to recover their spirits; he brings them dashing in again upon the British flank and rear; he fails at Wepener, though stimulated by his hatred of South African colonial troops; he hears of his brother Piet's success against Colonel Spragge at Lindley; he begins his long series of interruptions to the railway on which the very existence of the army in Pretoria depended; he only just misses the capture of Lord Kitchener himself; he crosses the Vaal, and taking a circuit to the west penetrates to the Zoutpansberg in the Northern Transvaal; he swings back again, leading his horses over the Magaliesberg precipices where no path was; he is present at the terrible scene at Bothaville, when Colonel Le Gallais, "without doubt one of the bravest English officers I have ever met," came charging over the open upon the sleeping bivouac; he sweeps south through the country of his boyhood, and plunges through the Orange River into Cape Colony; driven back by rain and hunger, he finds himself in his very tightest corner, with the flooded river in front and "my dear old friend Sir Charles Knox" behind; he discovers the one ford just practicable, and is away over his own country, galloping his men and his President straight through the enemy's converging lines, between the guns of their two forts on Springhaansnek; he makes his second attempt upon Cape Colony, is again foiled by floods, and only escapes by doubling sharp round and passing his pursuers in the night; for months he flits about the Orange Colony, cutting the railway, laying his plans for Tweefontein, defying the blockhouses—the "policy of the blockhead," he impolitely calls them, though they broke up the Boer resistance at last—breaking through their lines sometimes—not by driving cattle at them, he carefully explains; there was no need of that; courage and cutters were the only things he used. That is in outline the course of "Ole man De Wet," as our soldiers loved to call him.

De Wet's Secret.

De Wet explains very clearly the secret of his art as a guerilla leader, and how he succeeded so often in evading his pursuers:

The burghers who had the best horses would remain behind any rise or kopje they could find in the neighbourhood. When the enemy approached and saw ahead of them two or three hundred burghers, they would halt and bring their guns (which were usually placed in the middle of the column) to the front. When they had got the guns in position they would bombard the ridge behind which the burghers were stationed. But as our men had no wish to remain under fire, they would then quietly withdraw out of sight. But the English would continue bombarding the

hill, and would send flanking parties to the right and left. Sometimes it would take the English several hours before they could make sure that there were no Boers behind the rise.

It was tactics such as the above that gave my burghers, who were handicapped by the condition of their horses, time to retreat.

It sometimes happened in these rearguard actions, when the position was favourable, that the enemy were led into an ambush, and then they were either captured or sent racing back under our fire to bring up their guns and main force. Had we not acted in some such way as this, all my men would have been taken prisoners in this and in many other marches.

The large forces which the English on all occasions concentrated round me deprived me of my chance of fighting a great battle, and I could only act in the way I did.

His great principle is mobility. "Mobility, mobility, always mobility." Nothing is more instructive than his account of his struggles with his burghers to make them abandon their ox-waggons and trust to their horses and their legs.

De Wet and Cronje.

De Wet was keen enough to guess Lord Roberts' plans, the clever strategy which led up to Paardeberg, and he warned the stubborn Cronje in vain. He implored Cronje to allow him to operate against Lord Methuen's line of communications; but Cronje would not budge, or let a man go. When Lord Roberts' great army gathered, De Wet warned him of his danger:

"The enemy," I repeated to him over and over again, "will not attack us here. He will flank us." But Cronje would not listen to me.

He saw the British cavalry move out upon that great march which was to carry General French to Kimberley, and at one and the same moment to ruin the Boer cause. He saw and knew what it meant, but once more Cronje proved obstinate:

"Are you afraid of things like that?" he asked, when Scheepers had given my message [urging Cronje to retreat at once]. "Just you go and shoot them down, and catch them when they run."

When Cronje was surrounded at Paardeberg, De Wet hurried there, and this is what he saw:

Immediately in front of us were the buildings and kraals of Stinkfontein, and there on the opposite bank of the river stood Paardeberg. To the right and left of it were khaki-coloured groups dotted everywhere about. General Cronje was hemmed in on all sides, he and his burghers—a mere handful compared with the encircling multitude.

What a spectacle we saw! All round the laager were the guns of the English belching forth death and destruction, while from within it at every moment, as each successive shell tore up the ground, there rose a cloud—a dark-red cloud of dust.

He maintains that Cronje could even now have escaped if only he would have torn himself away from his waggons. On the very morning of his surrender De Wet sent his scout Theron into the

laager to tell the besieged General that help was at hand, but all in vain. De Wet dwells ruefully on the effect of Cronje's surrender. The effect of that blow, he says, "was apparent to the very end of the war." This was seen a few days later at Poplar Grove:

Before the English had even got near enough to shell our positions to any purpose, the wild flight began. Soon every position was evacuated. There was not even an attempt to hold them, though some of them would have been almost impregnable. It was a flight such as I had never seen before, and shall never see again.

De Wet, however, has too much in common with his fierce and stubborn comrade to blame him very severely. He says:

The world will honour that great general and his brave burghers; and if I presume to criticise his conduct on this occasion, it is only because I believe that he ought to have sacrificed his own ideas for the good of the nation, and that he should not have been courageous at the expense of his country's independence, to which he was as fiercely attached as I.

On Prinsloo's surrender to General Hunter his language is very different:

What, then, is to be our judgment on this act of Prinsloo and of the other chief officers in command of our forces behind the Roodebergen? That it was nothing short of an act of murder committed on the Government, the country, and the nation to surrender three thousand men in such a way. Even the burghers themselves cannot be held to have been altogether without guilt, though they can justly plead that they were only obeying orders. The sequel to Prinsloo's surrender was on a par with it. A large number of burghers from Harrismith and a small part of the Vrede commando, although they had already made good their escape, rode quietly from their farms into Harrismith, and there surrendered to General Sir Hector Macdonald. One could gnash one's teeth to think that a nation should so readily rush to its ruin.

When the next stand was made at Abraham's Kraal, "the burghers had but one desire, and that was to get away." The fall of Bloemfontein, which De Wet had intended to hold to the last, added to the growing demoralisation. All the less courageous burghers were strangely seized with heart disease:

I had thrust upon me suddenly eight separate certificates, which had all been issued that morning, each declaring that some burgher or other was suffering from disease of the heart. When the eighth was presented to me, and I found that it alleged the same complaint, I lost all patience . . . and suggested in joke that no certificate should be accepted unless it was signed by three old women, as a guarantee of good faith.

A Good Hater.

De Wet throughout the book shows with almost amusing unconsciousness what a robust capacity for falling into a rage he had, and his rage was almost more frequently directed against his compatriots, who failed in pluck or conduct, than even against the British. He charges the British, how-

ever, with making "war on women and children" and devastating the country:

Could anyone ever have thought before the war that the twentieth century could show such barbarities? . . . That such direct and indirect murder should have been committed against defenceless women and children is a thing which I should have staked my head could never have happened in a war waged by the civilised English nation.

De Wet uses milder language on this subject than Kruger, who, after describing the cannibalism of the Kaffirs, and how, on one occasion, they flayed an unfortunate Boer alive, goes on to say that the British outdid the Kaffirs themselves in savagery! Yet it was to the British that Mr. Kruger left the care of his own wife when he fled to Europe! So De Wet himself may be quoted in reply to his own assertion that the British "made war on women and children." When the Boers at Vereeniging ask what is to be done with the women if they continue the war, De Wet told them:

I think that we might meet the emergency in this way. A part of the men should be told off to lay down their arms for the sake of the women, and then they could take the women with them to the English in the towns.

So that De Wet himself proposes to send his women to these English "murderers"! General Botha said, on the same occasion:

One is only too thankful nowadays to know that our wives are under English protection. . . . Throughout this war the presence of the women has caused me anxiety and much distress. At first I managed to get them into the townships, but later on this became impossible, because the English refused to receive them.

An Appendix to the volume gives an account of the conference betwixt the Boer delegates and Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner at Vereeniging. It is clear from this how thorough was the defeat of the Boers, and it is also clear with what perfect frankness the British terms were explained to the Boers. Lord Milner, for example, told the Boers that:

This document (the peace terms) must contain everything about which there is anything in the form of a pledge. . . . I consider that all promises to which a reference may be made later should appear in it. Everything to which the Government is asked to bind itself should appear in this document.

The Final Conference.

The Boers do not seem to have troubled themselves much about an amnesty for the rebels. They exerted themselves to find some alternative for annexation, and first of all proposed to give up independence as regards foreign relations while retaining internal independence:

General Smuts: Independence is sacrificed, and the two Republics will not in the future be able to be regarded as Sovereign States.

Lord Milner: I understand perfectly well that they would not be Sovereign States any longer, but my in-

tellect is not bright enough for me to be able to say what they really would be.

Lord Kitchener: They would be a new kind of "international animal."

Then the Boers proposed to cede a part of their territory:

Lord Milner: This would be in contradiction to the annexation of the whole. If the whole becomes annexed by us, how can a part be ceded by you?

General Smuts: The ceded part would become a Crown colony, the remaining part being governed as is here proposed.

Lord Milner: You mean that one part would become a British colony of the ordinary type, and another part a protected republic.

Lord Kitchener: Two forms of government in the same country would lead to great friction. . . . Before a year was over we should be at war again.

De Wet himself held out strongly for carrying on the war, but when at last surrender was decided upon, he accepted the decision frankly and loyally. His volume is dedicated "To my fellow-subjects of the British Empire," and it closes with a noteworthy sentence:

To my Nation I address one last word.

Be loyal to the new Government! Loyalty pays best in the end. Loyalty alone is worthy of a Nation which has shed its blood for freedom.

III.—VILJOEN'S REMINISCENCES OF THE BOER WAR.

General Ben Viljoen was a partisan leader on the Boer side, only less in fame than De Wet himself; but his book shows him to be a man of more genial temper. Here, again, we borrow from another pen:

General Viljoen does not resemble De Wet in any particular except personal courage. He has not the same intensity of purpose and fire of inspiration. We should imagine that he never blazed with wrath about anything. He takes things much more easily, and is nearly always ready to laugh. Apparently devoid of the religious convictions which were De Wet's chief stay, he recognises the absurdity of the situation when his new commando insist upon his taking up office with an extempore prayer. He prays with an inward smile, just to please people. He is always ready to please people; a thoroughly good companion, fond of conversation, fond of a good story, and heartily appreciating the blessings of solid comfort. But he held the field among all manner of dangers and difficulties, and his great exploit—the seizure of the 4.7 at Helvetia—was a deed worthy of De Wet himself. In him we have the Boer of the town, as distinguished from the Boer of the veldt.

The British Soldier.

Of the British privates General Viljoen says:

The British soldier, who draws a very poor daily pay, for which he has to perform a tremendous lot

of work, is, if not the most capable fighter, the most willing in all circumstances to offer himself as a sacrifice on the altar of duty, or of what he considers his duty, to his country. But if "Tommy" by any accident be asked to deviate from the usual routine in which he has been trained, he is a thoroughly helpless creature. This helplessness, in my opinion, is caused by exaggerated discipline. . . . I should say that of the soldiers with whom I was brought into contact, on the battlefield, the Irishmen and Scotchmen were better fighting men than the others. In regard to British soldiers generally, I would remark that, if they could add good shooting and ability to judge distances to their courage, then they would be perhaps perfect soldiers.

Of the officers' chaff there is a fair specimen after Viljoen had captured the big gun called "Lady Roberts" from the unfortunate "Kings" (Liverpools) at Helvetia. He wrote to Smith-Dorrien to inform him of the disaster:

My letter wound up as follows:—"I have been obliged to expel 'The Lady Roberts' from Helvetia, this lady being an 'undesirable' inhabitant of that place. I am glad to inform you that she seems quite at home in her new surroundings, and pleased with the change of company." To which General Smith-Dorrien replied: "As the lady you refer to is not accustomed to sleep in the open air, I would recommend you to try flannel next the skin."

Or, as an example of officer's pluck and its appreciation, we may quote:

It was during this charge (at Rhenosterkop) that a brave officer, who had one of his legs smashed, leant on a gun or his sword, and kept on giving his orders, cheering the soldiers, and telling them to charge on. While in this position, a second bullet struck him, and he fell, mortally wounded. We afterwards learnt it was a certain Colonel Lloyd, of the West Riding Regiment. A few months after, on passing over this same battlefield, we laid a wreath of flowers on his grave, with a card, bearing the inscription: "In honour of a brave enemy."

Viljoen's story begins with the fortunes of his Johannesburg commando in Natal, and their disastrous defeat at Elandslaagte. For that both he and they incurred the severe displeasure of Joubert, who ordered them to remain in the rear for the future—an order which they characteristically disobeyed. "I venture to describe Joubert's policy outside Ladysmith as stupid and primitive," says Viljoen, and we are bound to agree, though it is hard that a Boer should say it of the hero of Majuba.

After the flight in panic from Ladysmith, when Viljoen wonders, like the rest of the world, why Buller did not seize his opportunity to annihilate the Boer army, the General was present at the fighting on the way up to Pretoria and the rest of the campaign down to Komati Poort. He then very gallantly led a commando round by the bush veldt and fever country to Pietersburg, returned to Middelburg, and continued to haunt the districts on both sides the Delagoa line till his capture near Lydenburg.

IV.—THE REMINISCENCES OF DE WET'S CHAPLAIN.

Under the startling title of "Through Shot and Flame," the Rev. J. D. Kestell, "late chaplain to President Steyn and General De Wet," gives his experiences during the war. Mr. Kestell does not add much to our knowledge of the fighting of the campaign, but he was one of the Boer secretaries at both of the final conferences—the first at Pretoria and the second at Vereeniging, between the Boer leaders and the British representatives, so he is able to speak authoritatively on the subject, and the information which he gives is full of interest.

Of the preliminary meeting at Pretoria we are told that "nothing could surpass the friendliness of the English. Their hospitality left nothing to be desired, and the considerateness of those who had the most difficult task to perform was admirable." But Mr. Kestell does not refrain from adding that under the garb of politeness they were conscious always of the presence of an enemy. When in due course President Steyn proceeded to talk about continued independence Lord Kitchener drew up his shoulders, threw his head forward on one side, and expressed great astonishment. Lord Kitchener proceeded, we are told, to cite the case of the British colonists, who, while ranking themselves as Australians or Canadians, as the case might be, were yet proud of being at the same time British subjects. To this Mr. Steyn replied that the comparison would not hold. The English colonies had grown up from the beginning under the British flag, had never possessed anything which they had had to surrender, and therefore, having had nothing to lose, had no cause for complaint. The Afrikanders in the two Republics, on the other hand, were an independent people. In the end, on the Boer delegates explaining that they had no power to discuss terms based on the surrender of their independence, a conference of representatives of all the people—thirty from each colony—was arranged, with the consent of Lord Kitchener, of whose proceedings a most interesting account is also given.

Two parties speedily declared themselves. All were agreed as to the desperate

condition of the country and its defenders, but while some were for recognising that at length the inevitable had arrived, the others were for holding out longer. Among the latter were General De Wet and ex-President Steyn (though Mr. Steyn, in consequence of his enfeebled condition, seems to have taken no part in the debates), while General Louis Botha and General Delarey were two of the most prominent of those who took the view that it was idle and wicked, in view of the sufferings which their women and children were undergoing, to prolong the hopeless struggle any longer. They must have been stiff-necked men indeed who could have resisted the force of General Botha's plea:

They should not continue the war merely for the sake of their own honour, and they have no right to sacrifice a nation to their own ambition . . . he himself could still go on, for his family was provided for. He had horses too; he wanted nothing . . . but he dare not think of himself only. Constantly the question arose in his mind, What would become of the People? And without intermission a voice spoke within him that it was his duty now, whilst it was yet possible, to do the best he could for his People. It had been repeatedly declared that they should continue to the "bitter end." He would ask where that "bitter end" was? Would it be reached when the last man lay in his grave, or had been banished; or had it been reached when the nation had striven until it could do so no longer?

In the end the peace party triumphed, and a commission was appointed to negotiate with Lord Kitchener on the best terms which they could obtain; the outcome of which was the settlement finally arrived at:

"Must we understand," asked General Louis Botha when Lord Milner had read this document—[the British Government's terms]—"that our proposal is rejected entirely?"

Both Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner replied "Yes."

It was plain to everyone in the room who heard that answer that we were regarded as having been conquered—completely conquered.

Mr. Steyn, it may be noted, on whose indomitable spirit and unswerving devotion to the cause the author insists, protested to the last against the settlement, and, in point of fact, was spared by his illness the necessity of signing the document by which the understanding come to was ratified.

Like the phoenix of old the "Idler" has risen from the ashes of its former self in a transformed and improved state. The December number has an interesting article on the Assouan dam, which we have noticed elsewhere. There is also a third instalment of the story of the Humbert scandal. Of course fiction is well represented, and the editor is to be congratulated

upon having included some of the sayings of Mr. Dunne's imitable philosopher, Mr. Dooley.

The state of the stage greatly exercises Mr. David Williamson in the "Leisure Hour." He declares, after careful study of the question, that the ratio of the performance of absolutely innocuous plays is as five to ninety-five.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

MAX MÜLLER'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

Max Muller was unique. He formed, it is true, one of the famous group of notables who gave its distinctive character to Oxford in the last half of the nineteenth century. He belonged to the era of Jowett, which may be said to have closed with the death of Max Muller. He spent just over half a century at Oxford, having settled there in the revolutionary year 1848. It was not long after his arrival in England before he gained recognition both as a scholar and as a man. He gained it, perhaps, more slowly at Oxford and in England than elsewhere. For he was covered with honours by foreign governments and foreign academies long before he was sworn in as a Privy Councillor, which was the only honour he received from the hands of the British Government.

These books are by no means an anecdotal history. Max Muller wrote his own Autobiography, and published more stories in his reminiscences than are to be found in the whole of these two volumes. He was a most industrious letter-writer, and kept up a correspondence with a wide circle of friends in all parts of the world. He appears to have written constantly to Mr. Gladstone, and almost as frequently to Mr. Malabari. He was one of the most accessible of men, and his home at Oxford was a shrine which attracted pilgrims from all parts of the world.

The predominant characteristic of Max Muller's life was his untiring industry. From his earliest childhood he seems to have been born a worker, and a worker he continued to the end. He learned to bear the yoke in his youth. When six years old his musical gifts attracted the attention of Mendelssohn, and when fourteen he took part in concerts at Dessau and Leipsic. He was born poor. His wife says: "Thinly clad and poorly fed from sheer poverty, his breath in winter frozen into a sheet of ice on his bed, from the absence of fire, suffering from constant headaches, nothing seems to have clouded his naturally sunny, joyous temperament." It was this frugal training, a life of constant self-denial and careful effort over every trifle, that gave Max Muller in after life the power of rejoicing over every little luxury and pleasure which he could afford himself, and the feeling of

thankfulness with which he received every good thing he got to the end of his life.

Throughout life he was never so happy as when he was at work. In one of the most characteristic of his letters, written to Archdeacon Wilson in 1894, he spoke of his joy of work:

One must not imagine that one man, during this short life, can change the world and cart away the rubbish of centuries. All we can do is to cart, and happy those who enjoy the carting. I am glad to say that I can still enjoy it.

The delight which he had in the genial labour to which his whole life was devoted, made him a very pleasant companion. He was always cheery, gently sympathetic, and although, perhaps, a little punctilious at times, was nevertheless loved and honoured by all those who came within the range of his personal influence. His wife speaks with much tender feeling of his relations to herself and to her family:

Only those who lived with him in the close intimacy of daily life can tell what he was. His love never failed; pure, patient, and strong, first to his mother, and then for forty-seven years to his wife and children.

His midway position between the Agnostics and the Orthodox Christians gave him many friends in both camps, and no small part of his time must have been spent in explaining to these various friends his own standpoint and defending it against their criticisms. For the most part, he appears to have taken an optimistic view of everything, religion included. On the whole, his correspondence maintains and heightens the general impression left upon the outside world by what was known of him before this book appeared. He never allowed his religious enthusiasm to blind him to facts. Writing to Mr. Lilly in 1886, he said that materialism in the most general sense of the word ought to produce selfishness, and therefore immorality; but, he went on to say, as a matter of fact it was not so:

Materialists are mostly serious-minded and moral men, whilst the greatest amount of immorality meets us amongst those who are most orthodox in their religious opinions, most regular in their attendance at church, and most shocked at the opinions of Darwin, Huxley, etc.

Mr. Lilly of course protested against this point of view, whereupon Max Muller returned to the charge in a subsequent letter, in which he declared that he was more and more convinced

* "The Life and Letters of the Right Honourable Friedrich Max Muller." Edited by his Wife. Two volumes (Longmans, Green & Co.) 32s. net. Pp. 1,000.

that the facts were against Mr. Lilly's thesis that materialism produces immorality. It would be more correct, he believed, to say that immorality produces materialism, for materialism is a welcome refuge for souls troubled by a bad conscience. Then he went on to say:

The *causa mali* must be somewhere else, the *malum* cannot be denied—our society is rotten—but why? I believe it is the *unreality* of all religion which is the principal cause. People read the Psalms every day, and tolerate adultery in their private houses. . . . An honest belief in Karma, such as the Buddhists have and really have, does more good than all the Ten Commandments. So it seems to me, but I confess the recent revelations in London have staggered me, and I am quite prepared for an outburst of indignation which would sweep away certain Dukes from the House of Lords and certain Right Honourables from the Privy Council.

This letter was written the year after the publication of "The Maiden Tribute," and immediately after the Dilke divorce case. It is not often he indulged in these gloomy meditations; but he was badly upset at the beginning of 1896 by the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger, and President Cleveland's message to Congress on the subject of the Venezuelan frontier dispute. Writing to Mr. Malabari on January 19, he said: "Is it possible that we should allow ourselves to be governed, that is, to be driven into murder and rapine, by a few reckless individuals?" If England had been hot-tempered, he thought the German Emperor's telegram might have produced war between England and Germany:

If a man strikes a match in a powder magazine, he acts as the President and Emperor have acted; and here we sit, the so-called millions, and we can do nothing to prevent these horrors. And that is the result of our boasted civilisation, and of what is called constitutional government. War may be avoided for the present because Lord Salisbury happens to be a gentleman, but seed has been sown that will produce poison before long. I feel very unhappy when I see all this, and see no way out of it. Political life sinks lower and lower. We are governed by self-seeking, reckless, greedy people. The best people in America are ashamed of their President; but, of course, if one man shouts the crowd falls in with the shouts; and then come blows, and then comes murder.

On the whole, he was not given to political pessimism. In politics, as in private life, he always lived up to the maxim, "The darker the night, the brighter the stars in heaven." He pinned his hope in the future very largely upon the promotion of friendship between Germany, England, and America. Baron Roggenbach said of him:

He certainly was the representative man of the best result that could be produced by solid German training. . . . He realised in his person, and certainly in his mind, the type of what a close alliance and transmutation of German and British spirit could best produce, and has been a living example of what would be the result for humanity, for civilisation and intellectual progress, if both nations would closely unite their best

powers, instead of sinking, as they are doing, into the abyss of mutual national hatred, arising from the vile envy of industrial competition and commercial rivalry.

If England did not stand in with Germany, Germany must become the ally of France and Russia, which would mean another century of Imperialism and despotism. He wrote several letters to Mr. Gladstone during the Franco-German war, in the hope of inducing him to believe that he ought to help Germany in her struggle against France. He hoped much from Mr. Gladstone, whose greatness he had recognised as far back as 1867, but who obstinately refused to take sides against France. "Gladstone," he wrote to Dr. Abeken in 1870—"Gladstone is the soul of the Cabinet—a man of slow resolution but of inflexible will if once the resolution has been made. As far as I know him, he is on our side, not from natural sympathy, but from conviction, from a feeling of right and of duty. He was the only Minister who recognised our rights in the Danish question. His sympathies are more Latin than Teutonic, and the commercial prosperity of France had so dazzled him that he declared hardly a year ago that France would grow to be the Queen of Europe. He is nearly the only English statesman whose stern uprightness I have never doubted, and is entirely guided by noble motives even where he makes mistakes." But a month later he wrote to Mr. Freeman: "I am quite miserable about Gladstone. England will never have such an opportunity again. Now it is lost; irretrievably lost. With Germany as a friend, the Black Sea question would have been solved, and the German vote in America would have kept the Irish vote in order so as to prevent mischief about the 'Alabama.' Now the sin is sinned." What the real statesmen in Germany wanted, he says, was an alliance, offensive and defensive, with England. With the English fleet and the German army as the police of Europe, no cock would dare to crow at Paris, no bear would growl at St. Petersburg. But Gladstone would have none of it. For, as he mournfully told Dr. Abeken, after a visit to Hawarden, "Gladstone's sympathies are by no means for Germany, neither is he familiar with the German language or literature, or the German character or ways. He distrusts Germany, especially Prussia." Gladstone, it seems, recoiled with horror from the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. According to him, "all our feeling of human dignity is outraged by forcing even a single human being to give up his nationality."

We must wait for Mr. Morley's "Life of Mr. Gladstone" before we see what he had to say to Max Muller's plea. But we can only infer from Max Muller's letters that he had very little success in his attempt to lure the English Prime Min-

ister into an offensive and defensive alliance with Germany. His chief interest, however, was always more in religious speculation than in political life. He had taken the keenest interest in the question of missions to the East, and especially to India. He had an abiding faith, which comforted him, that great things might be done in India. He even wrote on one occasion to Sir Henry Acland:

If we get such men again in India as Rammohun Roy or Keshub Chunder Sen, and if we get an Archbishop of Calcutta who knows what Christianity really is, India will be Christianised in all that is essential in the twinkling of an eye.

The following passage, taken from a letter to Sir Henry Acland, written in 1873, appears on the last page of the book, and seems to put in brief compass the gist of his message to his contemporaries upon the subject of the Christian faith:

I believe that missionary work does quite as much good at home as abroad if it teaches us to forget the outer crust and to discover the living kernel of Christianity. But I go further—I hold that there is a Divine element in every one of the religions of the world. I consider it blasphemous to call them the work of the Devil, when they are the work of God, and I hold that there is nowhere any belief in God except as the result of a Divine revelation, the effect of a Divine Spirit working in man. Holding that opinion I do not wish to see the old religions destroyed. I want to see them reformed, reanimated, resuscitated by contact with Christianity. There is much rubbish in the present form of Brahmanism, but so there is in the present form of Christianity. Let us try to get rid of the whitewash and the plaster—the work of men whether popes, bishops, or philosophers—and try to discover the original plan and purpose, whether in Christianity or Hinduism. When we do that I believe we shall arrive at the deep and only safe and solid foundation of religious belief and a truly religious life; we shall find the true *Quod semper, quod ubique,*

quod ab omnibus in all the religions of mankind. I could not call myself a Christian if I were to believe otherwise—if I were to force myself against all my deepest instincts to believe that the prayers of Christians were the only prayers that God could understand. All religions are mere stammerings, our own as much as that of the Brahmins; they all have to be translated, and I have no doubt they will all be translated whatever their shortcomings may be.

The subject of psychical research does not appear to have interested him at all, and yet he was very emphatic in affirming his belief in the persistence of the individual after death: "I believe," he said, "in the continuity of life. If there were an annihilation or a complete change of our individual self-consciousness we might become somebody else, but we could not be ourselves. Personally, I have no doubt of the persistence of the individual after death. I cannot imagine the very flower of creation being destroyed by its author."

He died very peacefully. He was able to work almost to the last. Every day he had his daily portion of Scripture and his daily prayers read to him, and he appears to have discussed the question of the future life. "I asked him," writes his vicar, Mr. Bidder, "what he thought about friends and family ties in another world?" "Well," he answered, "of course all that is earthly must perish, but it is not all earthly; it is sometimes what is best and highest in us." On the night on which he died his wife repeated to him, as was her wont, his favourite text: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is set on Thee. . . . Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." She waited for his usual response, but he only said, with a gentle sigh, "I am so tired," and turned on his side. These were his last words.

WHERE THE REIGN OF LABOUR HAS BEGUN.*

BY W. T. STEAD.

This book is a record of splendid political achievement in the colonies. Here, at any rate, we see something actually being done: no futile beatings of the tide of progress against insurmountable walls of prejudice and privilege; no everlasting diarrhoea of words, words, words; but deeds, golden deeds; miseries removed; solid boons secured; the general level of life lifted.

Verily as cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is this good news from a far country, if Mr. Reeves' story can be accepted. In lands that own our flag and speak our tongue, strikes are abolished, lock-outs known no more, sweating is extin-

guished; a full-stop has been put to the slavery of long hours in shop and mine and mill; starvation wages are ended; old age is freed from the shame of pauperism and "charity"—it accepts instead an honouring endowment from the State; woman is admitted to full share with man in the selection of the rulers of the commonwealth; the liquor traffic is subject to local control; government is no longer limited to war and police—it is consecrated to the nobler tasks of fostering industry, instructing agriculture, employing the unemployed, and of settling on the half-used soil of large landowners families and villages of small but thorough cultivators; and local freedom is cemented and secured by federal union. This is no "News from nowhere": no dream of apocalyp-

* "State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand," by William Pember Reeves, in 2 vols., pp. 331 and 367, with maps. Price 24s. net. Published by Grant Richards.

tic seer. It is printed in statutes of our imperial realm; it is written in the book of the chronicles of Australia and New Zealand.

The Secret of Effective Progress.

Most of the marvels of Australasian reform date, as Mr. Reeves shows, from the appearance of Labour Members in the Colonial Parliaments. The change took place about 1890. A succession of defeats in the economic sphere turned the eyes of the Trades Unions towards the chances of political success. The new departure met a "felt want." As Mr. Reeves records:

Politically the masses are enfranchised. What was wanted was a large purpose, a gospel which could stir them with enthusiasm. This stimulus was found in industrial democracy. The coming of organised labour into politics in the years between 1890 and 1893 did not mean merely that workpeople were bestirring themselves to obtain certain reforms. Half its significance and force sprang from its being a new departure in the matter of men as well as of measures. Up to 1890 labour had been content to vote for middle-class candidates. In that year it decided to send to Parliament not a few units of its own class, but bands of workers.

The Advent of the New Force.

Accordingly, in 1890, five Labour Members—"quiet, attentive, business-like, well-mannered mechanics"—took their seats in the New Zealand Parliament as allies of the Progressive party. In 1895 thirty-five Labour Members entered the New South Wales Parliament as allies of neither party, bent on playing Parnell's game with both parties. In 1893 a Labour Party of seventeen extreme Socialists (now increased to twenty-three) found seats in the Queensland legislature, and became permanent Opposition to the dominant Conservatives. In 1893 South Australia saw twelve Labour men in its Lower and six in its Upper House, resolved on giving united but independent support to the Radical Party. A similar policy has been pursued in Victoria, which has now seven Labour men in its Lower House.

Its Purpose and Theory.

They are not phrase-makers, as Mr. Reeves points out; they are not "artists"; but they are "handy-men," apt at getting things done, and undisturbed by many theories. "Governmental as he is," says our author, "the Labour politician is at heart more of a trade unionist than a conscious Socialist." A Frenchman wittily describes their working creed as "Socialism without doctrines." Their aim, as of Colonial Progressives in general, is thus expressed by Mr. Reeves:

It is to secure by combination and law a larger share of comfort and opportunity for that great human mass which lives upon such stinted reward as Capital measures out to Labour day by day and month by month. It is to raise the standard of life among the workers, not only by gaining for them shorter hours and better pay,

but by lifting them on to a higher plane by education and a civilised environment.

Their theory of the State, if theory it may be called, is put thus succinctly by Mr. Reeves:

They look upon their Colonies as co-operative societies of which they, men and women, are shareholders, while the Governments are elective boards of directors.

This idea of the State as Co-operative Society is likely to gain a wider currency. But the distinction of Colonial progressives is the essentially English characteristic of being unhampered by theory in their quest after what is good in practice. They eschew abstract logic, and try to find out what will "work."

Their readiness to experiment, Mr. Reeves claims, does not endanger political stability. He dwells upon "the almost French instability before 1891" as shown in the rapid changes of government, and contrasts it with the comparative fixity since. Industrial discipline is all against laborious trifling; it is all in favour of swift and effective output. Labour Members do not regard "public life" as—in Mr. Reeves' trenchant phrase—"a conspiracy to keep up appearances." They regard it as a means of getting realities accomplished. They seem as a rule to be among the best of their class. They have graduated in the school of trade unionism. Every Labour man in the Queensland Parliament in 1893 was a teetotaler. And the payment of members has added an economic filip to the process of natural selection.

The Moral for Great Britain.

It is this record of Labour on the other side of the globe which makes Mr. Reeves' book such invigorating reading to the Briton at home. Colonial conditions are undoubtedly very different from conditions prevailing in the Old Country. "Efficiency" on a "clean slate" is possible out there to a degree unattainable here. But after every difference has been allowed for, Great Britain would be an utter fool if she did not gain some practical guidance for herself from these experiments in the Colonial laboratory. And the obvious moral of Mr. Reeves' book to home politicians is that we want more Labour Members of Parliament. We want Labour Members who will act together, conciliatory in tactics, resolute in purpose, an effective self-dependent group. And in this "tight little island" we have, to say the least, Labour leaders equal to any to be found at the Antipodes. They are accustomed to administer the affairs of far larger societies, and to deal with much more colossal interests. In our trained trade union officials we have a great reserve of statesmanship, of which the nation will do well to avail itself in good time. This is the main message to be gleaned from the perusal of Mr. Reeves' interesting pages.

A First-class Political Text-book.

The chief import of this book claims so much attention as almost to overshadow its other many and striking merits. We cannot follow Mr. Reeves into his detailed treatment of the various Progressive movements which have made Australia and New Zealand the wonder of the world. Suffice it to say that these volumes form a political text-book of the first order of importance. No politician, or would-be reformer, or student of social progress can afford to be without them. Every Progressive candidate for Parliament or for County Council ought to be able to pass an examination in their contents. From the failures recorded, as well as the successes, publicists at home ought to derive salutary instruction. The advocates of female franchise, of compulsory industrial arbitration, of the minimum wage, of statutory shop hours, of State departments of agriculture and industry, of old age pensions, will find everything to delight them in these pages, except that the woman-suffragist will be chilled to hear that the woman's vote has so far made simply no difference! The land reformer will be pleased to learn of the success of village communities settled on the land, and of the breaking up of large estates into small farms; but his ardour may be damped by discovering the trifling amount and the still

more trifling effect of the land taxes imposed. He will probably read with dismay that all co-operative communities have hitherto disastrously failed. The Temperance agitator will note with surprise the small result up to date of local option, and the fact that drunkenness is least where the law allows no local control; but will console himself with the news that the prohibition vote is steadily increasing, that the vote for reduction is ineffective, and that there is no ghost of a chance for the Gothenburg system. And the case for the exclusion of the Chinese and of other undesirable immigrants, as put by Mr. Reeves, will command the respect if not the sympathy of Exeter Hall.

Mr. Reeves is not merely the author of the book; he is the author, or joint author, of much of the legislation in New Zealand which he records, and which has set the pace in Australia. Yet he has been singularly successful in his endeavour to maintain historical impartiality. The reader only observes that the parts of the book dealing with Mr. Reeves' own measures are much the most interesting. The style is bright, sometimes brilliant, and always readable. Perhaps only in conducting the reader through the labyrinth of land laws is the usually perfect lucidity of the guide slightly obscured.

A. B. PATERSON'S NEW VOLUME OF VERSE.

Mr. A. B. Paterson's "Rio Grande's Last Race, and Other Verses" (published by Angus, Robertson and Shénstone, Sydney and Melbourne) has already reached its second thousand—a circumstance which is an expressive proof of the hold Mr. Paterson has on the Australian public. For poetry, except of the finest quality, or with some thrill that touches the popular imagination, does not "sell." But the author of "The Man from Snowy River" is one of the truest poets Australia has produced, and every verse of his pen finds eager readers. Mr. Paterson went to South Africa, and looked on the grim visage of war, and his South African experiences have coloured his poetry. It is not merely that a number of the pieces in the present volume—"On the Trek," "The Last Parade," "Johnny Boer," "With French to Kimberley," etc.—find inspiration in the actual incidents of the war; but, somehow, there is a more resonant note in much of Paterson's verse, a wide sweep in his imagination, and a stronger fibre in his style, than when he wrote his first volume. Australia may well be proud of A. B. Paterson. We take a few ringing verses from "With French to Kimberley" as a sample of his later verse:

With French to Kimberley.

The Boers were down on Kimberley with siege and Maxim gun;
 The Boers were down on Kimberley, their numbers ten to one!
 Faint were the hopes the British had to make the struggle good,
 Defenceless in an open plain the Diamond City stood.
 They built them forts from bags of sand, they fought from roof and wall,
 They flashed a message to the south "Help! or the town must fall!"
 And down our ranks the order ran to march at dawn of day,
 For French was off to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

His column was five thousand strong—all mounted men—and guns:
 There met, beneath the world-wide flag, the world-wide Empire's sons;
 They came to prove to all the earth that kinship conquers space,
 And those who fight the British Isles must fight the British race!
 From far New Zealand's flax and fern, from cold Canadian snows,
 From Queensland's plains, where hot as fire the summer sunshine glows;
 And in the front the Lancers rode that New South Wales had sent:

With easy stride across the plain, their long lean
Walers went.

Unknown, untried, those squadrons were, but proudly
out they drew

Beside the English regiments that fought at Waterloo.
From every coast, from every clime, they met in proud
array,

To go with French to Kimberley to drive the Boers
away.

He crossed the Reit and fought his way towards the
Modder bank.

The foemen closed behind his march, and hung upon
the flank.

The long, dry grass was all ablaze, and fierce the veldt
fire runs;

He fought them through a wall of flame that blazed
around the guns!

Then limbered up and drove at speed, though horses
fell and died;

We might not halt for man nor beast on that wild,
daring ride.

Black with the smoke and parched with thirst, we
pressed the livelong day

Our headlong march to Kimberley to drive the Boers
away.

The gunners plied their guns amain; the hail of shrap-
nel flew;

With rifle fire and lancer charge their squadrons back
we threw;

And through the pass between the hills we swept in
furious fray,

And French was through to Kimberley to drive the
Boers away.

Ay, French was through to Kimberley! And ere the
day was done

We saw the Diamond City stand, lit by the evening
sun:

Above the town the heliograph hung like an eye of
flame:

Around the town the foemen camped—they knew not
that we came;

But soon they saw us, rank on rank; they heard our
squadrons' tread;

In panic fear they left their tents, in hopeless rout
they fled;

And French rode into Kimberley; the people cheered
amain,

The women came with tear-stained eyes to touch his
bridle rein,

The starving children lined the streets to raise a feeble
cheer,

The bells rang out a joyous peal to say "Relief is
here!"

Ay! we that saw that stirring march are proud that
we can say

We went with French to Kimberley to drive the Boers
away.

Mr. H. L. Nielson, Ph.D., the editor of the "Ky-
abram Free Press," has published, in a neat book-
let, under the title of "The Voice of the People,"
the history of the Kyabram Reform Movement in
Victoria, with list of members, photographs of the
leaders, and record of what the movement has
done. The Kyabram movement will live in Aus-
tralian history.

An Arctic Prison-Village.

Mr. Harry de Windt, who reported so favourably on the prisons in Western Siberia, and who has always maintained that, were he sentenced to a term of penal servitude, he would infinitely sooner serve it in Siberia than in England, writes in the "Strand" on darkest Siberia and its political exiles. He describes a colony of such exiles at Sredni-Kolymsk, away in the remote North-East. He states that physical brutality is a thing of the past. A convict who shot a police officer for cruelty to a comrade will, he expects, be acquitted. But the physical privations in respect to food and warmth are portrayed in lurid colours. Yet this is the worst count in his indictment:

"The most pitiable peculiarity about Sredni-Kolymsk is, perhaps, the morbid influence of the place and its surroundings on the mental powers. The first thing noticeable amongst those who had passed some years here was the utter vacancy of mind, even of men who, in Europe, had shone in the various professions. Indeed, I can safely state that, with three exceptions, there was not a perfectly sane man or woman amongst all the exiles I saw here. 'A couple of years usually makes them shaky,' said an official, 'and the strongest-minded generally become childish when they have been here for five or six.' 'But why is it?' I asked. My friend walked to the window and pointed to the mourn-

ful, desolate street, the dismal drab hovels, and frozen, pine-fringed river darkening in the dusk. 'That,' he said, 'and the awful silence, day after day, year after year, not a sound.'

Mr. de Windt concludes with the hope that the "clemency of a wise and merciful ruler may yet be extended towards the unhappy outcasts in that Siberian hell of famine, cold, and darkness, scarcely less terrible in its ghastly loneliness than those frozen realms of eternal silence which enshrine the mystery of the world."

The "Cornhill Magazine" for December has in it plenty of interest. It is dignified by the singular power of its opening poem by Mrs. Woods. Mr. Sidney Low's study of Kossuth ends with a lament for the extreme political optimism of the men of '48, who expected the millennium when their reforms were achieved, but no millennium has yet arrived. Mr. W. J. Fletcher draws an effective contrast between the condition of the seas before and after they were policed by the British Navy. A writer on the prospect for the Army as a profession boldly prophesies that the country will insist on getting higher efficiency in the Imperial Army, be the cost what it may. The Rev. W. H. Hutton, writing on Bishop Stubbs and the Roll Series, dares to say that Dr. Stubbs must remain one of the greatest names in the record of English letters.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS

The Great Atlantic Combine.

Stupendous Figures, Methods and Designs.

Mr. Winthrop L. Marvin contributes to the "American Monthly Review of Reviews" a most instructive paper on the great ship combine—"The International Mercantile Marine Company," in its formal title,—the Morgan ship "combine" in the vernacular of the "street,"—which was incorporated on October 1, 1902, under a New Jersey charter, with eight American and five British directors. The writer says:

"It really means much more than that the new company is the largest shipping corporation in existence, with its 141 steamers and its total tonnage of 1,100,000. The world's second ship corporation, the Hamburg-American, with 127 steamers of 630,000 tons, is almost a pygmy by comparison; and the greatest of British companies, the India Steam Navigation, owns only 117 steamers, of 361,000 tons. There are but 147 steamers of 327,284 tons in the entire fleet of the United States actively engaged in foreign commerce.



"New York Journal.]

S is the Shipping Trust; when he's afloat
There's a mighty poor show for the poor People's boat.

"No nation save Great Britain, Germany, and France possesses an ocean steam shipping equal to that of this one corporation, and the United States Commissioner of Navigation regards the Morgan-Griscom fleet as equal 'in all elements of efficiency' to the entire French merchant fleet of 690 steamers, of 1,104,893 tons."

Add the half million tons of German shipping controlled by Mr. Morgan, and you may reckon he controls 60 per cent. of the carrying trade between the United States and Europe.

The Difference Between "Hold" and "Include."

The lay reader will doubtless be unable to appreciate the fine distinction as to "holding" in the following utterance by one of the Board of Directors:

"The International Mercantile Marine Company will not be a holding company, and the subsidiary lines will be permitted full liberty in managing their own affairs. The new company, however, includes all the various companies in the combination."

Under the British Merchant Shipping Act the British steamers of the "combine" could not retain their British registry if they were "directly owned" by a New Jersey corporation:

"This legal difficulty has apparently been solved by the organising in Great Britain of a separate British concern, which will stand in the same attitude as that in which the International Navigation Company of Liverpool, owning the British ships of the Griscom fleet, long stood toward the International Navigation Company of Trenton. . . . The British ships themselves will retain their national allegiance, will be officered by British subjects, and manned in part at least by British crews, and will even be held available for use as British merchant cruisers or transports in case of war, whenever the nation may require their services."

"Better Service at Lower Cost."

The directors of this huge concern do not mean to wring increased profits out of the travelling public:

"They frankly expect to make the business of the allied companies greater and more lucrative than it has ever been before, but they propose to achieve this end by the legitimate means of improved efficiency and economy. It is said that Mr. Morgan looks for an ultimate saving of 12,000,000 dols. or 15,000,000 dols. in operating expenses, which would of itself yield from 10 to 12½ per cent. on a capital of 120,000,000 dols. A great deal of the costly administrative machinery and equipment which each rival line has maintained can now be dispensed with. There need no longer be the extravagance of sending to sea on the same mid-winter day two or three stately greyhounds, each with its cabins one-quarter filled with passengers."

"President Griscom has intimated that there may some time be established a regular system of daily departure from New York—a boon not only for travellers and the mails, but also for general commerce."

Another advantage in favour of the "combine" is "its friendly relationship with the great group of American railroads, in whose affairs Mr. Morgan is the dominating influence." Against this vast network of organisation the Cunard line—said to be sharply deficient in large modern freighters—cannot, even with its Government subsidy, hope seriously to compete.

The writer raises the question whether there will be any more fast ships. The price of great speed is enormous. It costs seven times as much to run a 20-knot steamer as to run a 10-knot steamer. Left to themselves, British and American lines would build few vessels above 17 knots. If higher speed is required for mails and "cruisers," Government will have to pay.

Is Great Britain to Build Its Ships?

As between Britain and America, it is interesting to note that out of the 141 ships belonging to the "combine," there are only twelve Yankees. A very significant paragraph practically yields the palm for cheap shipbuilding to Britain:

"It is labour at once low paid, intelligent, and effective which has enabled German competition to cut deeply into the British steam marine. But German shipyard and shipboard wages are probably not so much below British as British wages are below American. One purpose of the new Cunard subsidy is to equalise British and German labour cost. Mr. Morgan, Mr. Griscom, and their comrades are as patriotic as any of their fellow-countrymen. But they can scarcely be expected to pay 11,300 dols. a month for an American crew of 380 men while a British crew of 427 can be hired for 9,891 dols. Nor will they, without some especial inducement, give 1,846,000 dols. for an American steamship while a British craft of exactly the same dimensions and speed can be constructed for 1,419,000 dols. These figures are not conjecture; they are absolute facts of official record."

It would be rather a piquant paradox if one of the consequences of the "Morganering" of the Atlantic were the placing of most of its building orders in British hands.

An Anglo-Gallic Alliance.

M. Finot's articles advocating an Anglo-Gallic Alliance are published in "La Revue" for Nov. 1 and 15. That we must unite with someone, M. Finot clearly sees; but he does not think that the United States are our natural hope and refuge. That is to be found in an alliance with France, an alliance to be marked, firstly, with a treaty of obligatory arbitration; and, finally, by a closer union, which will result in a nucleus being formed for the United States of Europe and of the World.

Natural Enemy a Myth.

The first section of M. Finot's articles is devoted almost exclusively to showing that the supposed natural enmity between France and England is a myth. Their original history was the same. As in France, so in England, the aborigines were Celts, partially Romanised, and afterwards overrun by Teutons. England owed largely to France its national consciousness, its language, its prosody, and even the fundamental bases of its future civilisation. The debt of France was reciprocal through the centuries, until, finally, the evolution of the eighteenth century, which ended in the Great Revolution, was a manifestation of English ideas. What Shakespeare owed to Montaigne, Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau owed to English thought. France and England, in short, have been in closer union than any two countries in the world.

Each Country the Complement of the Other.

At the present day what are the conditions? Great Britain merits the name of the richest and most important of the French colonies. A disappearance of English economic power would result for France in incalculable losses. All the French colonies taken together purchase from France only 37 per cent. of the English purchases. England takes 30 per cent. of all French exports. England is absolutely necessary to France; and the economic relations are such that England buys from France products which it would be impossible to sell anywhere else. On the other hand, England profits by having at her doors a country producing goods which English climatic conditions render it impossible to produce at home. Neither country invades the other's home market; each is the complement of the other.

But while France only helps us, the alternative ally, America, threatens us. M. Finot does not see that it

is because of the threat that inclusion in the United States appears imperative. That the threat is serious M. Finot has no doubt. The United States, he says, will drive us from South Africa, from China, from Japan, and even from Egypt. In Japan, where our trade has diminished, that of the United States has doubled. And in various Continental countries American trade within the last six years has increased from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent. The danger, however, only begins here; for, once America has completed her economic conquest of Europe, she will be obliged to interfere in European politics. Under such conditions the necessity of an intimate and pacific union between the peoples of the Old World will become a necessity.

A Start for the United States of Europe.

But the United States of Europe being just now impracticable, we must be satisfied with creating a union between the most influential of European States. Looked at from this point of view an Anglo-French union would be the precursor of peace and a guarantee of security. Before attempting to realise a European union it is necessary to begin with partial groupings. The Anglo-French union would merely be the starting point. From this origin the idea of the United States of Europe, from being an object of ridicule, would soon become a postulate in the international life of to-morrow. The necessity of closer relations between England and France is shown by the fact that in France most of the Chambers of Commerce have approved unanimously of an arbitration treaty, while in England seventy-eight Chambers of Commerce have given their unanimous support to the project.

The Gain to England.

England, M. Finot thinks, would be a great gainer. At present she suffers from the nightmare of universal enmity. Other European nations fear one another. England has to fear them all; and she is, in addition, in danger of a future war with the United States. She is, moreover, entirely dependent upon the United States for food. To meet her danger she has increased her armaments, and cannot increase them much more. She has acquired more territory than she can govern. Everything demands her alliance with a friendly nation.

The Kaiser in England.

Mr. John L. Bashford, a twenty years' resident in Berlin, contributes to the "Empire Review" an article under this heading. He begins by stating that he has been informed authoritatively that the Kaiser was "disappointed" on hearing of the way in which the "Spectator" had written concerning his hostile designs upon British naval supremacy, and the suggestion that he came to this country in order to stir up ill-blood between England and Russia and France. Mr. Bashford also refers to Sir Horace Rumbold's indiscretion. He maintains that the general condemnation of the Kaiser, which finds strong expression in the "National Review," is both ungenerous and incorrect. He recalls the fact that the Empress Frederick, in the last year of her life, said: "My great comfort in the pain I have to endure is due to the consciousness that my son is entirely on the side of my country in this war."

Mr. Bashford examines all the speeches made by the Emperor on the subject of German and English relations, and he asks how can it be believed that Germany is anxious to strike down the naval supremacy of Britain when the Emperor has never lost an opportunity of impressing upon the British the desirability of strengthening the British fleet.

Mr. Bashford adds a curious detail concerning Mr. Rhodes' visit to the Kaiser, which also sheds some light upon the difficulty that arose about the reception of the Boer Generals at Berlin. On March 6, 1899, the Kaiser told Sir Frank Lascelles: "I am going to receive a distinguished fellow-countryman of yours in a few days." Four days later Sir Frank Lascelles, at Count von Bulow's request, sent a formal letter to the Chancellor asking that His Majesty might be informed of Mr. Rhodes' desire to obtain an audience, and the following day the Kaiser received Mr. Rhodes. Hitherto it was supposed that any request for an audience had been sent through the British Embassy; as a matter of fact the form was subsequently observed after His Majesty had himself arranged that the audience should take place. According to this precedent, therefore, Count von Bulow ought to have written to Sir Frank Lascelles, asking him to inform the Kaiser of the Boer Generals' desire to obtain an audience. But from this it is evident the Kaiser shrank, among other reasons perhaps, because, as Mr. Bashford says, "To dispel a deep distrust of the British nation as to Count von Bulow's designs against England was one of the Kaiser's most ardent wishes." He is quite sure that if a German statesman were asked to express in a terse sentence the policy of the Kaiser towards England, he would say, "His Majesty desires to maintain peace, and to shape the political relations of his country with yours in such a way that a friendly rivalry may exist between them on terms of equality."

Mark Twain on Christian Science.

In the "North American Review" for December Mark Twain writes a long article—half humorous, half earnest—on Christian Science. He thinks it a delusion, but a delusion with a tremendous power and a tremendous future. Already in America it has evolved not only a new worship, but a new Object of Worship in the person of Mrs. Eddy. Her book—"the 'little book' exposed in the sky eighteen centuries ago by the flaming angel of the Apocalypse, and handed down in our day to Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, of New Hampshire, and translated by her, word for word, into English (with the help of a polisher), and now published and distributed in hundreds of editions by her at a clear profit per volume, above cost, of 700 per cent!—a profit which distinctly belongs to the angel of the Apocalypse, and let him collect it if he can; a 'little book' which 'explains' and reconstructs and new-paints and decorates the Bible, and puts a mansard roof on it and a lightning-rod and all the other modern improvements; a 'little book' which for the present affects to travel in yoke with the Bible and be friendly to it, and within half a century will hitch the Bible in the rear and thenceforth travel tandem, itself in the lead, in the coming great march of Christian Scientism through the Protestant dominions of the planet.

"Perhaps I am putting the tandem arrangement too far away; perhaps five years might be nearer the mark than fifty; for a lady told me last night that in the Christian Science Mosque in Boston she noticed some things which seem to me to promise a shortening of the interval. On one side there was a display of texts from the New Testament, signed with the Saviour's initials, 'J. C.'; and on the opposite side a display of texts from the 'little book,' signed—with the author's mere initials? No—signed with Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy's name in full. Perhaps the angel of the Apocalypse likes this kind of piracy. I made

this remark lightly to a Christian Scientist this morning, but he did not receive it lightly; he said it was jesting upon holy things; he said there was no piracy, for the angel did not compose the book, he only brought it—'God composed it.' I could have retorted that it was a case of piracy just the same; that the displayed texts should be signed with the Author's initials, and that to sign them with the translator's train of names was another case of 'jesting upon holy things.' However, I did not say these things, for this Scientist is a large person, and although by his own doctrine we have no substance, but are fictions and unrealities, I knew he could hit me an imaginary blow which would furnish me an imaginary pain that could last me a week.

A New Idolatry.

"My lady informant told me that in a chapel of the Mosque there was a picture or image of Mrs. Eddy, and that before it burns a never-extinguished light. Is that picturesque? How long do you think it will be before the Christian Scientist will be worshipping that picture or image and praying to it? How long do you think it will be before it is claimed that Mrs. Eddy is a Redeemer, a Christ, and Christ's equal? Already her army of disciples speak of her reverently as 'Our Mother.' How long will it be before they place her on the steps of the Throne beside the Virgin—and, later, a step higher? First, Mary the Virgin and Mary the Matron; later, with a change of precedence, Mary the Matron and Mary the Virgin. Let the artist get ready with his canvas and his brushes; the new Renaissance is on its way, and there will be money in altar-canvases—a thousand times as much as the Popes and their Church ever spent on the Old Masters; for their riches were poverty as compared with what is going to pour into the treasure-chest of the Christian-Scientist Papacy by and by, let us not doubt it. We will examine the financial outlook presently and see what it promises. A favourite subject of the new Old Master will be the first verse of the twelfth chapter of Revelation—a verse which Mrs. Eddy says (in her Annex to the Scriptures) has 'one distinctive feature which has special reference to the present age'—and to her, as is rather pointedly indicated:

"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet," etc.

"The woman clothed with the sun will be a portrait of Mrs. Eddy.

"Is it insanity to believe that Christian Scientism is destined to make the most formidable show that any new religion has made in the world since the birth and spread of Mohammedanism, and that within a century from now it may stand second to Rome only, in numbers and power in Christendom?

"If this is a wild dream it will not be easy to prove it so just yet, I think. There seems argument that it may come true. The Christian-Science 'boom' is not yet five years old; yet already it has 500 churches and 1,000,000 members in America.

What Christian Science Offers.

"Remember its principal great offer: to rid the Race of pain and disease. Can it do so? In large measure, yes. How much of the pain and disease in the world is created by the imaginations of the sufferers, and then kept alive by those same imaginations? Four-fifths? Not anything short of that, I should think. Can Christian Science banish that four-fifths? I think so. Can any other (organised) force do it? None that I know of. Would this be a new world

when that was accomplished? And a pleasanter one—for us well people, as well as for those fussy and fretting sick ones? Would it seem as if there was not as much gloomy weather as there used to be? I think so.

"In the meantime, would the Scientist kill off a good many patients? I think so. More than get killed off now by the legalised methods? I will take up that question presently.

"At present, I wish to ask you to examine some of the Scientist's performances, as registered in his magazine, 'The Christian Science Journal'—October number, 1898. First, a Baptist clergyman gives us this true picture of 'the average orthodox Christian'—and he could have added that it is a true picture of the average (civilised) human being:

"He is a worried and fretted and fearful man; afraid of himself and his propensities, afraid of colds and fevers, afraid of treading on serpents or drinking deadly things."

"Then he gives us this contrast:

"The average Christian Scientist has put all anxiety and fretting under his feet. He does have a victory over fear and care that is not achieved by the average orthodox Christian."

"He has put all anxiety and fretting under his feet. What proportion of your earnings or income would you be willing to pay for that frame of mind, year in, year out?

"Well, it is the anxiety and fretting about colds, and fevers, and draughts, and getting our feet wet, and about forbidden food eaten in terror of indigestion, that brings on the cold and the fever and the indigestion and the most of our other ailments; and so, if the Science can banish that anxiety from the world I think it can reduce the world's disease and pain about four-fifths.

"In this October number many of the redeemed testify and give thanks; and not coldly, but with passionate gratitude. The first witness testifies that when 'this most beautiful Truth first dawned on him' he had 'nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to,' that those he did not have he thought he had—and this made the tale about complete. What was the natural result? Why, he was a dump-pit for all the doctors, drug-gists, and patent medicines of the country. Christian Science came to his help, and 'the old sick conditions passed away,' and along with them the 'dismal forebodings' which he had been accustomed to employ in conjuring up ailments. And so he was a healthy and cheerful man, now, and astonished.

"But I am not astonished, for from other sources I know what must have been his method of applying Christian Science. If I am in the right, he watchfully and diligently diverted his mind from unhealthy channels and compelled it to travel in healthy ones. Nothing contrivable by human invention could be more formidably effective than that, in banishing imaginary ailments and in closing the entrances against subsequent applicants of their breed. I think his method was to keep saying, 'I am well! I am sound!—sound and well! well and sound! Perfectly sound, perfectly well! I have no pain; there's no such thing as pain! I have no disease; there's no such thing as disease! Nothing is real but Mind; all is Mind, All-Good, Good-Good, Life, Soul, Liver, Bones, one of a series, ante and pass the buck!'

"I do not mean that that was exactly the formula used, but that it doubtless contains the spirit of it. The Scientist would attach value to the exact formula, no doubt, and to the religious spirit in which it was used.

I should think that any formula that would divert the mind from unwholesome channels and force it into healthy ones would answer every purpose with some people, though not with all. I think it most likely that a very religious man would find the addition of the religious spirit a powerful re-enforcement in his case.

"And so the tale goes on. Witness after witness bulletins his claims, declares their prompt abolishment, and gives Mrs. Eddy's Discovery the praise. Milk-leg is cured; nervous prostration is cured; consumption is cured; and St. Vitus' dance is made a pastime. And now and then an interesting new addition to the Science slang appears on the page. We have 'demonstrations over' chilblains and such things. It seems to be a curtailed way of saying 'demonstrations of the power of Christian-Science Truth over the fiction which masquerades under the name of Chilblains.'

Child Witnesses.

"The children, as well as the adults, share in the blessings of the Science. 'Through the study of the "little book" they are learning how to be healthful, peaceful, and wise.' Sometimes they are cured of their little claims by the professional healer, and sometimes more advanced children say over the formula and cure themselves.

"A little Far-Western girl of nine, equipped with an adult vocabulary, states her age, and says, 'I thought I would write a demonstration to you.' She had a claim, derived from getting flung over a pony's head and landed on a rock-pile. She saved herself from disaster by remembering to say 'God is All' while she was in the air. I couldn't have done it. I shouldn't even have thought of it. I should have been too excited. Nothing but Christian Science could have enabled that child to do that calm and thoughtful and judicious thing in those circumstances. She came down on her head, and by all the rules she should have broken it; but the intervention of the formula prevented that, so the only claim resulting was a blackened eye. Monday morning it was still swollen and shut. At school 'it hurt pretty badly—that is, it seemed to.' So 'I was excused, and went down in the basement and said, "Now I am depending on mamma instead of God, and I will depend on God instead of mamma." No doubt this would have been answered; but, to make sure, she added Mrs. Eddy to the team and recited 'the Scientific Statement of Being,' which is one of the principal incantations, I judge. Then 'I felt my eye opening.' Why, it would have opened an oyster. I think it is one of the touchiest things in child-history, that pious little rat down cellar pumping away at the Scientific Statement of Being.

"There is an account of a boy who got broken all up into small bits by an accident, but said over the Scientific Statement of Being, or some of the other incantations, and got well and sound without having suffered any real pain and without the intrusion of a surgeon.

"Also there is an account of the restoration to perfect health, in a single night, of a fatally injured horse, by the application of Christian Science. I can stand a good deal, but I recognise that the ice is getting thin, here. That horse had as many as fifty claims; how could he demonstrate over them? Could he do the All-Good, Good-Good, Good-Gracious, Liver, Bones, Truth, All down but Nine, Set them up on the Other Alley? Could he intone the Scientific Statement of Being? Now, could he? Wouldn't it give him a relapse? Let us draw the line at horses. Horses and furniture."

Lord Kitchener as Known to His Staff.

"A Staff Officer" in "Blackwood" describes "Campaigning with Kitchener." It is a thoroughgoing panegyric, only redeemed from fulsomeness by the frank acknowledgment that his hero is "no drill master."

"One of the Hardest of Thinkers."

Here, for example, is one eulogy:

"Kitchener is one of the hardest and most accurate thinkers I can name; he is always thinking; not meandering aimlessly through a wilderness of casual imaginings, but thinking up and down and round and through his subject; planning every move, foreseeing every counter-move, registering every want, forestalling every demand, so that when he conducts a campaign with that unerring certainty that seems to recall the onward march of destiny, luck has had very little to do with the affair, for K. has arranged that everything shall happen as it does happen, and that particular way and no other."

His Unerring Prescience.

And this is the fact to substantiate the eulogy:

"Somewhere in the obliette of Pall Mall there is a paper with the record of a meeting that took place at the Egyptian War Office before the final campaign. Only Kitchener, Wingate, and another officer were present. In less than two hours K. laid bare the entire plan of subsequent operations, met every inquiry, formulated every want, satisfied every objection. He had worked right through the campaign in his mind, and saw daylight on the farther side of it. Everything was ready. There were so many boats to take, so many men and guns and animals at a certain fixed date, depending on the Nile flood, which could be calculated with precision; there were so many weeks' supplies to be at this place and that, and the British contingent—calculated economically to the fraction of a guardsman by the order to leave band-boys behind—was requested to arrive at a given date, to steam and march to a certain point, to fight its usual battle 1,600 miles from the chair in which K. was sitting, and to leave for London the very next day with its work accomplished. And all these things happened precisely as ordained at that meeting, so that one momentarily believed that even the unexpected had been banished from the art of war."

His Unbending Severity.

Part of his wonderful success is attributed to the "unbending severity" with which he treated all failures. Generous to acknowledge good work well done, "no one was ever more unforgiving of failure, to no matter what cause the failure might be due."

Another explanation is his freedom from the curse of penmanship:

"Kitchener's office stationery consisted of a sheaf of telegraph-forms, which he carried in his helmet, and a pencil which he carried in his pocket—and that sufficed. Moreover, he seldom read an official letter, and never wrote one."

His Choice of Tools.

More important is the next consideration:

"Much of K.'s success was no doubt due to his wise choice of the tools he used—they really were tools rather than men; and no finer body of young fellows ever wore sword than those splendid officers who worked and slaved for him, day after day, in those God-forsaken sand-swept wastes. But no one knows, no one perhaps will ever fully know, the extent to which K. was implored, beseeched, cajoled by the highest in the land to employ A. or B. or C. on his staff, or

anywhere. K. was adamant to such requests. . . . This happened in hundreds of cases. K. was not then the power he is now, and his implacable disregard of the pets of society argues a strength of character which has always seemed to me one of the greatest proofs of his fearless independence."

Not "Good at the Battle-shout."

There is real humour in this description of Kitchener's attitude to mere fighting:

"I think he looked on a battle as a necessary but exceedingly vulgar and noisy brawl, and that the intellectual part of him always regretted when he could not strangle or starve the enemy out without a crude appeal to brute force. If he could have been induced to issue an order for the battle, it would have read somewhat as follows if it had come from his heart: 'Here you are, O troops! and there is your enemy. I have clothed you, fed you, cared for you, placed you in the most advantageous tactical and strategical position possible, so now please go and fight it out, and let me know when it is all over.'"

A Radical Critic of the War Office.

One trait of the grim general's character is mentioned which has not often had prominence given to it, and it stirs vague hopes of Army Reform otherwise unattainable:

"During many an evening in camp or bivouac Kitchener often talked long, openly, and convincingly upon reforms needed in the War Office and the Army. Of his opinions on these points it is too soon to speak, for he may yet have occasion to put them into practice. So I shall only say that many of his ideas were novel and all were radical, and that they are calculated to produce a very considerable fluttering in Pall Mall dovecots and among the old women of both sexes when Big Ben chimes out K.'s hour of office and responsibility."

Our Future Chief of Staff?

Of what that office should be, the writer has no doubt. It is not that of Commander-in-Chief, who has too many ceremonial and decorative duties to discharge. He says:

"There is one post to which Kitchener is suited, and which is suited to him—namely, that of Chief-of-the-Staff, carrying with it, call it by what name you will, the sole, solitary, and exclusive duty of preparation for war.

"Kitchener's strength lies in his power to create—surely the supremest and grandest faculty of Nature herself."

Why Not Penny-a-Word Cablegrams?

Mr. Henniker Heaton has a despotic trick of compelling the public to read whatever he writes on means of transmission. In the "Magazine of Commerce" he insists on the nationalisation of cables. He says:

"People in the United Kingdom who study these tables know that they annually spend £1,000,000 in cabling to America (including Canada), £412,000 in cabling to Australia, £366,000 in cabling to South Africa, £300,000 in cabling to India, and another £300,000 in cabling to China, Hong Kong, and the East. John Bull, in brief, puts his hand into his capacious pocket to the tune of £6,755 every day of the week, except Sundays, to cable to his customers and clients and cousins over seas,"

or a total sum every year of £3,278,000. At the same time our mail packet service to America, Australia,

India and China costs us only one-and-a-half million, and he thinks that for our £900,000,000 worth of exports a less costly cable communication is necessary. Mr. Heaton proceeds:

"I assert that we shall have Imperial Federation in a true sense only when we can telegraph from London to New Zealand as cheaply as we now telegraph from London to Ireland. And why not? In Australia we send a word 3,000 miles for a penny—the same distance, within 500 miles, that divides England from India, to which a word now sent costs us, not one penny, as it ought, but thirty-six pennies. All parts of the world, excepting America, can be cable-connected by land, barring one thin blue line of sea; and land-lines cost only one-fifth of submarine cables—in other words, land-lines are laid at an outlay of £40 a mile, and sea-cables of £200 a mile. On the other hand, land-lines carry five times more messages than are carried by cables."

He goes beyond the Imperialisation of the cables, and urges that in any question of purchasing the cables the American and British Governments should join hands. He enforces all these contentions by one of his delightful collections of anomalies:

"It costs 6½d. a word to telegraph from London to Fao, the head of the Persian Gulf; it costs 1s. 2d. to Egypt, half the distance. It costs 6s. 3d. a word to telegraph to Lagos, half way to the Cape, and it costs only 3s. to telegraph to the Cape. But the most striking instance of how the French look after their colonists is afforded by their treatment of the people of Senegal and the Ivory Coast, as compared with our treatment of our people, also on the West Coast of Africa. From Paris to Senegal the French charge is only one franc a word. From London to Lagos (British), 100 miles beyond, the charge is 6s. 5d. a word. In 1899-1900 my friend at Lagos sent his telegrams to London via Senegal and Paris. Surely an Imperial Postmaster will remedy this state of things!"

The Mad Mullah.

Very interesting and topical at the present moment is the article concerning the personality of the Mad Mullah, contributed by M. Hugues Le Roux to the "Revue de Paris." The writer, who entitles his article "The New Mahdi," spent last year in the tract of country which is still giving us such trouble, and he gathered many interesting particulars concerning Abdulla Achur, whose religious crusade in Somaliland has met with such unexpected success, and who will, M. Le Roux declares, end by becoming as formidable an adversary as he who was vanquished at Omdurman.

The New Mahdi.

Some years ago Abdulla Achur was already much discussed among the Mussulman population of Aden and of the surrounding country; the Europeans made light of "the New Mahdi," as he was already styled, and at Aden was first invented for him the foolish and misleading nickname of the Mad Mullah.

Abdulla seems to have first appeared on the horizon five years ago; he had then performed four times the lengthy and difficult pilgrimage to Mecca, and he edified all the Mussulmans with whom he came in contact by his piety and learning. The new Mahdi is some thirty-two years of age; he is a true Somali, tall, vigorous, and with regular features. His past career, like that of all Mahomedan "saints," has been very adventurous; his father was a shepherd in the Somali country,

and he was brought up among the herds. There he was met by a Mahomedan missionary, who offered to buy him from his parents and to bring him up to a religious life. His first pilgrimage to Mecca took place when he was twenty, and he produced so great an impression upon the Sheik Mahomed Salah, the supreme head of the mysterious confraternity known as Tariqa Mahadia, that the latter kept him with him, and now Abdulla is the favourite disciple of this most important religious leader.

How the Mullah Gains His Power.

Abdulla, in spite of the fact that he is regarded more or less as a savage by his adversaries, is a man of considerable learning, familiar with every kind of theological subtlety, and quite able to work on the religious fanaticism of his followers. Already the Mad Mullah has obtained extraordinary influence over the inhabitants of Somaliland. He has passed various decrees, of which one makes it illegal to be married by an ordinary Cadi who is subject to the King of England; such marriages, he declares, are null and void. He also freely excommunicates all those who do not follow his peculiar tenets, and in all sorts of ways he recalls, as no other Mahdi has ever done, his great predecessor Mahomet. Up to the present time Abdulla has only met with one important reverse. This was inflicted on him in the spring of 1900 by the soldiers of Menelik; since then the Mullah avoids his northern neighbours.

M. le Roux pays a high tribute to Colonel Swayne, who, he says, knows Somaliland better than any Englishman alive, and who, he declares, must have known well the determined foe against whom he was pitted with such insufficient forces. The French writer tells the story of the repulse. He evidently considers that the Mad Mullah may develop into a very serious adversary, and he advises the British Government to prepare for a serious campaign in February, which is, he says, the best season of the year for the enterprise. The question is much complicated, because certain loyal tribes, while perfectly willing to live content and happy lives under British rule, are determined to resist every effort made to compel them to fight their co-religionists.

Another De Wet.

At Aden the new Mahdi is no longer called the Mad Mullah; indeed, the local paper spoke of him as "another De Wet," for, like the Boer General, Abdulla seems to have a remarkable power of darting from one point to another. Meanwhile the Emperor Menelik is watching what is to him a most interesting game with intense attention; he also is anti-Mullah, but according to M. Le Roux he is waiting to be asked to lend his powerful aid to Great Britain, for then he will be able to ask in exchange that his new ally should formally recognise the existence of Abyssinia, which his French friend considers should be regarded as an Eastern Switzerland, or No-Man's Land.

There is a great deal to catch the eye and take the fancy in the "Temple Magazine" for December. "The fascination of fast motion" is set forth by Wm. J. Lampton with a profusion of illustrations, including looping the loop on a bicycle, motoring, horse-racing, express trains, torpedo catchers, spiral incline, yachting, tobogganing, skating, etc. A similar omnium gatherum of taking things is provided by W. G. Robinson in his "Diversions of Some Millionaires." The mystery how fashions are set is explained, with much elaborately dressed and half-dressed portraiture, by Miss Nancy Woodrow.

The Foreign Invasion of Canada

M. Finot, in his articles in "La Revue," noticed elsewhere, maintains the advantages of an Anglo-French union as the nucleus of a united Europe over the idea of Anglo-American union advocated by Mr. Stead in "The Americanisation of the World." On the top of this comes a paper by Mr. Archibald S. Hurd, in the "Fortnightly Review," in which we find that—let us regard M. Finot's proposition with as much favour as we like—the Americanisation of the British Empire goes on in spite of our wishes and predilections.

The Decline of the British.

Mr. Hurd's paper deals with "The Foreign Invasion of Canada," but if "The Americanisation of Canada" were not in a sense a bull, it would have been a much better title. Canada, he points out, is, firstly, being de-Anglicised by foreign immigration and by the growth of the French; and, secondly, Americanised by the phenomenal flood of immigrants from across the frontier. The natural growth of the Canadian population is small. The census of 1881 showed an increase in ten years of 19 per cent.; in 1901 the increase had fallen to 11.14 per cent. And it is not the British, but the French, who account for most of this small increase. The French Canadians double in numbers every twenty-five years. Families of eighteen and twenty children are not infrequent; and in Quebec the birth rate is 36.86 per 1,000. The French Canadians, Mr. Hurd insists, are not well affected to England, and they enjoy their liberties as sops given by the British nation in the hope of keeping them quiet. Meantime immigration from the European Continent has increased, while the number of British- and Irish-born settlers is 100,000 less than it was thirty years ago.

The American Wave.

The British element in Canada is therefore relatively falling off. Settlers from the United States are flooding the country. Last year only 25 per cent. of the immigrants came from the United Kingdom, while 35 per cent. came across the frontier. In 1901 there were 17,987 immigrants from the United States, and only 9,401 from England and Wales, 1,476 from Scotland, and 933 from Ireland. In the present year, down to the beginning of October, 27,000 Americans have entered Canada. The immigrants bring considerable capital with them, and become permanent settlers. Of the 127,891 who had settled in Canada by last Christmas, 84,493 have already been naturalised.

The Americanisation of Canada.

Canada is, in fact, becoming Americanised. British emigration is becoming every day less important. Mr. Hurd explains this largely by the erroneous ideas which are so widespread in England as to the severity of the Canadian climate. Mr. Kipling's description of Canada as "My Lady of the Snows" has been itself sufficient to throw back the development of the colony by Englishmen a whole decade. Mr. Hurd, however, says that the immigration of Americans, who thoroughly know the Canadian climate, shows that the climate is a good one. As the result of it all, we witness the development of a Canadian policy which, if not anti-British, is not pro-British. The Canadian immigration officials regard the problem solely from a Canadian point of view, and welcome the wealthy and enterprising American who crosses their frontier. Mr. Hurd thinks that this threatening movement can be checked by spreading juster knowledge among Britishers in regard to the Canadian climate. But in view of the increasing dis-

inclination of Englishmen for country life, it seems more probable that the Americanisation of the British Empire has definitely begun in Canada.

Canada's Americanised Press.

In an article in the "Monthly Review" on "Canada and Imperial Ignorance," Mr. W. Beach Thomas also lays stress on the Americanisation of the country:

"American ideas, if not America, are taking the country captive. The Americans have no insidious intentions, no *arrière pensée*—an American seldom has. He is generally candid, if not honest, to a degree. He goes where he goes to make money, and makes no pretence of ulterior objects; he neither simulates nor disimulates. But power goes with the making of money as an inseparable accident; and the American is apt to win other prizes than millions. It is no small achievement that the Press is completely captured. It has been done merely in the way of business; but so effectively that in the last ten years English magazines have been practically banished. Private people and the clubs still take in this or that weekly paper, but it may be said that there is practically no public sale at all; no agents who take English papers, no public which demands them. Some of the shells may be seen, but an inspection of the contents reveals the American edition, in which articles especially designed to suit American tastes have been substituted in New York for the more typical English material."

Mr. Thomas argues that we are losing our hold on Canada owing to the ignorance of that colony which is so common in England, an ignorance which leads some Englishmen to address their letters "Ottawa, Canada, the United States." He thinks that it would be more profitable to expend the £12,000,000 a year now spent on maintaining paupers in making immigration easy.

A Bishop as Butcher.

The slaughtering of swine is not generally considered a part of episcopal duty, even though the primate among the apostles was once bidden "kill and eat" a menagerie of unclean beasts. But missionary enterprise imposes many unexpected tasks, and the Bishop of New Guinea tells in "Pearson's Magazine" how his sermon on the cruelty of the cannibals' method of killing their pigs led to them asking him to act as slaughterer next day! He complied, and with his own rifle shot fifty of the animals. The aforesaid sermon was enforced by a native teacher in these words:

"Yes, if you listen to the missionaries, and do as they tell you, when you come to die, you will go off quietly, like a pig which the white men have killed. But if you harden your hearts, you will die like a pig stuck in native fashion, singing out dreadfully!"

The natives, however, missed the squealing of the poor porkers, which had generally added to the zest of their enjoyment of the festival, and besought the missionary to at least let them spear one and hear it sing out. The Bishop, however, dissuaded them. Like most missionaries, the Bishop has discovered—

"It would be quite useless to limit our training to religious teaching. We have established technical classes."

But the Bishop certainly had not expected to give technical instruction in the art and mystery of transforming live pig into dead pork.

The Nile Dam and Its Results.

In the December "Idler" Mr. Frank Fayant writes upon the great work of "Capturing the Nile's Golden Floods," which will be completed before the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Mr. Fayant says:

"Without the Nile Egypt would be as barren as the Great Desert. With the great river, fertile Egypt is but an elongated oasis, a thin green line on either side of the stream from Alexandria up into the heart of Central Africa. This thin green line in the days of the ancients made Egypt the garden and granary of the world. And for thirty centuries men have struggled to widen this line. But all the mighty undertakings of the past—the building of dykes to bind the floods, the raising of great walls to hold them back, the digging of canals and basins to lead the water to the parched fields—have been but pigmy efforts compared to this last work, which, at a single stroke, increases the national wealth by £80,000,000."

He tells very vividly of the labours of Sir Benjamin Baker, Sir Ernest Cassel, and, lastly, of Sir John Aird, in the building of the Assouan Dam, which Lord Cromer roughly estimates will increase the agricultural earning power of Egypt by £2,600,000 every year. When we recollect that the dam only cost some £2,500,000 to build, the enormous value of the work can be more easily realised.

The Difficulties of the Task.

Mr. Fayant gives some interesting conversations which he had with Sir Ernest Cassel and Sir Benjamin Baker. The latter, describing the natural difficulties to be overcome, says:

"We had no idea of the difficulties we were to meet. We were greatly hampered in the work at the beginning because of the uncertainties of the river bed. We had to crush one turbulent channel after another to enable our thousands of workmen to go down into the bed of the river to excavate for the foundations. This work had to be done at High Nile to enable us to begin excavating as soon as the Nile subsided. In closing a channel we first threw ton after ton of granite blocks into the cataract, and then we pitched in trainloads of rock, trucks and all. Gradually the rubble mound rose above the surface of the water. After the flood had subsided we banked this rock wall with many thousand bags of sand. What a task we had to get those bags! We used 8,000,000, and we had to search all Europe for them. When the floods rose again we anxiously watched the excavation ditch protected by these walls of rock and sand bags. We had a score of great pumps ready to draw out the water should it rush in, but so well had our suds been constructed that two pumps were as many as we needed."

In addition to his descriptions of the work of the dam, Mr. Fayant points out the probability of the erection of cotton mills in Egypt to spin the Egyptian cotton. "It is cotton that makes modern Egypt a living land, for Egyptian cotton is known over the world as the best cotton grown." He wonders what will be the effect upon the Lancashire mills when to the growth of spinning in the Southern American States is added the establishment of an Egyptian spinning industry. A great feature of the article is a series of excellent pictures.

The "Revue Universelle" for November 1 is a special Zola number. It contains several very interesting articles on Zola, and is profusely illustrated.

Japanese Formosa.

In the "Scottish Geographical Magazine" the Rev. W. Campbell pays well-deserved praise to the results of Japanese colonisation in Formosa. His descriptions of the reforms and improvements introduced are of great value, in that they show to the ignorant that the Japanese are thoroughly convinced of the necessity of intelligence and common sense in such work. Mr. Campbell visited the Taichu Prison, and says of it:

"The whole thing was intensely interesting to me, because on every hand one could see the operation of high intelligence, firmness, and even of mercy in grappling with evils which are found amongst people of every land. Before coming away the Governor remarked to me that the entire group of buildings, including the surrounding wall, was the outcome of convict labour; and it did, indeed, seem to be a feature of the system here that no prisoner was allowed to shirk duty who was really able to work. Nor can anyone question the soundness of this principle, for the healthful appearance of the large companies I saw engaged in the manufacture of straw mattresses, and as brick-makers, builders, carpenters, and coolies, was in favour of it; while statistics given me regarding the after-career of those who had served their terms of confinement also showed that prison life in Taichu was both bearable and distinctly reformatory in its tendency."

Japan and the Opium Trade.

Dealing with the question of the opium traffic, which in Formosa is one of the Government monopolies, Mr. Campbell writes:

"As to the attitude of Japan in regard to the opium trade, it may be said that the Government at Tokyo has never wavered in its opposition to opium as an article of commerce; and this opposition, coupled with a general knowledge throughout Japan of the origin and consequences of the trade elsewhere, has led to the Japanese having kept themselves wholly clean from the enervating effects of the opium curse."

What Japan Has Accomplished.

Mr. Campbell sums up what has been done in Formosa as follows:

"At the outset it should be remembered that, when they arrived in 1895, instead of being allowed to take quiet possession, they found the people everywhere up in arms against them, and had literally to fight their way from north to south before anything like settled government could be established. . . . Immediately after some measure of peace had been restored, the executive sent out qualified experts to engage in survey work and to report on the resources of their newly ceded territory.

"A complete census of the population was taken in 1897, 800 miles of roads were made, and a tramway line laid down from Takow to Sin-tek. This was followed by construction of the main line of railway from Kelung to Takow, about one-half of which has already been opened for goods and passenger traffic. Three cables were also laid down, connecting Formosa with Japan, Foochow, and the Pescadores, and over the existing 1,500 miles of telegraph and telephone wires immediate communication has been made possible with every important inland centre. The post offices recently opened in Formosa number over a hundred, and letters can now be sent to any part of the empire for two cents each. Up till the close of 1899 122 Government educational institutions had been established, only nine of these being for Japanese, and 113 for natives. There

are at present ten principal Government hospitals in the island, at which about 60,000 patients are treated gratuitously every year, while sanitary precautions and free vaccination have become so general that the danger from visitations like smallpox and plague has been very much reduced."

A New Navy League Propaganda.

The Need for Precautions against Germany.

In the "National Review" for December there is an article by "Enquirer" on "The British Admiralty and the German Navy," which is characteristic of the Germanophobe campaign now being waged by that review. "Enquirer's" article is nominally a scheme of naval defence against German ambitions; but as the writer informs us that his article was submitted to the Executive Committee of the Navy League, who unanimously approved of it, it may be regarded as a new pronouncement of that somewhat irresponsible body.

"Enquirer's" article, however, is interesting. He thinks that there is danger from Germany, and he is sure we are not equipped to meet it. Our weakness in the North Sea is Germany's strength. We are weak for several reasons. Our ships draw too much water for the waters of the shallow Baltic. The coasts of Germany are not easy of approach, and while no German battleship draws more than 25 feet, no British modern battleship draws less than 26.6. The German coast defences are so strong and well organised that no attack upon them would have the smallest chance of success. The shooting of the German ships is excellent. Last summer the Kaiser fired eight rounds from the 6-inch gun, and every shot hit the target. In coaling, the Germans hold the world's record; their officers are younger and in some respects better than ours:

"The great principle followed and attained is the direction of the fleet in war by men who have been trained specially for that object in peace; the ruthless elimination of those who fall below the highest standard of energy and capacity, and the strict enforcement of responsibility throughout the force."

The Danger of Invasion.

In less than forty-eight hours the whole German fleet can be at sea. Supposing the Mediterranean Fleet at Gibraltar, three or four days must pass before it appears in the Channel. At certain times of the year we might be left with nothing but the Reserve Squadron to defend us:

"Numerically it is equal to the German squadron, supposing Germany employs her best ships alone in the attack; in speed, armament, gunnery and general efficiency the German force is superior, because it is much newer and more carefully exercised. Granted the Reserve fleet destroyed, for two to three days the enemy would be the master of the North Sea, and the situation which Napoleon sought to produce in 1805 would have come into existence. There would be no difficulty in the transport of an army of one, two, or three army corps to Harwich, though there would be a deterrent in the certainty that the powerful British squadrons from the south would appear in the North Sea in at least a week from the date of war."

But "Enquirer" maintains that the worst that could happen to a German expeditionary force would be capture, whereas the Germans believe that, even if cut off from home, they could strike such a blow as would bring England to her knees.

The Original Franciscans.

The rediscovery of the original St. Francis promises to be attended with results similar, though necessarily infinitely smaller, to the effects in a larger sphere of the rediscovery of the original Man of Nazareth. The Salvation Army on the one side, and the Social Settlements on the other, have been described as a modern revival of primitive Franciscanism. The interest in the Saint of Assisi certainly grows and deepens. The gross Mammonism of modern life impels deeper natures to a longing after the Franciscan passion for poverty. The "Church Quarterly Review" bears witness to the current feeling by an article on the Third Order of St. Francis. It announces as one of the assured results of critical research that the old stories of the three Orders founded in succession by St. Francis—first of monks, second of nuns, and third of men and women in the world but not of it—must be given up:

"The fact is that, instead of being an afterthought, the Third Order was the starting point. As the non-collegiate student was the original university man, so is the member of the Third Order the original Franciscan. For St. Francis did not really intend to found a religious Order at all, and most of the sadness of his later years was caused by the events incidental to the foundation of the Order which bears his name. So far as he desired to found anything, it was a great religious fraternity which should be able to embrace 'all Christians, monks, clerks or laymen, whether men or women, yea, all who dwell in the whole world!'"

The reviewer quotes the actual evidence of an eyewitness, Jacques de Vitry, a French scholar and ecclesiastic, who visited Italy in July, 1216. He says:

"Nevertheless, I found one ground for consolation in those parts; for many people of both sexes, rich, and high in station, forsake the world, leaving all for the love of Christ. They are called the Brothers Minor. . . . They live after the manner of the primitive Church, of which it is written: 'The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul.' During the day they go into the towns and villages to win souls and to work. At night they resort to hermitages or lonely places, to give themselves up to contemplation. The women live together near cities, in divers convents, accept nothing, but are maintained by the work of their hands."

In conclusion the reviewer says:

"After all, the Franciscan spirit is larger than any single Franciscan type. That spirit has proved itself full of vitality, and it never showed more abundant signs of promise than it does to-day. And St. Francis was more than the most complete exemplification of his work. As we look back, after the lapse of nearly seven centuries, we find in him a man who is very near akin to ourselves, but who is in some ways even more like his Master and ours. A Jewish writer has said, disparagingly, that, after all, our Latin Nazarite was but a pale reflection of the Semitic. The words may be accepted as true, though in a rather different sense from that in which they were intended. St. Francis was a living *Imitatio Christi*."

The "Young Woman" publishes an interview with Mrs. Campbell Praed under the title of "An Australian in the Old Land." Mrs. Praed was born and reared in Queensland, but she came to England when she was twenty-three, and has remained there ever since. She began writing short stories before she was fifteen years of age. It was not until she was thirty that she published her first novel.

The Jews in Roumania.

(1) The Roumanian Point of View.

M. A. D. Xenopol, Professor in Jassy University, contributes a long article to the "Renaissance Latine," in which he sets out the grievances of the Roumanians against the Jews in their country. Briefly described, M. Xenopol may be said to bring the same accusations against the Roumanian Jews as are brought by the Russians against the Russian Jews. They are the exploiters of the people, and they control the whole economic machinery of the kingdom.

M. Xenopol denies that there is any such thing as persecution of the Roumanian Jews. There is no prohibition against the Jews becoming naturalised Roumanian subjects. The difficulty, he declares, lies in the fact that the Jews demand naturalisation en masse; that is, that a single law shall declare all Jews born in the country of parents residing there to be Roumanian subjects. Such a measure, M. Xenopol maintains, would be ruinous for the country, as the Jews, without becoming assimilated Roumanians, would control everything. At present the Jews are in no sense Roumanian. They refuse to speak the language, they contribute nothing to its literature, which they cannot even read, they boycott Roumanian artistes of all kinds, and they shrink from the obligations of patriotism. As proof of which M. Xenopol cites the Russo-Turkish war, in which the 2,000 Jews who served lost only one man killed, owing to their pretending to be ill, and otherwise evading active fighting.

The Jews are the drink-shop keepers and the usurers, who suck out the blood of the Roumanian people, says M. Xenopol. They control the grain trade of the country, and have seized upon all industries. Thus, for instance, when European customs first made their way into the country they captured the tailoring trade, the native tailors being unable to cut clothes in the European style. Jewish farmers, especially in Moldavia, have replaced the natives everywhere. The Jews form two-thirds of the population of Jassy, and they have actually increased in numbers, while the Christian population has fallen. Their birth-rate is higher and their death-rate lower than that of the Moldavians. According to M. Xenopol, this result has been attained owing to economic causes and to the great prosperity of the Jews. Whenever the Christians undertake any industry or trade the Jews succeed in underselling them and ruining their enterprises. And so on.

The success of the Jews, M. Xenopol admits, is largely due to their superior moral and intellectual qualities. They are more sober, more industrious, and more ingenious than the Christians. But he will not admit that they have rendered services to Roumania by thus succeeding. On the contrary, he declares that their chief successes are due, not to their work, but to their capacity for exploiting the work of Christians. The facts which he cites as to Jewish industry, however, do not support this view; and his paper may be summed up by saying that it embodies the jealousy felt in all countries when one section of the population increases in prosperity and the other section falls behind.

(2) From the Jewish Standpoint.

The account of the position of the Jews in Roumania, contributed to the "North American Review" for November by the Rev. M. Gaster, throws a light

upon the question very different from the Roumanian defence. Mr. Gaster ought to be an authority upon the subject, for he himself was obliged to leave Roumania owing to his having incurred the displeasure of the Anti-Semites by his advocacy of the cause of his brethren. Mr. Gaster's account is lamentable. The anti-Jewish laws are nominally directed against "aliens"; and the Roumanian Jews, by a masterpiece of political fiction, are declared to be "aliens not subject to an alien Power." They are thus deprived of protection from without as well as from within. The Jews in Roumania have been driven out of the villages and rural districts and compelled to live in artificial Ghetti in the towns. They are aliens always when it is a question of rights, but natives when it is a question of duties. They must serve in the army, but cannot be promoted; they pay all taxes without being allowed to benefit from the advantages derived therefrom. Though they form the majority of the merchants they are not allowed to vote for the Chambers of Commerce. They cannot participate in any public work; and a law was submitted to Parliament in December, 1901, which will prevent them selling groceries, keeping coffee-houses or bakeries. The Roumanian peasants are friendly to them, and have even resisted by force their expulsion from the villages. Jewish communities have no legal status and cannot hold property; and in some cases Jewish common property has been confiscated owing to no one being recognised as the legal owner. The Jews are quite willing to work as peasants if allowed; but they are not allowed.

Altogether Mr. Gaster makes out a good case against the Roumanian Government. Mr. Gaster puts down much of the evil to the account of Austria, which, when Roumania became independent, immediately declared 16,000 of her Jewish proteges to be no longer under her protection.

"The Descent from the Cross," As Painted by Domenico Morelli.

In the December number of the "Art Journal" Professor Alfredo Melani has an interesting article on Domenico Morelli. The famous painting by Morelli, entitled "La Deposizione di Christo dalla Croce," is thus described:

"Among his religious canvases, that which is best known from the point of view which interests us, is one of the embalming of Christ, entitled 'Deposizione di Christo dalla Croce.' It is a magnificent subject, and one of his finest and most suggestive compositions. By this work a new light seems to be thrown on the death of our Saviour.

"Altamura has assured us of the painter's admiration for the Bible, and Morelli himself mentions the fact that he had the inspiration to produce through the study of the Gospel this picture, in which he represented Christ as no one had previously done. All other painters of the descent from the Cross have found a motive for showing Christ wasted by His sufferings; Morelli places Christ in the centre of the scene, thus allowing himself to respect tradition, and though not treating the subject in the manner of his humanised religious art, he has gone to nature for form and colour in painting the sad ceremony, and to the Gospel for a general idea of the scene.

"Around the Body, enveloped in the shroud, he placed pious women and Apostles, dismayed, yet filled with admiration; the rising moon illuminates the figure of

Christ, and throws beams of light over the scene in which the darkness is more powerful than the light. This, added to the general brown tone, gives an indescribable impression of mystery, one which is not decreased by the realistic and unforeseen envelopment of Christ in the shroud."

The New Reformation,

And Why It Confines Itself to Review Writing.

"Catholicism versus Ultramontanism"—this is the issue in the new Catholic revolt, as defined by the writers (or writer) who sign themselves "Voces Catholice" in the December number of the "Contemporary Review." The article is a very long and elaborate one, and deals in detail with all the grievances which the Rev. Arthur Galton, in a recent article, declared were driving 150 English secular priests into open rebellion against the Roman Curia. Why that revolt has come to nothing the writers explain by admitting that the evils of a public protest seem to them greater than the blessings of silent endurance.

The Root of the Evil.

Learned and earnest Catholics are quite powerless to check the process of degeneration which is now rapidly undermining the Catholic Church. The root of the evil is that under Leo XIII. the work of building a perishable edifice upon the eternal rock has been organised with such ingenuity and pushed forward with such energy and fearlessness of by-products, that a vast revolution in matters relating to faith, morals, and ecclesiastical government is in full swing. Ultramontanism, which is the work of spiritually weak-minded man egged on by a strong worldly spirit, is usurping the role which should by right devolve upon the religion revealed by God Himself. The educated Catholic complains of the divorce between religion and science in the upper classes, and the intimate union between superstition and piety among the lower orders.

The Catholic Church is in the throes of a crisis which seems destined, if not drastically dealt with, to modify profoundly not merely the personnel of the community, but likewise its spiritual power for good. Church government is becoming more and more centralised, the organisation of the Society of Jesus serving as a model; the authority of the Bishops is to be gradually transferred to congregations under the Pope's orders, and the individual Catholic is to be trained to implicit obedience to Rome in every sphere of thought and action.

Science and Superstition.

Superstition has eaten up the Catholic Church. It has taken the place of religion, and set off credulity against remissness in ethical conduct, and established theocracy in politics:

"According to our theologians, the devil is constantly working in our midst, not merely as the symbol of sin and crime, but in flesh and blood, or at any rate in the form of men and animals, seducing frail women, tempting gross-minded men, entrapping unwary Catholics, and dragging God's creatures into the bottomless pit. He makes bargains with Christians for their souls, has the stipulations written with blood, and often takes

bodily possession of the sinner, from whose body he can only be driven by exorcism. But he is in mortal dread of scapulars, rosaries, medals, holy water, and other things which are, so to say, invested with magical virtue."

The warfare against science is continuous. In a work published by a Catholic professor, and approved by his Bishop, we are informed that hell is below the crust of the earth, and that the volcanoes are its apertures. "From the scientific point of view," proceeds this treatise, "the fire of hell is produced by the perpetual round of certain chemical processes, whereby in virtue of a Divine arrangement certain subterranean matters combine chemically with oxygen and other gases, and then disappear again." The devil can produce the phenomena of light, heat, and sound, bring about the birth of living beings, and send fire from heaven—

"He fashions out of suitable materials for himself or for other purposes, bodies which resemble those of men or beasts, and by the employment of mechanical forces he imparts to them corresponding outward qualities such as weight, hardness, warmth, colour."

Error and Sin.

This is only one of numerous instances cited by "Voces Catholice." Meantime real science is banned by the Church. "Error," as it is defined clerically, is the only unpardonable sin. The following passages are cited from a French clerical organ:

"A man who lives in notorious concubinage, who blasphemers, who steals, even who assassinates, outrages the Decalogue, but not the Symbol. He may vitiate the will; his action does not cause the intellect to rot; disorders springing from passion, after all accidental, transitory, and reparable, but not disorders of ideas." 'The personal intolerance which I preach does not regard therefore, in any way, crimes or secret vices, private sinners.' 'In order to form good Christians let us adopt the Divine method, teaching, the only evangelical and efficacious one. Let us aim at the intellect: the rest will follow over and above.'

The Revolt and Its Weakness.

Catholics, we are told, will never consent to return in this way to the Middle Ages, with their demonology and theocratic principles. All over Europe, and in parts of the United States, the signs and symptoms which point to a gradual elimination of the intellectual elements from the Catholic Church are increasing and multiplying. Conservative Catholicism is becoming more and more the religion of farmers and petty bourgeoisie and assuming the form of a new Paganism. But why has the revolt made so little visible progress? "Voces Catholice" sees the cause in the persecution with which the Church pursues those who revolt against its tyranny and superstitions. The discontented must either live as hypocrites or else brave a lot which would terrify the most courageous:

"The methods employed by the Ultramontane press against any Catholic who openly assents to the reform movement are, on the Continent at least, positively infamous. The indiscretions of his youth are trumpeted abroad, his good faith is called in question, his morals are impugned, his sanity is denied, and when the facts and even appearances which should support these attacks are lacking, fancies are freely allowed to take their place."

New Transcripts of Old Doctrines.

The Basis of Christian Doctrine is very suggestively treated in the "Hibbert Journal" by Professor Percy Gardiner. He is convinced that the spiritual nature of men will be the primary subject of religious doctrine in the twentieth century. It is our business, he says, "in the broader, wider light which floods the twentieth century, clearly to discern and methodically to arrange the elements of life which by our ancestors were rather felt than known, but which often lie very deep, near the very roots of our being."

Relic Worship and Mr. Rhodes!

Strangely enough, he preludes his more serious endeavours by an allusion to Mr. Rhodes and relic worship!

"Few of the superstitions of the Middle Ages seem to us more degrading, few more indefensible, than those connected with the earnest desire to possess the actual bodies of saints and martyrs. Undoubtedly this desire has led to deeds which cannot but be condemned, and to gross materialism in religion. Yet quite recently, when the body of Mr. Rhodes was laid to rest among the rocks of the Matoppo hills, in the midst of the land which he saved for Britain, none could fail to feel that the interment, though of a dead and decaying body, had real meaning, and that the dead hand of the great statesman would guard the Matoppo hills more securely than thousands of soldiers. For no view of human nature could be more faulty or more shallow than the view which regards it as swayed only by material advantages, and moving only on the lines of reason."

The Fact of Conversion.

Passing to consider the doctrine of salvation as based on fact, and referring with eulogy to the efforts of Mr. Granger, Mr. Starbuck and Professor William James to compare and classify the well-attested facts of religious experience, he says:

"The great and essential realities which lie at the roots of all Soteriologic doctrines are three: First, that man has a natural sense of sin, which may be in individuals stronger or weaker, but which tends to be very keen in those who are most alive to spiritual realities. Second, that the load of sin can only be removed by a change of heart, the change which by Christians is commonly called conversion, but which may be either sudden or gradual. Third, that no man by his own strivings can bring about this change, but that it is wrought in him, not in defiance of his own will, but by a kind of absorption of it by a higher Power."

Predestination.

The writer restates the doctrine of election:

"Though its pedigree is Jewish, it has parallels among all peoples. The notion of Divine predestination plays a very important part in the theology of Islam. Belief in fate in Greece sometimes quite overshadowed the belief in the gods. And very many of the men who have made the greatest name in the world—Cæsar, Napoleon, Cromwell; or to come to our own times, Napoleon III., Bismarck, Gordon, Rhodes—have accepted in some form the doctrine of destiny or predestination. . . . At bottom it is based upon experience and reality. This doctrine, in varied forms, is an attempt, or a series of attempts, to explain, what is a fact of vast import and sublime majesty, that the destinies of men are arranged and swayed by a Power, mighty beyond our dreams, and wise beyond our imagination, who does place them as chessmen are

placed on a board, and makes it impossible for them to move save in certain directions.

"The complementary doctrine, that of reprobation, I take to be the result of applying logic where logic is powerless. . . . We may still believe that to every man at birth there is assigned a task, that every life has an ideal aspect interpenetrating its visible manifestations. . . . After all it is not we that can attain the ideal, but the ideal which works itself out in us, shining in our darkness, strengthening our feeble wills and heating our languid desires."

Nature: "A Social Realm of Sentient Beings."

"Mind and Nature" is the subject of a most suggestive study by Mr. A. E. Taylor in the "International Journal of Ethics." It is a brilliant, philosophic defence of the poet's sense of sympathy in Nature against the view of Nature as a mere unconscious mechanism. The writer develops Berkeley's position of the immateriality of Nature, and argues:

"Nature, too, if its independent existence is to be anything more than a mere word, must be in reality a society of percipient and conative subjects. Either this, or a mere assemblage of 'ideas in my head'; there is no third possibility which can so much as be stated in intelligible language."

We only know, he argues, the existence of our fellow human beings through the kinship of purpose, which intimates a community of mind. He says: "The reality of the purposes of my fellows is guaranteed by the very same experience which assures me of the reality of my own purpose." He extends this same principle to our knowledge of Nature, which he regards as "a society of intelligences." It is thus that he philosophically undertakes to justify Wordsworth:

"Few of us can have gone through life without some experience of those special moods in which the aspects of external Nature are found to correspond marvelously with our own moral being. Whatever pedants may say to the contrary, it is a certain fact that there are aspects of Nature which have an inexplicable sympathy with all that is purest, kindest, and most strenuous in our own human nature. If you doubt it, try the effect of a morning alone in a pine wood in early summer, and you will find that Wordsworth's lines about the moral effects of an impulse from a vernal wood are no mere idle fancy. You may not, strictly speaking, learn any new proposition in the moral sciences from a morning spent with the Mother in one of these moods, but indisputably you come away with all that makes for goodness and truth in you strengthened by the encounter. Yet there are other, if rarer aspects of Nature in which she seems to have precisely the same mysterious power to call out and invigorate what is worst in us. She is an ally of God often, of Satan at least now and then. Now it is easy to dismiss facts like these as the effects of imagination; but the problem they present is not to be got rid of in any such summary way."

Mr. Taylor concludes:

"Nature itself may be most truly thought of as a social realm of sentient beings, and if we are, as I have tried to suggest, not entirely cut off from all communion with the non-human social beings around us, but can at least at moments catch something of the general spirit of the whole, our relations with

Nature will themselves, in so far as they have an ethical character, be of a social type, and so our problem, though not abolished, will at any rate be made less acute and difficult by our Philosophy of Nature."

With physicists proving all matter to be alive, with philosophers talking of "atom souls," and metaphysicians proving Nature to be a "social realm of sentient beings," we are surely nearer a firmer faith in Teufelsdruck's confession that "this universe is no longer dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house filled with spectres, but God-like and my Father's."

How to Improve the Making of Man.

By Mr. H. G. Wells.

The third article in the series on "Mankind in the Making," which Mr. Wells has contributed to the "Fortnightly Review," is less startling than the most of Mr. Wells' speculations. But although his paper contains little or nothing to startle or to daze the ordinary reader, it contains a great deal of good sense. In his second essay, Mr. Wells dismissed as hopeless, in the present state of our knowledge, any attempt to improve by heredity the breed of mankind. In this paper he confines himself to the question whether, after the babies are born, we cannot take adequate means for preventing them being done to death in their early infancy, or hinder their being badly handicapped throughout life by the lack of adequate nourishment, warmth, and clothing. He discards as hopeless the notion that children can be brought up better in institutions than by their mothers.

The Duty of Parents.

He would leave the child with its mother, but he would make it increasingly disagreeable and dangerous for people to have children if they were not prepared to provide them with a minimum of comfort. In the new republic he would make the parent the debtor to society on account of the child for adequate food, nourishment, and care for at least the first twelve or thirteen years of its life; and, in the event of parental default, invest the local authority with exceptional powers of recovery in this matter. He thinks it would be quite easy to set up a minimum standard of health, clothing, and education, and provide that, if that standard was not maintained, the child should at once be removed from the parental care, and the parents charged with the cost of a suitable maintenance. If the parents failed in the payments he would make them slaves for life. Such, at least, seems to be the practical meaning of the following sentences: "If the parents failed in their duty they could be put into celibate labour establishments, and they would not be released until their debt was fully discharged." This, he thinks, would certainly invest parentage with a quite unprecedented gravity for the reckless, and it would enormously reduce births of the least desirable sort. That this would be so, he thinks, is proved by the fact that in the last fifty years the average number of illegitimate children born in England has fallen by very nearly one-half.

The number of illegitimate births in the four years ending 1850 was 2.2 per 1,000; in the four years ending 1900 it was 1.2 per 1,000. While the numbers of bastards have diminished, the number of bishops' children have increased. The last thirty years of the eighteenth century the average bishop's family was

3.94; in the last thirty years of the nineteenth century it had risen to 5.47.

Sanitary Houses Necessary.

By way of increasing the pressure by which he hopes to reduce the birth of undesirable citizens to a minimum, he gives a leading place to his proposal that there be a minimum of soundness and sanitary convenience in houses, below which standard it shall be illegal to inhabit a house, till, he believes, in time, it will be possible so to level up the minimum standard as to secure a properly equipped bathroom for every tenant in town and country. He would have a standard specifying the number of inhabitants permitted to inhabit any tenement, and it would be a drastic law to secure space and air for young children. The minimum permissible tenement for the maximum of two adults and a very young child is one properly ventilated room, capable of being heated, with close and easy access to sanitary convenience, a constant supply of water, and easy means of getting warm water. It should also be punishable on the part of a mother to leave children below a certain age alone for longer than a certain interval. He would supplement these provisions by steadily working to bring about a realisation of the ideal of a minimum wage. Our raised standards of housing, our persecution of overcrowding, and our obstruction of employment below the minimum wage would sweep out the rookeries and hiding-places of these people of the Abyss. They would exist, but they would not multiply, and that is our supreme end. An increasing section of the Abyss will contrive to live, but a childless wastrel is a terminating evil, and it may be a picturesque evil. Finally, in speaking of those who maintain that what is wanted is not so much practical reforms affecting the birth-rate as the raising of ideals, Mr. Wells says:

"Here I will mention only one, and that is, unhappily, only an Ideal Argument. I wish I could get together all these people who are so scornful of materialistic things out of the excessively comfortable houses they inhabit, and I wish I could concentrate them in a good typical East London slum—five or six together in each room, one lodging with another—and I wish I could leave them there to demonstrate the superiority of high ideals to purely material considerations for the rest of their earthly career . . . while others went on with our sordid work, unencumbered by their ideality."

Sir Henry Irving on Shakespeare Reading Circles.

"The Study of Shakespeare in Small Communities" is the title of a paper Sir Henry Irving has contributed to the Christmas number of the "Windsor Magazine." He thinks that the practice of reading Shakespeare aloud at small or moderate-sized gatherings is in every way to be commended. He thinks that no better books than Shakespeare and the Bible can be used in this way for maintaining the excellency of our common tongue. He remarks on the need of training oneself in pronunciation, punctuation, pause and haste, accent and inflection, suggestions of passion or pathos, and of growing concern, and, finally, in those powers of impersonation which are inherent in our nature, and are common to all. He adds, "The late Henry Ward Beecher's reading, to my mind, realised to the full the intense humanity of parts of the New Testament."

Old Age Insurance.

M. Grandmaison contributes to the second November number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" an excellent article on insurance against old age and incapacity to work. In a very striking passage he pictures the panting multitude of workers, crushed by toil, eternally struggling for their daily bread. These poor people implore help, and hitherto they have been met with merely the dry statement that the problem is insoluble.

Philanthropy Helpless.

M. Grandmaison declares that it is no use waiting for a perfect system, but we must join with the working classes to find some fairly practicable solution. Of course, in every civilised country the number of persons who are annually laid on the shelf, either by sickness or old age, added to the number of those depending on them, has passed far beyond the power of private charity to relieve. The efforts of philanthropic societies and the alms of the charitable are the merest palliatives. In each country the State has been obliged to do more or less to meet the problem.

What Has Been Done in Germany.

It is needless to follow M. Grandmaison through his interesting sketch of what has been attempted in France, because it is much more instructive to note what has been done in Germany. In that country, where the form of government so well deserves the epithet of "paternal," the law embraces in its scope practically every person who works for wages or salary, provided that the remuneration in each case does not exceed £100 a year. This rule incidentally brings under the law some twelve million souls. The difficulties which arise in applying the law are dealt with by the Federal Council; and it is to be noted that foreigners are excluded from the benefit of the insurance, although their employers are obliged to contribute just as much as if the said foreigners were Germans. In return for his or her contributions the worker is guaranteed (1) a pension in case of incapacity to go on working; (2) an old age pension, to begin at seventy; (3) medical attendance; (4) in certain cases the repayment of the contributions paid in.

The Old Age Pension.

It will be observed that what might seem to be the long postponement of the old age pension is mitigated by the fact that in almost every case the worker begins to draw the pension for incapacity to go on working before attaining the age of seventy. No one can draw the old age pension who has not attained the age of seventy, and has not paid his contributions for 1,200 weeks. The old age pension is composed of two parts: (1) of an annual sum of £2 10s., being the amount of the State subvention; and (2) of the sum which is the result of the worker's insurance itself. This sum depends on the worker's wages, and for this purpose the workers are divided into five classes:

Class.	Annual Wage.	Pension.
I.	£17 10s.	£3.
II.	£17 10s. to £27 10s.	£4 10s.
III.	£27 10s. to £42 10s.	£6.
IV.	£42 10s. to £57 10s.	£7 10s.
V.	Above £57 10s.	£9

The Pension for Incapacity.

The pension for incapacity to go on working is only granted at the end of twenty-seven weeks of sickness, and then only if all hope of a quick cure seems to be gone. The worker must have paid his contribution for at least 200 weeks if the insurance is compulsory,

and for 500 weeks if it is optional. The pension is withdrawn if the worker's incapacity arises from any crime or misdemeanour or voluntary mutilation. The pension for incapacity is divided into two parts—one of them fixed, and the other varying according to the classes of workers. The minimum is £7 5s., and the maximum is £32 15s. Pensions are paid at post-offices on orders issued by the insurance offices. These pensions are protected from seizure by creditors and cannot be alienated.

How the System Is Worked.

One of the most original provisions of the law is the right which it gives to the insurance offices to watch over the health of the insured, and to impose upon them medical treatment. This medical treatment is in some cases preventive, and is thought to have had a certain effect in checking the progress of tuberculosis in Germany. Of course a great deal depends in the practical working of the scheme on the relative proportions of these three contributions, and it is notable that since the inauguration of this German system in 1889 a good many modifications in points of detail have had to be made as the result of experience. The German system is largely worked in its details by means of cards, on which the worker or his employer places certain special stamps which are bought at the post-offices, and these cards, when they have reached a sufficient face value, are transmitted by the police to the insurance offices to be placed to the credit of the workers whose names they bear. Curiously enough this system is not very popular in Germany.

The Russian Temperance Committees.

Last month we noticed at some length an article in the "Nineteenth Century" describing the movement in favour of People's Theatres in Russia. That movement has developed largely under the stimulus of the so-called "Temperance Committees" instituted by M. de Witte for the purpose of organising counter-attractions to drink. In the December "Contemporary Review" there is an extremely interesting article by Miss Edith Sellers, dealing with these committees, both with their theatrical and other activities. Miss Sellers is inclined to take a more favourable view of the Russian Spirit Monopoly than is generally taken in Russia, but her account of the counter-attraction side of the monopoly is very instructive and very interesting.

How the Committees Work.

Every Russian town and every Russian province has now a Temperance Committee, and every district has a Temperance Guardian. These committees have several functions, the chief of which is to create counter-attractions to drink. The committees are mainly composed of officials. Their campaign against drink is based largely upon the principle that the lack of good food and rational amusement are the chief causes of the evil. The committees have carried on their campaign in such a way that Miss Sellers thinks that the working classes of Moscow and St. Petersburg are to be envied by the same class in England in the provision which is made both for their mental and bodily needs. In one of the Rowton Houses outside Moscow men are decently lodged for 1d. a night, and boarded and lodged for 6d. a day. A People's House, as understood in Moscow, is a working man's restaurant, club, library, and much besides. The restaurants are fine large rooms, well lighted and well ven-

tilated, and beautifully clean; soap, water and towels are supplied gratis to the visitors. They are open from early morning till late at night, breakfasts, dinners and suppers being supplied. The food supplied is both good and cheap, and only the bare cost is charged, the other expenses being paid out of the Government subsidy. In one of the People's houses there is a Labour Bureau, and others have reading-rooms where visitors may pass their whole day if they desire.

The People's Palace in St. Petersburg.

The St. Petersburg Committee's People's House is exactly what our People's Palace was intended to be, and is not. It is a pleasure resort for the poor, a place where they may betake themselves whenever on enjoyment bent. The building, which is the old Nijni-Novgorod Exhibition building renovated, is situated close to the Neva in a beautiful park, with great trees around it, and flower-beds dotted here and there. The building is divided into five parts—a great entrance hall, a restaurant, a concert hall, a theatre and a reading-room—into all of which admission costs only 2½d. The average price paid for dinner is only 2½d. "The restaurant is a perfect model of what such a place should be." In the theatre there is room for 2,000 spectators. Of her visit to this theatre Miss Sellers says:

"Evidently the play appealed in a quite special degree to the audience, for even the roughest among them followed it with close attention. Some of them, indeed, were quite transformed as they listened; there was real distress in their faces when the hero's plans seemed going agley, and their eyes glowed with excitement when he finally put his foes to rout. They sat as if spell-bound so long as each scene lasted, and then shook the very building with their applause. Never have I seen a more appreciative audience, or one more enthusiastic. When the play was over they turned to one another eagerly, comparing notes and discussing its bearing. Evidently the theatre serves its purpose admirably, if that purpose be to put new ideas into the heads of those who frequent it, and give them something to think about."

The Question of Finance.

How are all these amenities given to the people for nothing? The answer is that the Government subsidises them out of the profits of the Spirit Monopoly. The provincial committees receive 50,000 roubles a year, and the St. Petersburg and Moscow committees get annual subsidies of 500,000 roubles and 300,000 roubles. In addition, the St. Petersburg Committee was granted 1,000,000 roubles for the purpose of building the People's Palace. Altogether, M. de Witte handed over to the committees in 1900 nearly 4,000,000 roubles, and the amount was increased when the monopoly system embraced the whole country. As the profit from the monopoly in 1897 was 20,375,000 roubles, he could well afford to do so.

"A Work of Real Charity."

Miss Sellers gives high praise to the energy and capacity of the officials who are entrusted with the task of carrying on the work of the committees. They have gone on the principle of gaining the confidence of the working-classes. The result is that if "Russian Temperance Committees are not ideal institutions; they have their faults, of course; still they are undoubtedly doing much useful work, work which will make its influence felt more and more from year to year. For they are not only fighting against intemperance; but they are fighting for civilisation,

for a higher standard of life among the workers, for their social and intellectual development. They are striving, too, so far as in them lies, to introduce purple patches into dull, grey existences, and thus render this world of ours a pleasanter place than it is. And this in itself is a work of real charity. It is a great thing for a nation to have, as Russia has, thousands of men and women banded together for the express purpose of giving a helping hand to the poor, of removing stones from the path of the weak, and rendering life all round better worth living. As I went about among the Moscow workers, and saw them in their great dining-halls, with their well-cooked dinners before them, I often wished that English workers were as well catered for as these Russians are. I often wished, too, when in St. Petersburg, that London had, as that city has, its pleasure resorts for the poor, its people's theatres, nay, even its variety shows, with performing Chinamen and ditty-singing negroes."

But why should we not have them?

How Napoleon Obtained Officers.

In the "Revue de Paris," Mr. Conard gives a most curious account of how the great Napoleon obtained what he himself significantly styled food for cannon. It is a strange fact that, whereas, thanks in a great measure to the conscription which he himself made obligatory, the all-conquering army was always growing in size as regards soldiers, Napoleon found great difficulty in obtaining officers. In vain he reduced their number as far as possible, in vain also he gave commissions to any likely-looking lad who could prove himself capable of reading and writing; there still remained a dearth of officers.

Napoleon, following in this the example of Frederick the Great, created a new military caste; it was his dream to create, as it were, military families, in which every male child should be brought up to be a soldier, every girl to marry into the military world.

Napoleon himself, literally in the midst of war's alarms, found time to entirely organise the great military college of St. Cyr, and also to found a cavalry school more or less reserved to members of the old aristocracy, where, according to his own quaintly worded order, "If well born, the candidates should be examined with indulgence as regards knowledge of arithmetic and geometry."

Officers Against Their Will!

In many cases he actually seized youths of good family and sent them by force to St. Cyr, where they were made French officers against their will! Meanwhile, he enrolled young Frenchmen of good birth and wealth, and sent them to rejoin those regiments stationed in distant countries.

This strange way of recruiting officers answered far better than might have been expected; some of the youths thus compelled to adopt a military vocation turned out very brilliantly. This was specially true of those young men who belonged to the old French nobility, and who had a fighting strain in their blood. Occasionally the Emperor, not content with seizing the boys of a family, arranged marriages for the girls, and many a wealthy heiress was actually compelled to become the wife of a poverty-stricken but deserving officer; here again the fact remains that many of these strangely assorted couples got on exceedingly well, and became the parents of men and women who in time showed themselves enthusiastic adherents of the Second Empire.

Have Ant and Bee More Sense than We?

Lord Avebury contributes one of his "charming studies in animal intelligence to the Christmas number of the "London." It is headed, "Can Insects Reason?" The question really considered is the extent of sense perception possessed by insects. Could they distinguish colours? He tested bees by putting honey on different coloured slips of paper, and after each visit of the bee he shifted the slips from one place to another. The bee that had first filled itself with honey from the blue slip, on its return sought out the same blue slip, though changed in place. By another similar experiment he discovered the preference of the bees for the several colours. He found that the bees had a marked preference for blue, then white, then successively yellow, green, red, and orange.

Their Taste in Colours.

Yet more interesting was his experiment with ants:

"I tried to ascertain whether ants were capable of distinguishing colours. . . . It occurred to me to avail myself of the dislike which ants, when in their nests, have of light. Of course, they have no such dread when they are out in search of food; but if light is let in upon a nest they at once hurry up and down in search of dark shelter, where, no doubt, they think they are again in safety. For facility of observation I used to keep my ants in nests consisting of two plates of glass about ten inches square, and just so far apart as to leave the ants room to move about without touching the upper plate. I then fastened the glasses in a wooden frame, filled up the space with common garden earth, and left a door at one corner. The ants then entered, and excavated chambers and galleries for themselves. I kept them covered up, as they like being in the dark, but by uncovering them at any moment I could see exactly what was passing in the nest. If, for instance, I uncovered any of my nests excepting one part, the ants soon collected there. I then procured some slips of glass of different colours, and placed them over the nest, so that the ants could go under red, green, yellow, or violet glass. I transposed the glasses from time to time, and then counted the ants under each colour. They avoided the violet in the most marked manner. For instance, in one series of twelve observations there were 890 ants under the red glass and only five under the violet, though to our eyes the violet looked as dark as or darker than the red. Evidently the colours affected them differently."

Their Perception of Ultra-Violet Rays.

Not content with this conclusion he wished to ascertain whether ants perceived or felt the rays of light which run beyond our ken—the ultra-violet rays, as they are called. The late Mr. Paul Bert had asserted that animals saw only the same rays as we, no more and no less. This was Lord Avebury's experiment:

"There are some liquids, which, though they are transparent to the visible rays of light, are opaque to those which are beyond the violet—the ultra-violet—rays as they are called. Bicromate of potash, for instance, a yellow liquid, is one of them. Again, bisulphide of carbon is, to our eyes, entirely transparent and colourless. It looks just like water, only a trifle oily, but it has the remarkable property of stopping all ultra-violet rays. I then placed flat bottles containing different coloured fluids over the ants, and in this way I could contract them with another containing bisulphide of carbon. I must not, of course,

occupy your time with the details of all the experiments; I will only allude to one illustration. I uncovered a nest, and over one part I put a layer of water, over another a layer of bisulphide of carbon, and over a third a layer of violet liquid (ammoniosulphate of copper). To our eyes, the ants under the violet liquid were pretty well hidden. On the contrary, the water and the bisulphide of carbon were both quite transparent, and, to our eyes, identical. The ants, we know, would desire to get under the darkest part, and yet, under such circumstances they always went under the layer of bisulphide of carbon. Evidently, then, though it seemed perfectly transparent to us it was not so to them. These experiments, then, clearly demonstrated that they were able to see the ultra-violet rays, which are quite invisible to us."

He tried similar experiments with the daphnias, and with similar results. He concludes that these considerations raise the question how different the world may appear to other animals from what it does to us. Between the 40,000 vibrations per second of the air at which sound ceases to be audible, and the 400 millions of vibrations at which light begins to be visible to our retina, we have no organ of sense capable of receiving the impression, yet between these two any number of sensations may exist.

Rotten Morocco.

In "La Revue" for November 15 Mr. A. J. Dawson writes a very interesting paper, entitled "The Unfortunate Subjects of a Sultan." Morocco, according to Mr. Dawson, is entirely rotten. From the occupant of the throne down to the poorest beggar, everyone sells what ought not to be sold, and everyone deceives at every step. The police are called *assassins*, and seem to be assassins in verity; the administration of the law is merely a great system of thieving. When a culprit or an innocent man is sentenced to imprisonment, the term of his incarceration is never stated, it depending entirely upon the monetary satisfaction he can give to his persecutors. Unless it is shown that the prisoner has absolutely no friends, the authorities allow him no food. A rich man, whatever his reputation for goodness, is sooner or later sure to be thrown into prison.

No concealment whatever is made of the sale and purchase of justice. Mr. Dawson cites one case which he can vouch for of a Moor of Tangier, named Mahomet, complaining against another Moor, named Kassim. When Mahomet's case came on, he openly deposited a present before the magistrate. Kassim made no reply to his enemy's complaint, and was sent off to prison to receive two hundred blows. Shortly afterwards Kassim's uncle arrived, and handed the judge fifty francs. The accused was brought into court for fresh trial. "Why," began the magistrate, "did you not tell me that you had not struck Mahomet?" "Why should I have explained about such a brute?" began the prisoner; "the correction I inflicted upon him. . . ." Whereupon the judge refused to listen, and dismissed the case. When the complainant came forward he was sent out of court, with a threat of flogging.

Bad as things are in Morocco, Mr. Dawson does not think that the natives would appreciate European justice. They are intensely anti-Christian, and "The knife for the Jew, the hook for the Christian" seems to express better than anything else the sentiments of the whole people.

Imperial Progress in South Africa.

(1) The Roman Aims of Josephus Africanus.

The Imperial Progress of Mr. Chamberlain through his loyal dominions, which began in the luxury of a "Royal train," and will culminate in the squalor of a Transvaal Concentration Camp, is naturally taken very seriously by his trusty subjects. If "Diplomaticus," who occupies the first place in the new "Fortnightly Review," were a humorous writer, he might possibly have made his disquisitions on this subject more enlightening; as it is, he is overwhelmingly serious, and, to tell the truth, a little dull. Three years ago, when the South African War broke out, "Diplomaticus" summed up the matter by telling us that, though our case was an excellent one, Mr. Chamberlain had muddled it atrociously, and put us altogether in the wrong. "Diplomaticus" has changed his mind. He is now convinced that while Mr. Chamberlain has failed in many of his Imperial schemes, the reason is that the circumstances were difficult for him, though his handling of them was perfect.

"Diplomaticus" believes in Mr. Chamberlain now. He is the "Mahdi of the Pan-Britannic gospel"; his aims are Roman. If he failed in his Colonial Conference, that is not his fault; and his attempts constitute an unfinished monument of splendid audacity. "Diplomaticus," however, insists that Mr. Chamberlain's great opportunity has now come. It lies in South Africa, and he is equal to it. He will bring to the solution of the question lofty ideals, indomitable courage, a spirit of scrupulous fairness, and an unrivalled talent for administration. That he will succeed may, in spite of "Diplomaticus," be doubted, for "Diplomaticus" goes on to inform us that circumstances now, as ever, are fighting against Mr. Chamberlain:

"His aim in South Africa was, I believe, worthy of him and of the best inspirations of his statesmanship. His reward has been of the cruellest. He neither sought nor expected war, and if he hoped to realise Lord Carnarvon's project of South African unity, he did not imagine that he would have to build on the foundation of a devastated, distracted, and disaffected country."

(2) The Disloyalty of "Loyalists."

The "Cornhill Magazine" for December publishes an appeal for the Cape loyalists by Miss Anna Howarth, who writes under the date October 13. It appears that "actually the rebels are in a better position than the loyalists." Englishmen who fought for their Empire are ruined, while many Dutchmen who went on commando returned to property safely kept for them by their friends. The lady declares that she has had no opportunity of observing the alleged race-hatred. The temper of the loyalists may be inferred from the exclamation that "the behaviour of Englishmen at home appears to be generosity gone mad." "The motto of England is 'Equal rights for all,' but just now and just here it seems to be 'More rights for rebels than for loyal men.'"

The Japanese General Election

The "Anglo-Japanese Gazette" for November 15 publishes an interesting illustrated paper, by Mr. Alfred Stead, describing the result of the recent General Election. The Election, which took place this autumn, is the first that has been held under

the new electoral law of 1900, which extended the suffrage and redistributed the constituencies, and introduced voting by ballot. It would seem, from the reports that have reached England, that the new law has been very successful in preventing bribery, corruption, and intimidation. The system of voting by ballot is very like that which prevails in Great Britain. It is difficult to explain the result precisely of the vote, because in Japan no party Government exists. The Lower House consists of 376 members, of whom 170 are followers of Marquis Ito. The Progressive secure about 120 seats, and the remainder, between 80 and 90, are split up in various groups. Marquis Ito, although his followers constitute much the largest section of the Chamber, has no intention at present of taking office. The Katsura Cabinet will continue in office as long as they acknowledge the confidence of the Emperor. The article contains a copy of the address, in which Marquis Ito pledges himself to encourage and promote education, and to foster the personal character of the people, to strengthen the economic basis of national life by encouraging agricultural and industrial enterprises, by promoting navigation and commerce, and by completing the various means of communication. He also pledges himself to complete the defences of the country, and cultivate good relations with the Treaty Powers, and generally to improve the administration, and to guard against any return to the old evils and abuses. His formula in his manifesto, issued on the eve of the elections, takes as its watchword, "Peace with honour abroad, progress with honour at home."

Our Wastrel War Office.

The Scandal of the Meat Contracts.

Mr. Ernest E. Williams, author of "Made in Germany," begins in the Christmas number of the "Windsor Magazine" a series of articles on the waste of public money involved in "the methods of unbusiness-like officialdom." This waste was, he says, winked at in the days of large surpluses and continually reduced taxation. Now the increased expenditure needed for the Army and Navy and education, and for social purposes like Old Age Pensions, makes scrutiny and economy necessary. Mr. Williams inveighs against the Government for refusing to make tenders and contracts public. But the main point of attack is the waste of money on meat during the South African war. He quotes Mr. Whitley to the effect that "the country has received only fifty millions of value out of the one hundred millions spent on supplies for the army in South Africa, the other fifty millions having gone into the pockets of the contractors." Under the first contract, which lasted for a year and a half, the Government paid 10d. to 11d. per pound for meat. The second contract ran at 7d. per pound, and when meat was easily procurable at 3d. to 3½d. per pound. The Government took no notice of the tenders from the New Zealand Government, which named a price about one-half of the second contract:

"In January last the Agent-General for New South Wales complained that he had been unable to obtain from the War Office any information as to tenders for the new contract, the War Office not even replying to his letters, though his Government had requested him to place two tenders before the War Office, one of which offered to supply 3,000 tons of

frozen beef and mutton per month at 4d. per pound, the other offering to supply them at 3½d. per pound."

Exorbitant Profits.

Meantime, the company in question is alleged to have made four and a half millions profit under the first contract, and one and a half millions under the second—even as their contract ran, at 5½d. per pound for frozen meat. This price included distribution, whereas the 4d. per pound from New Zealand was for delivery to port only. Mr. Williams argues that 1½d. per pound was an extravagant price to pay for distribution.

The Government seems to have been very generous to its contractors:

"As if the contract price for meat were not high enough, the Government put even more money into the pockets of the contractors by its arrangement for selling captured cattle in South Africa to the contractors, who resold it to the troops at an exceedingly handsome profit, the price paid by the contractors being 8d. per pound, and that charged by them when they resold to the Army being 1½d. per pound."

Mr. Williams concludes that "the War Office has acted throughout in the most unbusinesslike way, has proceeded upon methods which would have landed any private firm in bankruptcy, and has wasted millions of public money at a time when the country was being heavily taxed to support almost unparalleled war charges."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

One of the most famous women in the United States died on October 26 this year. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton passed away at the age of eighty-seven. Ida H. Harper contributes to the "American Review of Reviews" a very interesting character sketch, in which she pays a glowing tribute to the life and labours of her deceased friend. Mrs. Stanton has, for the last half century, stood in the forefront of the women's movement in America. She was born a rebel and reformer, and dedicated her life to a struggle for the liberty of her sex. She was fortunate in her marriage, and, although she had a large family, she never was so absorbed in domestic affairs that she was unable to take a leading share in public work. Her appearance was pleasing, her voice rich and musical, and she wielded a ready pen down to almost the last moment of her life. The month in which she died she published in the "New York Journal" a contribution to the Symposium that was published in that paper for the reform of divorce laws.

Birth of the "Women's Rights Convention."

In 1840, when she was twenty-five years of age, she attended, together with her husband, the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London, and the scandalous treatment accorded to Lucretia Mot and other women delegates brought home to her very vividly the abject position to which women had been reduced. In 1848, eight years afterwards, when in a very tempest-tossed condition of mind, she received an invitation from Lucretia Mot to meet some Quakers who were attending the yearly meeting in Waterloo. To them she poured out the torrent of her long accumulated discontent, with such vehemence that she stirred the little company to do and dare anything. They decided to summon a "Women's Rights Convention." The Women's Rights Convention, which

met in Seneca Falls in July, 1848, formulated the entire programme of the women's movement, to the promotion of which Mrs. Stanton dedicated the rest of her life. She often said afterwards that with all her courage, if she could have had the slightest premonition of the storm of ridicule and denunciation, she never would have dared commence.

Her Chief Comrade.

Three years later she met Susan B. Anthony, five years younger than herself, who was electric with the spirit of reform, and free to go and come at will. Before a year was passed they had formed a working partnership, which lasted till the end. "Mrs. Stanton," says Miss Anthony, "had no intellectual superior among women, few among men, but she reared seven children to maturity, she was a devoted mother and splendid housekeeper." Miss Anthony was not a writer, but as a worker, a planner, a campaigner she never has been equalled by any woman. Miss Anthony exercised over Mrs. Stanton an extraordinary ascendancy, and from 1870 to 1885 both women were almost continuously on the platform.

Effects—in Law—

The effect of their work has been to secure a gradual reformation of the law relating to women in many States of the Union. In three-quarters of the American States a wife is now allowed to order and control her separate property, and in nearly all she may dispose of it at will. In the great majority she may make contracts, bring and amend suits, act as administrator, and testify in the Courts. In nine of the States mothers have now an equal guardianship of their children with the fathers. In all but eight of the States divorce is permitted on the grounds of habitual drunkenness.

—and in Education.

In 1848 all colleges were closed against women in America, and there was not even a high school open to girls. To-day they are admitted to every college in the United States and to every State University except three—those of Virginia, Georgia and Louisiana. In the United States there are three and three-quarter millions of women now engaged in employments outside all domestic labours. In securing these reformations Mrs. Stanton took a leading part. Indeed, the story of her life is largely the story of the progress of women in the United States.

The King at Home.

How Edward VII. Spends His Day.

In the "Pall Mall Magazine" for December Mr. Ernest M. Jessop writes the best article we have ever seen on the subject of the King's life at Sandringham. It has been written by special permission, it is copiously illustrated with photographs, and it may be regarded as an authentic picture of King Edward as seen by the author in his best moments. The writer gives the following account of the way in which the King spends his day.

His Morning.

The King and the Queen each breakfast alone and early. Immediately after breakfast His Majesty attends to the business of State which is brought before him in shipshape form by his secretary, Lord Knollys. After the affairs of State are disposed of, he attends to the business of the various departments of the

Sandringham estate, which is 10,000 acres in extent, and of this the King farms 2,000 acres. Of all the hundreds employed on the estate, Mr. Jessop says the King knows every face and everyone's business. A martinet as regards order and duty, he is yet always ready to listen to any case of distress or hardship and to the woes of the lowliest labourer. When he is through with Sir Dighton Probyn or Mr. Beck, the agent of the estate, he usually joins the children for a stroll round the stables.

His Afternoon.

At half-past one the King and Queen join their guests at luncheon. If there is a shooting party, it starts at ten and ends at four, and hot luncheon is served at one, in a tent, where the shooting party is joined by the Queen, the Princesses and their lady guests. At these shooting luncheons Irish stew is a standard dish for hosts and retainers. The King seldom rides his shooting pony; he walks with the guns the whole day, which, as Mr. Jessop says, is no light feat for anyone of the King's age, who weighs well over fifteen stone. After luncheon the Queen and the other ladies usually follow the guns for the remaining two hours. The King does not care much for big drives—he likes better to stroll through coverts with only a retriever and a couple of attendants than to take part in a great massacre of pheasants.

His Evening.

In the evening, dinner is served at eight, and usually takes two hours to finish, an allowance which must include at least an hour spent after dinner over the walnuts and the wine. Mr. Jessop gives a very pleasant account of the way in which the King lives and moves among his tenants and servants on the estate. The isolation hospital was set apart during the war for the accommodation of colonial officers who were invalided from South Africa. Canadians who were at Babingay appear to have had a right royal time, with as much reading, driving, golfing, and fishing as they pleased.

As Squire.

On the Sandringham estate boys and girls are educated together. There are no fees and no grants; the school is maintained by the King. Not a girl leaves the school without a thorough training to suit her for domestic life. Mr. Jessop is rather given to the use of superlatives, as may be seen from the following notations. His Majesty has probably done more than any other man by precept, example and experiment to improve the position of the British agriculturist. His workmen are better paid, and live in better homes, than those of any gentleman-farmer. His stock is of the best and the most productive. The surroundings are immaculate. The King is the hardest-working man in his dominions. At the Coronation 140 of the old servants of the estate were taken to Buckingham Palace by special train from Wolverton to see the procession.

As Sportsman.

The King has from one hundred to one hundred and eighty Shire horses. Mr. Jessop is enthusiastic over the clubs which the King has founded for the workmen on the estate, where one pint of beer per day only is supplied to any one person; no wine or spirits may be drunk on the premises, but smoking is allowed at all times and everywhere. All the game shot on the estate is given away, hospitals sharing first, and then the King's personal friends, followed by the tenants, railway officials, police, and the labourers. The Queen

takes great interest in pet bantams, of which she has a great variety; some of these, the white-tail Japanese bantams, require their tails specially combed before they are sent to be exhibited. The King owns sixty racing pigeons, and the Prince of Wales forty. The two Derby winners, Diamond Jubilee and Persimmon, are expected to earn £200,000 before they die. In the kennels there are from sixty to seventy dogs of widely different breeds, but there never seems to be one of a surly or dangerous disposition. At the back of the kennels are neat little tombstones to the memory of departed dogs. Of dogs not kept in the house the King prides himself most on the smooth-haired bassets and the liver-and-white spaniels. A new wing is being built on to Sandringham for the accommodation of servants; the place is fitted with gas, with the exception of the Queen's own suite of rooms, which the King fitted up with electric light.

Mr. Bryce on the Powers of the Crown.

The Christmas number of the "Windsor Magazine" contains a disquisition by Mr. James Bryce, M.P., on the powers of the Crown in England as exercised down to the beginning of the present reign. He regards Queen Victoria's reign as the time in which the principles of the Constitution first became firmly settled in practice and definitely accepted by all sections and parties in the State. After tracing the gradual transformation of the royal power from almost absolute authority to the Reform Act of 1832, Mr. Bryce observes that the power which at Queen Victoria's accession remained in the hands of the Sovereign, considered as an individual person, may to-day be described as being of the nature rather of influence than of legal power. He points out that the personal preferences of the Crown may count in the choice of the particular person who is first invited to become Prime Minister at a Ministerial crisis, and in the choice between two possible holders of subordinate Ministerial offices. There are two questions raised by Mr. Bryce. He says:

"There are some students of the Constitution who have argued that when the Crown is convinced that Ministers do not possess the confidence of the nation (which, of course, implies that the House of Commons, in continuing to support them, does not possess that confidence), it may of its own motion dismiss its Ministers and commission some statesman to form a new Administration. It would, of course, be necessary that in taking such a course the Crown should have first of all requested Ministers to dissolve Parliament, and that it should feel sure that a man could be found who would be able to form a strong Administration."

Mr. Bryce observes "that the power (if still existing) has not been exercised for a very long time; and that it would be imprudent for the Crown to exercise it unless in a very exceptional case, where it was perfectly clear that the House of Commons had ceased to represent the real sentiment of the people, and that Ministers were, in fact, disregarding the popular will. This is a highly improbable contingency."

The second question which he puts is:

"Is it consistent with the established use and practice of the Government of England for the Crown to refuse to its Ministers permission to dissolve Parliament when they ask for such permission? Suppose that a Ministry which has been defeated in the House of Commons believes that a general election would give it a majority. Ought the Crown, as a matter of course, to assent to a dissolution?"

He answers that "nothing but the subsequent approval of a considerable majority of the nation could justify what would be, *prima facie*, an unusual stretching of the functions of the Crown as they have been understood for many years past." Mr. Bryce thinks that the monarch may be especially useful as an adviser in family affairs through his family connections with other crowned heads. As regards the appointment to posts in the public service, he says the army and navy are by long tradition a little more closely connected with the Crown than is the civil service, and the Crown has a large share in the selection of Bishops.

The Bishop of London.

Mr. Harold Begbie begins his series of papers in the "Pall Mall Gazette" under the title of "Master Workers." His first subject is the Bishop of London. Mr. Begbie spreads himself considerably in discoursing concerning the eminent varieties of the episcopal hero. We read it with fear and trembling, hardly daring to look at the obituary column of the next morning's paper, for if Dr. Ingram is all that Mr. Begbie says, he may be dematerialised at any moment, like Elijah or Enoch, who were the saints and worthies of old time who, being too good for this world, mysteriously disappeared into the sky.

A—Very—Modern Saint.

Mr. Begbie says that the Bishop is universally popular—he is a force, he is an energy, he is a power, he is a genuine worker, he is a man in the midst of the battle ever where the blows fall thickest, never a spectator to the world of London. He is a true man fighting for righteousness, for justice and truth. Mr. Begbie even goes as far as to say that few will question his extraordinary influence on the development of the world. This is not surprising, for, as Mr. Begbie says, the Bishop has come to stand as a figure typical of the religious reformer, a sort of Christian Labourite.

At the back of it there is a faith superbly simple that never wavers, never fails, never is cast down. It is the faith of the little child, so beautiful and tender that it can touch no life, however jaded, however cynical, without imparting something of the glow and fervour which won Christianity its first battlefields. He is so real, his God is so real, that one thinks of him only as one of life's big realities; he is own brother to St. Francis.

His Chief Characteristics.

The note of his character is glowing joyousness. He once said, "I enjoy every minute." He has eternal youth, he is early Christian cheerfulness incarnate, his gospel of labour is a gospel of "worth while," everything to him is worth while. He plays at lawn tennis for half an hour's exercise, and, according to Mr. Begbie, is a very skilful player. According to one who knows him well, he is a most annoying man to play with. He has no really deadly stroke, but the ball always comes back. Even the problem of pain does not grieve him, for when he once realised that there is a purpose as well as a problem of pain, and when his mind found God's attitude toward creation in the words, "He shall sit as a refiner of silver," all the paralysis of depression forsook him. The only thing that really distresses him is the dissension among churchmen themselves.

A Full Day.

The Bishop is beloved by the whole East End, from which it may be inferred that Mr. Begbie, to use vulgar

parlance, lays it on somewhat thickly. The following narrative does something to justify part of what he says. "Among the duties that he loves, the Bishop numbers the visits that he pays to his parish priests. Slowly he is making the round of his huge diocese, standing side by side with the parson on the little piece of London for which he is personally responsible. Rising at half-past seven in the morning, the Bishop, after prayers, sets about his letters, then receives visitors who come for advice or help, then perhaps attends one of his innumerable boards; and after lunch, when he has stolen half an hour for physical exercise, away he flies to London House for interviews, afterwards to preside over a meeting, then, perhaps, to attend at the House of Lords; and, after a hasty dinner, his carriage whirls him away to a service in some outlying parish, which is followed by a reception. It is here that he meets the vicar and his wife, chats with the parish workers, and preaches his little gospel of 'worth while.' It is a common occurrence for this man of enduring nerves to leave Fulham at eleven in the morning, and to return again at eleven in the evening. And he enjoys every minute of his work."

A Chat about Chamberlain.

Some traits of Mr. Chamberlain are described in "Pearson's" by Miss Marris. She tells us that he built Highbury in 1880, and that it was named after his old home in London. She notes that his custom of wearing an orchid is not invariable. Twice he wore another flower; once when he explained in the House his reason for leaving Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, and on the occasion when he married Miss Endicott. On both occasions he wore a bunch of violets. On the second, the flowers were given him by his bride. Two orchids reach London every day from Highbury while Mr. Chamberlain is in town. We learn, too, that Thackeray is, perhaps, his favourite novelist, though he is also an admirer of Dickens. Social Democrats will be interested to know that as a young man the works of the Continental philosophers and Socialists—Rousseau, Comte, Karl Marx—were much studied by him. "In his young days the Colonial Secretary was a great dancer, and was much in request as an amateur actor, sometimes taking a part in small pieces of his own." Miss Marris objects to the idea that her hero takes no exercise and no recreation, "though he has no taste for games, he has very distinct recreations and relaxations. He is a frequent visitor to the theatre when time will allow of it."

This is one way in which he keeps Christmas:

"For many years Mr. Chamberlain added at Christmas time to his servants' savings as much as they had laid by during the year. He has, as his efforts in the direction of old age pensions show, a strong desire to encourage thrift. And each Christmas he still adds a bonus to the savings of both indoor and outdoor servants."

We hear that Mr. Austen Chamberlain's hobby is a small dairy farm, which supplies not only Highbury, but many of the people of Moseley.

The other son, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, is chiefly occupied with business in Birmingham, but takes interest in the commercial faculty of the Birmingham University.

Arthur Conan Doyle, writing on his favorite novelist and his best book, gives the palm to Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth."

The French Havelock-Gordon.

The "Gentleman's Magazine" for December contains the third and last instalment of E. Perronet Thompson's sketch of General de Sonis. It tells of his heroic struggle against the disablement caused by his wounds. He maintained his reputation as a first-class cavalry officer though he had lost one leg and had broken the other, and had to be lifted into his saddle, wooden leg and all. He suffered intensely from these disablements, but submitted himself to the will of God. He went on a pious pilgrimage to Lourdes, and, as the writer observes, if ever a man ought to have been faith-healed, it was he. He felt almost sure he should be cured. He did not receive the cure, but attained "a perfect and blissful submission to the adorable Will."

His Great Renunciation.

But his chief trial came when a Secularist Government succeeded Marshal MacMahon in 1879. The notorious "Ferry Decrees" for the expulsion of religious orders were being carried out all over the country. After a brilliant display of his powers in the autumn manoeuvres, De Sonis learned that his troops had been ordered to hold themselves in readiness for the execution of these "Satanic" decrees. Perceiving the inevitable, De Sonis resigned his commission. "I have counted the cost," he said, "and I am ready to appear before a court martial." He had sacrificed his career; he had given up his livelihood. He went home to tell his wife and children that henceforth they must "espouse holy poverty." He explained to his like-minded comrades "when a soldier receives an order to act contrary to God's will, he must reply, 'Relieve me from your command, for I cannot disobey God. Disgrace me, slay me if you will, but I cannot do otherwise.' That moment came for me." His troops had meantime been used to break open the doors of the Redemptorist Fathers. To save him from starvation an old naval friend, now a Benedictine, sent him a donation.

A Life of "Honour and Sacrifice."

Two years later he was appointed as cavalry inspector general, and in 1883 he retired on full pension. In his last illness he insisted on being carried to the death-bed of two fellow-generals, neither of whom was a pious character, to prepare them for the end. He died in August, 1887. General de Charette said, "All his life can be summed up in two words, Honour and Sacrifice." The writer concludes:

"Setting miracle apart, it is marvel enough that a French officer of the Second Empire should have talked and written so like a Captain Hedley Vicars (that Evangelical worthy of Crimean days); that this same man should have interchanged and combined the roles of active fighter and passive sufferer; that, himself a physical wreck, he should have borne his part in the restoration of a wrecked army; and that he, a layman—a soldier living on his pay, without personal ambition, without political influence, without even the *éclat* of a striking conversation (Sonis is one of the few saints who have absolutely no past)—should, by his sanctity alone, have set on foot a great religious movement. Who, asks an English Roman Catholic magazine, ever saw a Sacred Heart or a Lourdes image before 1870? . . . So say we, let every creed and no creed study, either in the original, dedicated to Messieurs the French officers, or in the translation dedicated to General Lord Ralph Kerr and his English military co-religionists, this happy compound of "hussar gaiety and Carmelite fervour, brilliant horsemanship and

monastic asceticism, firmness in command, and suavity in daily intercourse," and all this, modifying into, or blending with, the character of the patient sufferer, who "could not be irritated, save by an insult to his God."

The Balzac of Journalism.

The Exploits of Sir Edward Russell.

Mr. John Macleay contributes a very interesting interview with Sir Edward Russell to the "Young Man." Like everybody else who knows the editor of the "Liverpool Daily Post," the writer falls under the spell of his genial interlocutor. Sir Edward has edited the "Post" for over thirty years, and has been associated with it since 1860. He well remembers the time when all American news came by boat. He remarks that after the Crimean War the Press, like the country, became markedly less moralistic than from 1840 to 1856. But the most interesting portion of the articles are the autobiographical. Sir Edward says that his average output nowadays is between eight and twelve columns in a week. For four years when he was on the "Morning Post" he made £1,100 a year, rarely more than a guinea a column. The interviewer reckons that this works out at about three columns a day, or thirty thousand words a week. The ordinary modern novel contains about sixty thousand words. Sir Edward Russell is computed to have written about eighty novels.

A Curious Sidelight on Matthew Arnold's Death.

A curious reminiscence links the death of Matthew Arnold with one of Sir Edward's greatest feats of speed:

"One of the quickest bits of work I have done was when Matthew Arnold died. We were staying at Southport at the time, and my wife had just undergone an operation, and I knew she would be anxious if I did not return that night, and the latest train back was at about nine. It was Sunday, and there was no telegraph. I reached Liverpool about six o'clock, and on arriving at the office was at once told by the sub-editor that Mr. Cropper, Matthew Arnold's brother-in-law, wished most particularly to see me at the North Western Hotel. I went up there, and Mrs. Cropper told me that her brother was dead, and that it would be in accordance with her and her husband's wishes if I had the intelligence exclusively for the "Post," as Matthew Arnold, an idol of mine, had been very kind to me. I hurried back to the office, and while I was waiting for the arrival of my secretary I made jottings of a number of books I should require, and looked up an article I had written on Matthew Arnold some time before. When my secretary arrived I sent him to my house for the books, and, while he was gone, I continued the work of setting my material in order and began to write. It was not until about half-past seven that I got fairly to work, but, by dint of dictating to my secretary and writing myself, I got through a biographical article of a column and a half in length and a leader of two columns, and caught my train back to Southport a few minutes after nine. Before leaving the office I put my work into the hands of the sub-editor with strict injunctions that nothing was to be said of it and that it was not to be given out to the compositors till half-past twelve, when there was no chance of the news getting abroad."

That the sister of Matthew Arnold could have thought of giving one paper exclusive information of

her brother's death on the day on which it occurred is a strange incident in sudden bereavement.

Sir Edward thinks that the University may have a spell, but rests his faith on the School Board type of education. "It gives the pupil a good grounding, and in the higher stages offers a finish of general culture which is almost essential nowadays." He holds modern history to be the most useful study for the young journalist.

A French View of Oliver Cromwell.

To the second November number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" M. Filon contributes an article which is evidently intended to be a smashing blow at what he would no doubt himself describe as the Cromwell legend. This little country gentleman overturned a dynasty, refused a crown, and went near to creating a dynasty of his own. Yet M. Filon says that Cromwell after his death had an even stranger fortune than in his lifetime. He had hardly been buried when a waxen image of him was set up at Somerset House. It was dressed in purple, and held a sceptre in its hand, representing Oliver on the day of his second enthronement as Lord Protector; but, in addition, the figure bore upon its head that Royal crown which Cromwell himself had never dared to put there. For several weeks this strange figure received the homage of the multitude, who passed in single file before it. Less than two years afterwards the body of the Protector, snatched from that tomb in which it had slept in the midst of kings, was hung ignominiously from a gibbet, after which the head, separated from the trunk by the axe of the executioner, was stuck up above the door of Parliament. For two centuries the memory of Cromwell continued to be both venerated and accursed, and what astonishes M. Filon is to see this strong man who despised Parliaments, this destroyer of liberty, being accorded the special veneration of those who have the strongest faith in Parliaments and in liberty. M. Filon is dissatisfied with Mr. Morley's study of Cromwell. Every page, he says, declares that Oliver was sincere, and yet every page proves that he lied; every page assures us that he was a man of genius, and at the same time proves to us that he lacked intelligence, and yet Oliver "was an Englishman all over." Cromwell represented the Puritanism which seemed to vanish after it had failed in its endeavour to establish a theocratic society; but M. Filon considers that it did not really vanish, but that only the name has been changed. The whole nation is descended from those Puritans, with the difference that "the people of God" has become "the superior race," which issues its orders no longer in the name of Christ, but in that of Darwin. M. Filon even denies Cromwell the epithet "great," and though he allows him personal bravery, he prefers to attribute his military successes rather to the mistakes of his adversaries than to any strategic or tactical ability of his own. As for his diplomacy, M. Filon declares that England, at the moment when Cromwell undertook the direction of her foreign policy, had two great interests—the first of which would have led her to check the ambition of France, and the second to destroy the sea-power of the Dutch. What Cromwell did was to make peace with Holland, and to make an alliance with France against Spain. In fact, M. Filon regards Cromwell as the precursor of the Imperialist movement, and absolutely as an obstacle in the path of progress—a man to be numbered among those whom Comte considered to have "put back the clock" of humanity.

Mr. Chamberlain.

The Mahdi of Pan-Britonism.

"Diplomaticus" contributes to the "Fortnightly Review" an article on Mr. Chamberlain under the title of "The Greatest Colonial Minister." "Diplomaticus" says that Mr. Chamberlain is the first Colonial Minister who has ever had a chance to be great, and his demonstration has been characterised by a great failure. He has been seven years in the Colonial Office, and he has failed to realise the great ambition of his life, which was to establish an Imperial Federation by means of commercial union. "Diplomaticus" says that in 1895 Mr. Chamberlain believed that the hour of synthetic Imperialism had struck, and that the circumstances justified him in thinking that he was the appointed Mahdi of the Pan-Britannic gospel. His grandiose plan has failed; the Imperial Federation by means of commercial union seems further off to-day than when it was only talked of as a pious aspiration. The first blow to Mr. Chamberlain was the result of the inquiry which he instituted into the state of trade between the United Kingdom and the Colonies; it turned out that our loss of trade in the colonies was not due to causes that could be remedied by a Customs Union. On the top of this blow came the second, which proved, in the failure of the Canadian Preferential Tariff, to divert the Canadian trade to British channels. The third blow was the report given in 1899, when the Treasury reported that any attempt to give tariff preferences to the colonies would be dangerous to the Empire, and produce disastrous consequences at home. Thus it is that Mr. Chamberlain's scheme came to nothing. But "Diplomaticus" consoles him by saying that though he has not scaled the heavens, in his effort to do so he has hit the tops of very lofty trees. His colonial administration has been essentially Roman, and he has largely worked with roads and railways. Even "Diplomaticus," however, shrinks from applauding his Sugar Bounty policy, by which the British consumers must pay eight millions a year more for sugar in order that the West India planter may profit to the extent of £175,000 a year. "Diplomaticus" concludes his article by expressing the hope that Mr. Chamberlain may be spared to crown his well-filled life with the gift to the Empire he loves of a prosperous, contented South Africa.

The Origin of Railway Signalling.

Adam Smith has immortalised the idle boy whose desire to play with his fellows, instead of minding his engine, led to the discovery of the eccentric rod. A parallel to this is adduced by Miss Gertrude Bacon, in one of her valuable papers on the Servants of the Public in the "Leisure Hour." She traces the origin of our present system of railway signalling from the candle burning in the station window on the Stockton and Darlington line onwards:

"It is said that the idea of working semaphores from a distance first originated in the contrivance of a lazy or, perhaps, over-worked Irish porter on the London and North-Western, who, having two signals at some distance apart under his charge, conceived the happy notion of counter-weighting the handle of one, and so connecting it with a clothes-line that he could manage to work it from the other. An inspector, seeing the ingenious device, and noting its possibilities, took the matter up and enlarged upon it, with a result that signal-cabins and levers contained therein were presently established throughout all the lines."

Night Thoughts in the Abbey.

It is a noble poem with which Mrs. Woods opens the "Cornhill Magazine" for December under the title "The Builders; A Nocturne in Westminster Abbey." After the doggerel done into lengths of official rhymesters, it is refreshing to come on a real voice of the soul of England. The poetess begins:

"On what dost thou dream, solitary all the night long.
Immense, dark, alone, shrine of a world? . . .
And thou hearest
Sweep around thy silent shores for ever
The dim roar of London."

She contrasts the calm moonlight that looks down on the ruins of the ancient East with "the fiery cloud, the intense atmosphere of ardent life," which shadows the Abbey by night. Those who have loitered after evensong in the winter time will recognise the truth of this description of the "grey isle of God." Daringly the poetess addresses the blind ghosts of the builders, and comforts them for the vanished—

"Silver Thames broadening among green meadows
And gardens green"—

and—

"Sudden shimmer of streams,

And the clear, mild blue hills,

by assuring them that ever the Abbey stands so high—

"The whole earth under
Spreads boundless and the illimitable sea."

The poetess glances at the vast stretches of the Empire that look to the Abbey as home. Then the passing footfall of a watcher in the shrine diverts her thought from the Abbey builders to the Empire builders who lie buried below—the explorers, the takers of wilderness and of wilder peoples, the conquerors of sea and shore—

"And I in a vision beheld how mightier sleepers,
The famous English dead, stirred in their sleep,
The Makers of old, the men who greatly builded,
Who made things to be, who builded empire."

Then she hears a rumour of feet, the feet of sons of fate, the denizens of our world empire met in the historic fane to crown their latest king.

"Whence came the pilgrim feet?

Over salt seas, through fire and the shadow of death.

"Loosely marching, brown in their battle-worn dress,
The pilgrims passed through the languid August town,
Came with new vows, with offerings unforeknown
Of young eventful time, by roads how new
Drawn to the ancient doors, the ancestral shrine.

"The splendid Future is theirs, but they are not content,
They have said to the glorious past, 'Thou, too,
shalt be ours.'"

So linking past and future, the prophetess exclaims:

"The dead are sleeping.

They have fought the good fight, they have finished
their course,
To us the inheritance, to us the labour,
To us the heroic, perilous, hard essay,
New thoughts, new regions, unattempted things.
Not in the footsteps of old generations
Our feet may tread; but high compelling spirits,
Ineluctable laws point the untrodden way
Precipitous, draw to the uncharted sea."

Among the many bards whose lyres have been touched by the awe of our Christian Valhalla it may be questioned whether any have uttered the silent music of the ancient pile as it is sounded in these closing lines:

"Thou, in the one communion of thy bosom,
Gatherest the centuries, their brooding silence
Informs thy dark, a live incessant voice,
London about thee clamours ephemeral things.

And thou listenest to hear

Its hidden undertone, thou art ever listening
To the deep tides of the world under all the seas
Drawing to thee, and the slow feet of fate."

Are the Americans Dying Out?

Mr. Weston, writing in the "Nineteenth Century" on the weak spot in the American Republic, calls attention to the fact that the native-born citizens of the United States are ceasing to increase, and that the result of the diminished birthrate is only concealed by the influx of foreign immigrants, who are coming more and more from Southern and Eastern Europe. Many of the figures which he gives are very striking. The first generation of Americans after the colonisation of New England had families of ten to twelve, the second, the third and fourth generations had families of six and seven, the fifth families of four and five, the sixth families of three and less. The result is that 275 years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the stronghold of Puritanism is not upheld by the ever-declining American, but by the Irish, German, and French Canadians. If the birth-rate had kept up at its earlier rate, and there had been no foreign immigration at all, there would have been 100,000,000 people in the United States to-day; there are only 76,000,000, even when all the negroes and foreign immigrants are included. Of these 76,000,000 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions are foreigners, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions are born of foreign parents. But Mr. Weston fears this process will go on; its result will become all the more conspicuous by the fact that the foreign immigrants are now coming from Italy, Austro-Hungary, and Russia. The following table of statistics of emigrants brings out this fact in very striking form:

Year.	British Isles.	Germany.	Scandinavia.	Italy.	Russia.	Austria-Hungary.	Roumania.
1881	153,718	210,483	73,597	15,401	10,655	27,735	—
1886	112,584	84,403	48,005	21,315	21,739	28,680	—
1891	122,085	92,247	41,002	51,799	43,880	56,199	517
1896	64,827	31,185	30,062	68,060	45,828	65,103	785
1901	48,237	18,507	28,225	100,135	90,789	114,847	6,459
1902	45,273	28,304	48,378	178,372	107,347	171,989	7,196

Add to this the fact that for the first time in the history of the United States their own people are emigrating. An increasing number of Americans every year are migrating northward, and settling in the Canadian dominion. The tide of Canadian migration into the United States seems to have dried up. Mr. Weston thinks that what the United States was to Great Britain in the nineteenth century, Canada will be in the twentieth.

A Wonderful Escape from a Fortress.

To the second November number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" General Zurlinden, whose name will be remembered as an ex-Minister of War, contributes some interesting reminiscences of his captivity in that fatal year of 1870. He was a captain in the Artillery when the capitulation of October 28 was announced to the army of Metz. Captain Zurlinden and his brother officers were sent the following day to Nancy, where they had the inexpressible mortification of being insulted by their own countrymen and country-women, who threw stones at them. General de Berckheim, one of the best officers in the French Army, narrowly escaped serious injury. Ultimately Captain Zurlinden was sent to Wiesbaden with General de Berckheim, whose aide-de-camp he was.

As time went on and news came of his relations and friends in the field, this enforced inaction became intolerable to the young Captain. He began by giving notice to the German General in command that he withdrew his parole, and after four-and-twenty hours he would consider himself free to rejoin the French army. After dinner, accordingly, he packed a few things in a valise, but before he could get away he was arrested and conveyed to the fortress of Mayence. Captain Zurlinden was later on sent to the fortress of Glogau, in Silesia, where he found a number of other French officers. He seems to have been the only one who could speak German, and he decided to escape from the fortress, it being useless for any of the others to attempt to cross Germany without knowing the language. Marvellous to relate, he escaped out of the fortress, thanks to the laxity of a gaoler who did not lock a particular door. Captain Zurlinden had chosen his time well—the eve of Christmas, which is so great a festival in Germany—and no doubt he profited by the fact that so many official eyes look at that season on the wine when it is red. Disguised as a German commercial traveller, he calmly took the train to Glogau, and ultimately arrived at Berlin. Thence he made his way to Basle, in Switzerland, after a most agitating journey, in which he was frequently encountering German officers, and about a week afterwards he arrived on the banks of the Loire, and re-alised his dream of rejoining the French army. Later on he learnt that the neglectful gaoler, who had enabled him to escape, insisted on going up to his room very soon after he had left, in spite of all that Captain Zurlinden's friends could do to prevent him. The man, however, was entirely deceived by a made-up figure which Captain Zurlinden had taken the precaution to leave in his bed. But for this, no doubt, the alarm would have been raised, and the fugitive brought back.

Some Modern Men of Letters.

By George W. Smalley.

Mr. George W. Smalley contributes to "McClure's Magazine" for November one of his gossipy papers concerning modern men of letters whom he has met. They include Robert Browning, John Morley, Russell Lowell, Matthew Arnold, Anthony Hope, Mr. Swinburne, Alfred Austin, W. D. Howells and Henry James. Speaking of Matthew Arnold, he says that the late George Smith loved Arnold, who was often his guest. "You know," said Mr. Smith to me one day at dinner when Arnold had been expected, but detained, "I gain one thing by his absence. When he comes, I give him my best wine, and he likes the

wine; but he likes me to drink it with him, and I do. The result is I have an attack of gout next day. But I had rather have the gout than not have Arnold." Browning also liked Mr. Smith's wines; he loved port above all others, but apparently he was not a very good judge, and preferred what George Smith considered the inferior vintage of 1851 to the better vintages of '20, '34, and '47. The late Lord Houghton said that the only two lines he understood in "Sordello" were the first and last: "Who will may hear Sordello's story told," and "Who would hath heard Sordello's story told"—and both were false. Of Mr. Morley he says: "He cannot rid himself of the moral notions which have become imbedded in his nature. On that side of him he is austere, unbending, uncompromising, at times narrow, and at all times a fanatic. And yet on the personal side he has a sweetness of nature and a sweet reasonableness in talk which I can only call lovable. A Conservative, unlike him in all respects, I got on so well with him that a bystander remarked upon it, 'If all Radicals were like Morley they would be easy to get on with; and then,' he added, 'perhaps there would be fewer Conservatives.'" Mr. Morley looks like a Puritan and talks like a philosopher. He is a man who cares for men and for humanity. His "Life of Gladstone" will be a unique piece of biography, a biography of a believer by an unbeliever, of the real adroit professional politician of his times by a political amateur, of an Imperialist by a Little Englander. He cares for books, not as books, but as literature, and he wrote his editorials in the "Pall Mall Gazette" in the tone of a Cabinet Minister's speech. The rest of the article is very slight—more gossipy—with a few anecdotes.

The Price of Papal Independence.

Mr. R. E. Dell, writing in the "Monthly Review" on "Democracy and Temporal Power," puts the case as follows:

"The price to be paid for independence is the abandonment of worldly ambitions and political entanglements, a whole-hearted reliance on spiritual and moral claims, and a frank appeal to the soul and conscience of mankind. That price is, I fear, one which the Roman character will not consent to pay. The consideration to which this inevitably leads is whether, in view of the actual absorption of all authority in the Church by the Papal Curia, the catholicisation of that central governing body would not in practice be found the best guarantee for the independence of the Pope and the natural corrective of the obvious weaknesses of the Roman character."

Mr. Dell mentions the "instructions" issued against the Italian Christian Democrats as an instance of the failure of the Papacy to come to terms with modern civilisation.

The fact that the British and Foreign Bible Society expends £43,324 in order to sell £6,028 worth of Scriptures in fourteen countries continues to agitate the mind of the contributors to the "Temple Magazine." In the December number Mr. Herbert Darlow, Secretary to the Society, explains that experience is dead against the practice of promiscuous free distribution, and that the colporteurs employed by the Society are religious men who, in selling their books, speak to their customers. There are rejoinders which insist on the value and duty of free distribution.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Nineteenth Century.

The "Nineteenth Century" is a fair number, rather below the average. There are some very good articles, but none that call for a very extended notice.

The Future of the American Navy.

Mr. Archibald S. Hurd discusses what he calls America's bid for naval supremacy. He declares that the Americans are now building more battleships than any country except Great Britain, and there is a growing desire to build a fleet which will be stronger than that of the British Empire; for this end they do all they can to popularise the navy, and to territorialise it, so that all the cities and States may have a ship called after them. The one weak point is that they are deficient in the number of officers and men. The American first-class battleship has only 17 officers where Germany would have 20, France 26, and England 33. The navy requires about twice the number of officers and men now serving to man adequately all the ships built or in course of construction.

The Tangle of London Locomotion.

Mr. Sidney Low discusses the present condition of the problem for supplying London with cheap and rapid means of emptying itself upon the country. He makes various suggestions for remedying this, the most practical of which is that a Locomotion Committee should be appointed by all the County Councils on the tract included within the metropolitan police district. The diffusion of urban populations and the transmission of mechanical power have produced great changes, to which our administrative machinery has not learnt to adapt itself. The paper contains many suggestions; among others, he would put the trains and trams below the surface, he would construct great boulevards 125 to 150 feet broad, down the centre of which a strip 40 feet wide should be set apart for fast mechanical traction. He mentions, among other interesting facts, that it costs £450,000 a mile to construct and equip the tube railway in London. But the Morgan system for making the Piccadilly and City Railway was to average £850,000 per mile.

Our Public Schools as a Public Peril.

Sir Oliver Lodge writes an article under this head in the shape of a notice of Mr. A. C. Benson's book, "The Schoolmaster." He maintains that the terribly limited training and narrow education, fostered by the traditional English school system, leads to the production of boys who hate knowledge and think books dreary; who are perfectly well satisfied and arrogantly and contemptuously ignorant; and not only satisfied to be so, but thinking it Radical and almost unmanly that a young man should be anything else. Sir Oliver Lodge maintains that this is a true account, and that the English school is responsible for obstructing the progress of the nation.

A Plea for the Jesuits in England.

Father Gerard, of the Society of Jesus, writes an essay discussing the position which the Jesuits now occupy under the law of England. At present, if a Jesuit stands on English soil, he is guilty of a mis-

demeanour punishable by law. But the law is never enforced, and Father Gerard thinks that it is high time the Exclusion Act should be repealed—as a matter of simple justice. The only justification alleged for not repealing it is that the ultra-Protestants would obstruct to death any relief Bill. Father Gerard does not think this excuse adequate.

The Drama of the Future.

Mr. Oswald Crawfurd contributes a very interesting essay under this head. He admits that the British drama is the highest in price and the lowest in literature and aesthetics of any among the greater nations of Europe. He does not think that it need remain at this low ebb. He applies himself to discover various forms which would render the drama more worthy of its position. The first thing to be done, he thinks, is to popularise play-reading in Britain. In the second place, he would shorten the duration of plays by doing away with the twenty minutes' interval between acts; and also by reintroducing something like the old prologue, by which the author could tell the story of the play up to the point of starting, so as to do away with the explanatory dialogue which is of no dramatic value. He thinks that if this were done the novel would become less popular than the drama. The British drama, he thinks, at present suffers from nothing so much as critics; when the Greeks wrote there were no press criticisms; the press has helped to strangle the drama. He would like to see the English press following the example of the Parisian in publishing signed notices of first nights, over the names of the most distinguished men of letters of the day.

The Serpent in Eden.

Was the Serpent in Eden God or Devil? According to Mrs. W. Kemp-Welch—who takes the woman-headed serpent in Michael Angelo's picture of "The Temptation" in the Sistine Chapel as a text for the purpose of recalling the ancient belief of the Gnostics that the serpent was not evil, but good—it was in reality an incarnation of Divine wisdom which summoned the human race to a higher plane of intelligence than that which they had occupied. Their belief was that Jehovah was an imperfect Spirit proceeding from an imperfect moral system and keeping mankind in a state of moral ignorance. It was to defeat this limitation that the "Sophia," the wisdom from on high, emanating from God Almighty, came down to earth in order to raise man by appealing to the woman to acquire the knowledge which was indispensable for their development. Hence it was natural to give the serpent the head of a woman as the giver of all good.

The Revival of the Kingship.

Sir Wemyss Reid, in his chronique of the month, calls attention to the evidence afforded in November to the extent to which kings have risen in public estimation of late years. With the exception of Mr. Chamberlain and perhaps Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, the important personages of the month's history were Royal personages. Edward VII., Kaiser Wilhelm, King Carlos, King Leopold, and the Emperor Franz Joseph have been much the most conspicuous. Sir Wemyss Reid thinks that this is indicative of the extent to

which sovereigns have preceded statesmen as rulers of events.

English as It Was Spoke.

Mr. C. L. Eastlake contributes an interesting paper on "Changes in the Pronunciation of English." "Tea" we all know was once pronounced "tay," as it still is by the lower orders in Ireland; but few people know that "sea" was once pronounced "say." In the eighteenth century "mead" was pronounced "made" and "scene" "sain." "Are" was pronounced "air" —another instance in which modern vulgar speech preserves the correct pronunciation of past ages. Pope made "join" to rhyme with "line," and there is no doubt, says Mr. Eastlake, that the rhyme was unimpeachable.

Other Articles.

The Hon. Boyd Winchester, late U.S. Minister in Switzerland, protests against the "Ignoble Use of the Classics" which is involved in making them mere schoolroom drill. Lord Burghclere's translation of Virgil's Georgics is continued. Mr. Harold Gorst contributes Part II. of his "Story of the Fourth Party."

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly Review" for December opens with "Diplomaticus" paper on "The Greatest Colonial Minister," which is noticed elsewhere. We have also noticed elsewhere Mr. Wells' "Mankind in the Making." Of the other papers, the most elaborate and interesting is that of Sir A. C. Lyall.

Race and Religion.

Sir A. C. Lyall deals with the fundamental difference which exists between the Western European idea of the State and the Eastern and primitive conception of race and religion as demarcating factors between different kingdoms, and between the different nationalities in these kingdoms. As in Austria, so in the East, race and religion still unite and isolate the populations in groups, and form the great dividing and disturbing forces that prevent or delay the consolidation of settled nationalities. Sir A. C. Lyall thinks that in Asia the strength of religious and racial sentiments is increasing rather than diminishing. The practical importance of this fact for the great empires which rule over many races and religions is very great, proving as it does that it is impossible to impose a uniform type of civilisation over different varieties of the human species.

Municipal Socialism.

In an article entitled "Socialism Sub Rosa," Mr. J. A. R. Marriott continues the campaign against municipalisation of services. He maintains that the number of so-called monopolies is very few, water being a necessity for all; but gas is not a monopoly, in the sense that people who do not want to consume it can use other substitutes. The objection to municipal housing lies in the fact that if the houses are let at commercial rents little good is done, while if they are let at less a privileged body of tenants is created. As to the alleged advantage which lies in the cheapness of municipal capital, Mr. Marriott maintains that if the municipalities embark on all kinds of undertakings, interest on municipal loans will go up. He predicts ruined cities with rows of uninhabited houses, and workshops from which industry has fled.

A Defence of the Public School.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin asks, "Are the Public Schools a Failure?" and answers the question in the

negative. The present attack upon the public-school system is made in the name of science. But Baron de Coubertin thinks that by these attacks the formation of character carried on in the schools is endangered. He contrasts the results of Continental and English schooling in the following words:

"A young Englishman realises from the start that the success of his enterprises depends upon himself and his personal qualities. Of course he knows that he may meet with ill-luck, but everyone runs an equal chance of that. With that exception he admits that all rests with him, and if he fails he puts at least three-fourths of the blame on himself. Take, on the contrary, any young European brought up in the worship of science. He applies the scientific formula which he carries in his brain. If he fails, he verifies his formula; he has made no mistake—the formula is quite correct. Clearly, then, he ought to succeed; and if he has not, the world must be wrong and society is out of joint. Reasoning of this sort prevails to such an appalling extent throughout the world that it is a real rest to escape from it; and one of my chief sources of satisfaction, when I am in England, is that I no longer hear those declamations against all that exists which are so common in France, Germany, Russia, and almost every other country."

Ireland and the King.

Mr. M. McD. Bodkin contributes a paper entitled "Why Ireland is Disloyal," from which we quote only one passage:

"The King is personally popular in Ireland; far more popular than was ever Queen Victoria, whose coldness and neglect to the last year of her reign awakened bitter and natural resentment. The Queen made no secret of her hostility to the great Home Rule statesman, Mr. Gladstone. The King, as Prince of Wales, displayed his friendliness and admiration never more openly than when he was engaged in the historic struggle for Home Rule. The story goes that His Majesty, when he last visited this country, was sorely troubled to find that here alone, within his vast circuit of the Empire, was there active disaffection and disloyalty, and it is believed that he was sympathetic and statesmanlike enough to seek the remedy in justice and conciliation. Rightly or wrongly, the belief is general amongst Irish Nationalists that His Majesty personally favours the great conciliation scheme of Mr. Gladstone for the reconciliation of the two nations."

The Problem of the Army.

Mr. R. A. Johnson, writing on "The New Army System and the Auxiliary Forces," makes out a strong case against compulsory service. He maintains that the advantages of a conscript over a volunteer army are unreal and illusionary. We shall never require the numbers that conscription would provide, and to except half the population, whether by interest or ballot, from the obligation of service would lead to disastrous jealousies and discontent. A conscript army would necessitate a training suited to the lowest, not to the average intelligence. Another point which Mr. Johnson insists on is that the present proposal to assimilate regulars and volunteers is not only bound to fail, but is a hopeless perversion of the greatest lesson of the war.

Other Articles.

Among the other articles is Dr. Beattie Crozier's "Problem of Religious Conversion," Mary Duclaux's paper on "The Youth of Taine," and Mr. F. G. Afalo's annual review of "The Sportsman's Library." There is a paper on the new Irish theatre by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, and a short poem by Mr. Walter Lennard.

The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" for December contains only nine articles, which make up by their length for their fewness. The most interesting of them is Miss Edith Sellers' paper on "The Russian Temperance Committees," which is quoted from elsewhere. We have also noticed, among the Leading Articles, the paper on "Catholicism v. Ultramontanism." The number opens with M. Paul Sabatier's reprint of his address on "St. Francis and the Twentieth Century," in which the saint's "spirit of poverty" is defined in the following way:

"St. Francis preached the spirit of poverty to the poor as well as to the rich; and he makes no distinction between the poor man who covets the place of the rich and the rich man who knows neither love nor liberty because his heart is eaten away by avarice. The state of mind of the two men is identical; they are prisoners, the one to what he possesses, the other to his desire. They have not the spirit of poverty; they have not the Franciscan spirit."

How to Stop Russia Absorbing Asia.

Mr. Alexander Ular contributes a paper on "England, Russia and Tibet," in which he makes the following suggestion for stopping the Russian absorption of Asia:

"First of all, available means of communication are wanted, they being the most indispensable instrument of economic invasion; and they should be constructed at all points where economic irruption into Russian dominions in Asia or Russian spheres of interest can be attempted. Tibet herself is of no consequence in this respect. But the whole of the Russian block of territory ought to be surrounded, embraced, broached like a cask by what is called drainage canals, the double aim of which would be to draw into English commerce and manufacture the natural richness of the countries in question, and to glut all Russian dominions and spheres of interest in Asia with English goods, so as to make them an English market and render utterly impossible any Russian or native industry, unless under English control. The execution of this vast scheme is much easier than it might seem at first sight. The roads for economic invasion ought to be laid out, as a simple glance on the map will show, in the East and on the West of the Himalaya and Hindu-Kush Ranges; the first, in order to connect India by a direct and solid line of communication with the British commercial realm in the Yang-tsze valley, and to prevent future Russian efforts in Western China by introducing as soon as possible English business; the second, in order to attack directly Russian economic life at its weakest and most sensitive point, in Turkestan."

Forms of Justice in Morocco.

Dr. E. J. Dillon, in his chronique on Foreign Affairs, gives the following description of the methods of torture employed in Morocco by the Sultan's agents:

"Hydra-headed despotism—the worst conceivable form of misgovernment—is tempered by murder and revolt, and these crimes in turn are punished by penalties which can hardly be described in English. Thus during the insurrection of five years ago the Sultan put a price of three shillings on the head of every insurgent brought in by his soldiers. The latter, desirous of earning the most money with the least possible labour, cut off the heads of camel-drivers, peasants, and other harmless people who came in their way, and exchanged them for Spanish dollars, whereupon the offer of prize money was withdrawn and the soldiers de-

serted in scores. The prisoners taken amongst the insurgents had an iron collar put round their necks, and then a chain was passed through some thirty of forty such collars, so that all the wretched men had to stand or lie down together, even when some of the number were corpses. During the Angera rising, which took place three years previously, many of the rebels had their right hand slashed to the bone at every joint on the inside. Salt was then sprinkled on and rubbed into the wounds. A sharp flint stone was next placed on the bleeding palm, which was closed tightly over it and kept shut by a piece of raw hide which was made fast to the wrist, the left hand being meanwhile bound behind the back, so that it should not release the right. The hide-bound hand was then plunged in water, taken out, and left to contract in the heat, inflicting maddening torture on the sufferer, who, if he did not die from blood-poisoning, was set free at the end of nine days—a cripple for the remainder of his life."

The National Review.

The editor of the "National Review," in his "Episodes of the Month," inserts a somewhat lame apology for what has been called "Sir Horace Rumbold's Indiscretion." We are told, firstly, that Lord Cranbourne did not read the "indiscretion" with care; secondly, that the object of the article was merely to pay a tribute to the Kaiser Francis Joseph; and, thirdly, that Sir Horace merely uttered truisms of ancient history. This is quite true, no doubt; but truisms of ancient history are not always to be expressed with impunity by highly-placed diplomats. For publishing the attack on Germany at the time of the German Emperor's visit the editor himself takes responsibility. The campaign against Germany is, however, kept up this month, both in the editorial comments and in an article on "The British Admiralty and the German Navy," which we notice elsewhere.

Protection for the Farmer.

Otherwise there is little in the "National" calling for notice. Mr. Ernest E. Williams, writing on "A Countryside Forlorn," depicts the ruin of agriculture in depressing fashion, and, unlike Mr. Rider Haggard, declares for Protection as the only remedy:

"What is wanted is to give just the stimulus to native production which would bring into cultivation the millions of acres in this country which are capable of growing wheat, but which are not at present cultivated. The best way of doing this is by a reversion to the sliding-scale system. I don't presume to say what should be the starting-point of the sliding scale. Wheat at 40s. a quarter used to be regarded by farmers as the necessary price in order to yield a fair profit. But with the general cheapening of commodities which has taken place in recent years it might be that 35s. would be enough, and, accepting that figure, the sliding scale would work thus: When the price of wheat is 35s. let there be no import duty except the 1s. registration fee, and that might be remitted in the case of Colonial wheat. When the price falls below 35s. let there be a countervailing import duty; when, on the contrary, it rises above 36s., let even the registration fee be removed. Of course, in years to come it might be necessary to revise the thirty-five shilling basis, if and when the general purchasing power of money altered; but under present conditions the figure named would, I think, be found a fair and moderate basis. Thirty-five shilling wheat would not be oppressive to the consumer; it represents the average price of the decades 1882-91,

years in which the country was assumed by everyone to be enjoying the advantages of a cheap loaf; while the abrogation of the duties when the price exceeded 36s. would ensure consumers against high prices in times of deficient harvest in England."

Mr. Arnold White's Accuracy.

Captain Crofton, R.N., in a letter to the editor, challenges the statements made in Mr. Arnold White's article, "Gunnery v. Paint." Mr. White's own figures, he says, show that gunnery is improving. In speaking of misses and hits, Captain Crofton points out that misses by a hair's breadth are counted as misses, though if the target were a battleship 400 feet long they would not be misses at all:

"The statement that officers are promoted by the Admiralty 'because their ship is spick and span, and not because she shoots straight,' is a statement and nothing more; no proof whatever is given in support of this assertion, and as bearing on the question it will be found that the majority of officers promoted have either been gunnery or torpedo lieutenants."

Mr. Roosevelt's Ascendency.

Mr. A. M. White, in the chronique of "American Affairs," declares that the moral of the recent elections is that Mr. Roosevelt is the Republican Party. The President was the real issue before the country. He was the only personality on either side to inspire confidence or respect. Without him the Republicans would have been hopelessly routed. They won because of their standard bearer. In another part of the chronique Mr. Low deals with the growth of Socialism in America. In Massachusetts the Socialistic vote made a gain of more than 300 per cent. in the last year. The Socialist leaders declare that they have five million adherents.

Other Articles.

Sir Leslie Stephen writes on "Browning's Casuistry," and Mr. J. Churton Collins proves that Shakespeare wrote "Titus Andronicus." Major-General Sir E. Collen contributes some appreciative reminiscences of Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty in India. There is an elaborate but purely statistical article by Mr. F. Harcourt Kitchin on "Financial Aspects of the London Water Question."

The New Liberal Review.

The "New Liberal Review" for December contains nothing of particular note.

An Unliterary Parliament.

tions of only thirty Ms.P. recorded in the "Literary men in the House of Commons. He finds the productions of only thirty M.P.'s recorded in the "Literary Year Book." He makes some suggestions for remedying the deficiency:

"I should have liked to find for notice an historical novel by Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Chamberlain's autobiography, 'Tales of the Turf,' written in collaboration by Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Lowther, some really literary school prize for the National Society by Lord Hugh Cecil, an idyll of the sea by Mr. Gibson Bowles, sequels to his uncle's political novels by Mr. Disraeli (though the experiment would have been perilous), 'With the Wild Geese' by Mr. Redmond—only Miss Lawless has appropriated the title—and 'Poems of

Empire' by Mr. Labouchere, dedicated to the memory of Southeby and the Battle of Blenheim."

Other Articles.

Mr. Karl Blind contributes a paper on the Bretons of France, in which he points out the inaccuracy of the belief that the Bretons are descendants of the ancient Gauls; instead of which they are descendants of immigrants from Britain. There is an article on the American Labour War. Lord Brassey writes two pages on "How to Attain Liberal Unity," without making any practical suggestion. Mr. S. P. Kerr writes on Dickens as a Liberal, and Mr. Henry Leach defines "The Party Whip."

The Monthly Review.

The "Monthly Review" for December opens with some deserved praise of Mr. Calderon's "Adventures of Downy V. Green, Rhodes Scholar at Oxford." Of the other articles, we have noticed briefly elsewhere Mr. W. Beach Thomas' on "Canada and Imperial Ignorance," and Mr. R. E. Dell's on "Democracy and the Temporal Power." There is an extremely amusing skit on the methods of some of our popular novelists, by Mr. E. F. Benson.

The Age of the World.

Sir Edward Fry writes on "The Age of the Inhabited World." The difficulty of solving the problem, he says, lies in the fact that biologists and geologists on the one hand, and physicists on the other, demand for the processes of evolution, erosion and deposition a lapse of time which physicists are constrained to deny. The biologists demand for evolution as much as 2,700,000,000 years, while Professor Wallace, summing up the opinion of many eminent geologists, declares that the commencement of life cannot be less than 500,000,000 years ago. Lord Kelvin, on the other hand, thinks that only from 20 to 40 million years have passed since the consolidation of the earth. Sir Edward Fry proceeds to bring the biological estimates into conformity with the physical estimates by proving that the variation of species may proceed by sudden modification, and that therefore the evolution of modern species does not necessarily require the vast time which the biologists demand on the assumption that variation always goes on slowly.

Russian Folk Songs.

Mr. A. E. Keeton contributes an interesting paper on "The Songs of the Russian People," one of which we quote:

Oh, it isn't sleep that bows my head,
It's the drink, the drink that's in it!
And it foments there and will not out!

But I'll up and away to the valley
Where the wild red raspberries grow;
And meet a little Cossack girl from the Don.

I'll ask her to show me whither this footpath leads,
To the forest dark or the open field,
The open field of the ripe, bright corn.

And she'll show me whither the footpath leads,
To the thick green bush where the nightingale sings,
And my father will call, will call me home!

Call away, old chap, call away and shout,
You'll not see me home to-day nor to-morrow,
And I'll only come when the morning dawns grey!

King and Country.

In "King and Country" for December Mr. Oscar Browning, who is now the guest of Lord Curzon, his oldest Eton pupil, begins a series of letters from India. They are brightly written. Mr. Williams empties the vials of his wrath on Mr. Chamberlain and the Board of Trade for treating the generously patriotic action of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in so scurvy a fashion as to justify Mr. Williams, in his opinion, in describing "our champion Imperialist Minister" as using terms of studied injustice and ungenerosity. Mr. Chamberlain's action was an exhibition of cowardice and churlishness which is enough to make Englishmen blush with shame, as well as experience keen disappointment. Mr. Mauchlen is allotted twenty pages of space for an essay upon "Burns and the Lower Creation." Guy Boothby writes a somewhat pathetic short story entitled "Bones, Imperialist." Mr. A. P. Green makes an educational suggestion to the effect that all workers up to the age of twenty should have the option of leaving work at five o'clock in the evening at least two days a week on condition that they should spend two hours at least on each of these evenings in the evening school. Mr. Stanley Little, in an article on "Britain's Destiny," explains how it is that although he has the lowest possible opinion of the manners and morals of the English, he should nevertheless be so enthusiastic for extending their sovereignty over other races. His explanation is somewhat curious. He says: "Our very crassness of blood, our very coarseness, which exceeds the coarseness and crassness of many Africans—and certainly the Zulu is far more refined—is the very quality which, in an Imperial race, is most to be prized. The unblushing selfishness of the Englishman makes him able to take care of himself wherever he happens to stray. The Briton is neither subtle, nor aesthetic, nor intellectual, but he has an unerring instinct for the best things of the earth, and by pushing and elbowing he has taken to himself all the fairest portions of the world." Therefore Mr. Little thinks that, as a measure making for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the permanent unity of the British Empire and the continued dominance of the British race should be championed.

The Empire Review.

The "Empire Review" contains a very interesting paper, illustrated with diagrams, by Mr. George Moores, in which he discusses the possibility of the adoption of the metric system by England in weights and measures. Mr. Moores maintains that teaching our children arithmetic and tables of weights and measures costs the nation in direct cash, paid for time wasted in this unnecessary teaching, £1,375,000 a year. Nine months of the child's school life, he estimates, are wasted, and he averages the cost of a child's keep for that time at £10, and estimates the annual loss to parents at £9,000,000 sterling. He is not in favour of the adoption of the French metric system. He thinks that the English inch should be used as a unit, which would do away with all tables, and there would be no call for Greek or Latin prefixes. The Westinghouse Electrical Company already works on the inch decimalised; and Mr. Moores thinks that the English metrical system would be introduced without incurring extra cost or entailing any change in the present methods of work. On the other hand, if the French metric system were introduced, he says that the cost to the United

States alone of the alterations necessary in weights and measures would amount to £150,000,000.

Mr. Kopsch, the Statistical Secretary of the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs, points out the significance, and criticises the provisions, of the new Anglo-Chinese Treaty. Mr. Lipset, the editor of the "Civil and Military Gazette," Lahore, describes what Lord Curzon has done since he went to India. The Rev. R. Mc. Edgar discusses the nationalisation of Trinity College, Dublin. Ada Cambridge has a bright and lively paper on her memories of Melbourne; and Dr. Tonkin writes on the customs of the Hausa people, concluding his paper with a charming story of how a Hausa maiden of twelve fell in love with him and proposed to marry him.

Page's Magazine.

There are several interesting articles in the December number.

Portsmouth Dockyard.

Mr. W. Price, writing as a casual observer, points out some of the inefficiencies of the Royal Dockyard at Portsmouth. A Royal Dockyard, he says, is just a big engineering and shipbuilding establishment that is prevented by red tape from becoming as efficient at all points as the best of private yards are.

He illustrates this by pointing out that if a private firm needs new machinery it promptly gets it:

"But such business-like directness is impossible in the dockyards. First, the Admiralty has to be brought to recognise that the new machine is wanted; then the various departments concerned have to take the matter into consideration. Eventually the thing gets so far that it is put into the next year's estimates; and then the peculiar system of allocating expenditure operates to produce further delay. Instead of the required article being purchased outright, a certain sum of money is allowed towards the cost of it, a part of the work is done, and the remainder carried over till the next financial year."

He mentions that there is a plant at Portsmouth in use which no enterprising shipbuilder would think of retaining, that the dockyard is so poorly equipped with engineering machinery that the engines of even a small cruiser cannot be built without seriously interfering with the repairing and refitting work on other vessels. The coaling facilities are miserably inadequate. The machinery used in the block mills was designed by the elder Brunel in 1801. This speaks well for their lasting quality, but hardly for the up-to-dateness of a modern industrial establishment.

We learn from Mr. Price that the yard was begun in Tudor times. In the reign of Henry VIII. it covered just eight acres. It now spreads over three hundred. Dry dock No. 1, still in use, dates from 1340, and is floored with stout oaken slabs. It is 253 feet 9 inches long, and 57 feet 1 inch deep. Nos. 14 and 15, the most modern in the yard, and amongst the finest in the world, are 565 feet 6 inches long, and one 94 feet, the other 82 feet deep.

The Marine Engine of the Future.

Mr. H. C. Fyfe contributes an interesting article upon the marine steam turbine. Its uses are chiefly for warships, passenger steamers, and pleasure yachts. The chief difficulty with the former is that warships seldom are called upon to go at full speed, and the steam turbine does not show high efficiency when work-

ing much below the power for which it was designed. In consequence, the new destroyer "Velox" has two sets of engines, one of the turbine and the other of the ordinary reciprocating type. They are so arranged that the turbine is only used when high speed is required. The benefit, however, will be greater in the case of cruisers and battleships than in the case of smaller vessels. Mr. Parsons thinks that a forty-four-knot cruiser would be quite possible.

The "King Edward" and the "Queen Alexandra," which were fitted with turbine engines, proved a great success on the Clyde, being both speedy and economical. It is anticipated that the cross-Channel traffic will be revolutionised next year by the new turbine vessels which are being built for the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway and for the London and Brighton Railway. The vessels are to have a speed of twenty-five knots, and the small space required for the machinery makes it possible to give much better accommodation, although the boats are the same size as those now in use.

Mr. James Swinburne contributes a clever article upon an imaginary white lead invention and a company the inventor forms. The history of several recent companies can be read between the lines. The argument at the beginning of the article gives a good idea of its scope:

"Conventionality and hatred of novelty—one reason for want of enterprise in England. Different ways of financing an invention. Finance in early stages. The syndicate and its troubles. Inertia and want of enterprise in moneyed men. The limited company and its evils. A typical inventor and his difficulties. His own industry will not have him. Outsiders ignorant. He gets up a syndicate. He gives up most of his interest. The syndicate gets short of money. Forming a large company. The ways of promotors. Indecision. Waste of time and money. Final flotation. Outrageous capital. Incompetent directors. Final catastrophe. What is wanted."

The Pall Mall Magazine.

We heartily congratulate the editor and the proprietor of the "Pall Mall Magazine" upon their December number. At last we have an English magazine which, both in letterpress and illustration, need not fear comparison with the best of the American magazines. The number contains a delightfully illustrated paper upon Henna and his works, under the title "A Dream of Fair Women." It is one of the best illustrated papers that have ever appeared in the English monthly periodicals. There is also another paper of exceptional interest entitled "Seven New Cathedrals." It is by Mr. H. B. Philpott. It is illustrated with excellent pictures of the Cathedrals of Truro, Westminster, Brisbane, Cape Town, New York, Berlin, and Liverpool. In the New York Cathedral, which will cost a million sterling, there will be seven chapels opening upon the apse at the end of the choir, each accommodating 150 worshippers. In these chapels divine service will be conducted in seven different languages—German, French, Italian, Swedish, Spanish, Armenian, and Chinese. We notice elsewhere two leading articles, the first of the series of Master Workers, which is devoted to the Bishop of London, and the other a copiously illustrated paper entitled "The King at Home," which is written and published by special permission. The rest of the magazine is devoted to fiction and caricatures of the month.

The Engineering Magazine.

The December number opens with a very interesting article on the Panama Canal by General Henry L. Abbot.

The Regulation of the Chagres River.

The chief difficulty which the builders of the canal have to confront is the sudden rise and fall of the Chagres River in flood. The popular belief is that the river rises 52 feet in two hours; as a matter of fact the greatest known rise in a given time was in 1890, when the water rose 25 feet in seventeen hours. The floods are all carefully compared, and tabulated results show that the flood of 1879 was the worst recorded. That flood is therefore taken as the standard on which all plans for regulation must be based. There is a good deal of discussion going on as to whether a single lake or two would be the best way of coping with the extra volume of water during times of flood or freshets. The American Commission, which was very much hurried, favoured the first; but the engineers of the new company, whose work and researches throughout have been very accurate and thorough, favour the latter. Certainly its advantages seem manifold. Nature has favoured the plan with two lakes, and the one-lake plan presents many technical difficulties which cannot be entered into in a short review. General Abbot boldly assumes that in the course of years the traffic through the Panama Canal will average about three times that which at present goes through the Suez Canal! In concluding, he touches once more on the great advantage of the Panama route over that of Nicaragua.

General Abbot makes no mention of some of the most formidable difficulties to be overcome—namely, earthquakes and fever. There are not wanting men who have been on the spot and studied the problem who say that the Panama route presents so many difficulties that it can never be finished, and the twenty million pounds to be spent on it will be a mere drop in the bucket.

Other Articles.

The remaining contributions are rather technical. Mr. Robert Buchanan gives the first of a series of articles on foundry management in the new century. Cost-finding methods for moderate-sized shops are described by Mr. H. L. Arnold. The economical significance of a high wage rate is discussed by Mr. Percy Longmuir. He says:

"If it be wiser to have a skilled doctor and an expert lawyer, if it be of more pleasure to listen to a prima donna than an artiste of fourth or fifth rate, if it be of more profit to have the services of a good tailor and a first-class cook, will it not also prove economical to have the service of efficient workmen—even though their rate may be high?"

The American Review of Reviews.

The "American Monthly Review of Reviews" for December opens with a reproduction of Verestchagin's new picture of "The Battle of San Juan Hill," based, as we are told, upon President Roosevelt's criticism and information. The review is as usual full of excellent reproductions of portraits and photographs, including the now inevitable portrait of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The article on "The Great Ship Combine," by Mr. W. L. Marvin, and Ida Husted Harper's character Sketch of the late Mrs. Cady Stanton, are noticed elsewhere.

Mr. Cy. Warman, in an interesting article, describes the "Giant Growth of the Soo," or the wonderful

industrial plants created by the power canals of Sault Ste. Marie, on Lake Superior. Mr. O. G. Villard describes an Alabama negro school. There is a long and very interesting paper by Mr. Frank Nelson and Mr. W. B. Shaw on the movement for consolidating country schools. The pupils are carried to school in public waggons, and thus in thinly peopled districts it is possible for children to attend large, well-equipped schools at some distance from their homes, instead of being taught in small poorly equipped schools in their immediate localities.

The World's Work.

We welcome a new periodical in "The World's Work," which is an English adaptation of the American magazine of that name. It is under independent editorship, and most of the articles are original. But the shape of the magazine, the title, the general get-up, and the dominant idea are all taken *holus-bolus* from the excellent American magazine which we have been noticing in these pages for the last two years. Mr. Norman may be congratulated upon the success with which he has followed his American model. In his portrait gallery the heads of the leaders in the Education controversy are not quite so well printed as those which appear on the American side; but they are distinctly in advance of anything that we have yet had in an English magazine. The most curious thing in the series of photographs is the extent to which Lord Hugh Cecil's ears stick out from the side of his head. There is also a curious portrait of Mr. St. John Brodrick, caparisoned as a man of war, and looking profoundly uncomfortable in his unaccustomed toggery.

Mr. Norman writes on Education in the first article, which he calls "The March of Events." Mr. Macnamara opens a series of papers upon "Our Education: What it is and what it ought to be," while there is an excellently illustrated paper upon life in a London Board School.

Under the heading of "Leading Articles" we notice the article on "A Yankee Boss in England," and also Sir Christopher Furness' "How British Trade is Handicapped." Sir William Lair Clowes discusses the question whether or not the Mediterranean should be abandoned by us. He states the case in favour of clearing out of the Mediterranean more with a view to raising the question than of beginning an agitation in favour of that course. He thinks that by watching very thoroughly the two exits from the Mediterranean we could bottle up the fleets of our possible enemies more effectively than by telling off a large section of our own navy to attempt to patrol the Mediterranean, and keep the flag flying in every part of it.

There are also articles upon Football, the American Combine, and Life Assurance and Civilisation.

The Christmas number of the "Girl's Realm" is partly printed in colours; most of it is seasonable literature, fiction, short stories, and suggestions for Christmas time. Among the more serious articles are Miss Frances Low's paper in a series upon "How I Can Earn a Living." She suggests that girls might do worse than take up the occupation of being nurses to children. She recommends nine months' training in the Norland Institute. There is a copiously illustrated paper on Girl-Student Life in Glasgow School of Art, and an interesting article telling the story of the actual life of the characters in Louisa M. Alcott's well-known story "Little Women."

The North American Review.

Each month the "North American" gives a fresh proof of its cosmopolitanism. This is true in a marked degree of the November number, to which Secretary Reitz, of the late South African Republic, contributes an article dealing with the promises made by the British Government in concluding peace with the Boers, while Karl Blind gives personal recollections of the late Dr. Rudolf Virchow, the Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis writes on "The Development of Political Parties in Japan," and Lady Henry Somerset tells the story of an English farm colony for women addicted to the drink habit.

Secretary Reitz on the South African "Peace."

The personal attitude of Secretary Reitz in regard to the "Articles of Peace," signed at Pretoria on May 31 last, is clearly set forth in his article. He denies that the document is binding "upon the consciences of those men who, to save the remnant of their wives and children, signed it—signed it, so to speak, with the knife at their throats." Secretary Reitz declares that he himself signed the treaty in his representative, and not in his individual, capacity, and that Lord Kitchener accepted that condition. On the legal principle that a contract made under compulsion is not a binding contract, he holds that the Boer signatories are not bound by the terms of peace. Furthermore, he contends that the terms themselves have been broken, as well as the solemn promise of the British representatives regarding a general amnesty to Cape rebels—which releases the other party.

Ownership of the National Securities.

In his concluding article on the National Debt of the United States, Mr. O. P. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, discusses the question of the ownership of national securities. All but a very small share of these securities, says Mr. Austin, are held in the United States. "In 1803, the number of holders of United States securities was estimated by Seybert's 'Statistical Annals' at about 15,000, and in 1880 they were estimated at over 80,000. In the Spanish war loan of 1900, the number of subscribers was over 300,000, and the number to whom bonds were issued was, in round terms, 290,000. Presumably, however, a large share of these bonds soon found their way into the hands of the banks and trust companies, since, as is shown elsewhere, about one-half of the outstanding bonds of the United States are now held by the national banks alone, while the savings banks, trust companies, and other organisations of this character are also large holders. The number of holders of registered bonds is now about 58,000, and as about 85 per cent. of the total interest-bearing indebtedness is in registered bonds, it may be estimated that the total number of holders of all classes of bonds does not at present exceed 75,000."

Other Articles.

The veteran financier, Jay Cooke, relates the history of "A Decade of American Finance" from the point of view of one of the chief actors in the drama, the decade in question comprising the eventful years from 1863 to 1873, when Mr. Cooke was a power in the counsels of the Washington Government, as well as in Wall Street; Mr. J. A. Hobson writes on "Compulsory Arbitration in Industrial Disputes;" and Mr. Samuel J. Barrows sums up the tendencies of American legislation.

The Atlantic Monthly.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for December there is an excellent discussion of "The Atlantic Fisheries Question," by Mr. P. T. McGrath. An able article on "Chinese Dislike of Christianity" is by Mr. Francis H. Nichols. Mr. Nichols thinks that China needs nothing so much to-day as she does the Gospel, but he admits that Christianity is making very little progress throughout the eighteen provinces. There is a very small number of converts after a century of Protestant and three centuries of Roman Catholic endeavour. But worse than this, a real hatred of and antagonism to Christianity prevails throughout the empire. One of the chief reasons for this, according to Mr. Nichols, is the methods of the missionary. Much as he desires to do good, he has made the impression among the Chinese that he is teaching disloyalty, that converts are denationalised. The missionary knows it, but rather likes to be hated, because he feels that it is a heathen hate. Mr. Nichols says that he has heard missionaries even approve of the opium traffic, because a certain number of Chinese in the last stages of opium degradation take refuge in missionary opium cures. "If the time shall ever come when we hear less talk about a 'missionary spirit' and more of the spirit of Christ in mission work, then, and not till then, will there be hope for the Gospel in China.

This number begins with an essay on "The Ideals of America," by President Woodrow Wilson, with the power and vigour and optimism that one would look for in his treatment of such a theme; there are some very clever paragraphs on every sort of subject from the notebook of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich—"All Sorts of a Paper;" there is a Christmas poem by Mrs. Josephine Dodge Daskam, and a darky Christmas story by Beirne Lay.

The American Illustrated Magazines.

For several years past the December issues of the illustrated magazines of fiction and miscellany have shown a tendency to depart from direct and formal references to the Christmas anniversary. The magazines for December, 1902, continue to show this disposition to disregard the conventional holiday insignia, but there is no lack of endeavour on their part to make up for the absence of Christmas pictures, poems, and stories by an added sumptuousness in their illustrations and covers. Some of them, too, still recognise the anniversary with features which breathe more of an air of spirituality and, perhaps, mysticism than is usual in their pages.

Harper's, The Century, and Scribner's.

In the work of making the Christmas magazines beautiful this year, Mr. Howard Pyle, the illustrator, easily has first place, even remembering that Mr. Edwin A. Abbey has made a number of illustrations of "King Lear" for "Harper's Magazine" which are very effectively reproduced in colours in this number. Mr. Howard Pyle begins the "Century" with four paintings reproduced in colours and a decorated text of his own—"The Travels of the Soul." These four pictures of Mr. Pyle's in the "Century" make the high-water mark of colour printing in the American magazines. Mr. Pyle's magnificently virile work is seen, too, in "Harper's" in a field of illustration peculiarly his own—the pictures for "The True Captain Kidd," going with Mr. John D. Champlin, junr.'s, sketch of that worthy. There are other examples of colour illustration in "Harper's"

not nearly so effective. "Scribner's Magazine," not to be behind, uses a striking coloured reproduction of an illustration by Maxfield Parrish for a frontispiece, prints in colours Mr. Edward Penfield's pictures for his story, "A Christmas at Cafe Spaander," and gives in a series of bold full-page coloured illustrations Miss Jessie Willcox Smith's sympathetic attempt to portray "A Mother's Days."

Of the more utilitarian features, which are scant in these magazines for December, the most noticeable is Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson's article on the United States Steel "Trust" in the "Century," the first of a series of articles on "Great Business Combinations of To-day." Mr. Nelson sketches the history of the formation of the Steel "Trust," and makes a useful collection of the facts which have been published concerning the finances and properties of the "Trust;" but he does not tackle any of the great questions concerning the evils of the "trust" business, the over-capitalisation of the Steel "Trust" nor the relation of the State to such organisations. Mr. Nelson shows that whatever the proper price of steel, it is true that the formation of the United States Steel Corporation has saved enormous expenditures for material, and also losses which might have resulted from bitter competition, and which might have brought serious disaster to the steel trade. He says that the saving already accomplished by what is called the standardising of the work has already amounted in one process alone to about \$3,000,000 a year.

McClure's and The Cosmopolitan.

"McClure's Magazine" makes no attempt to celebrate Christmas otherwise than in the pretty little story of slum children, "A Christmas Present for a Lady." There is a capital account of the bronco-busting contest at Denver for the championship of the world, by Mr. Lincoln Steffens. In this article, "The American Man on Horseback," Mr. Steffens tells the story of the ride for the championship with thrilling dramatic effect and considerable humour. Mr. John Mitchell writes on "The Coal Strike," and sums up his and the miners' position. Incidentally he declares that there can be no such thing as compulsory arbitration. Miss Ida M. Tarbell, in her second chapter on the history of the Standard Oil Company, gets right down to bedrock facts in her exposition of the process by which discrimination in freight rates brought about the rise of the monopoly. This chapter shows that her history of the "Trust" will be no perfunctory affair.

The "Cosmopolitan," like "McClure's," pays no attention to Christmas embellishments, other than one short Christmas story, by Walter Juan Davis. In the "Captains of Industry" series there appears a sketch of Nicholas Murray Butler, by Samuel E. Moffett, who explains why it is entirely fitting that a university president should be included among "captains of industry" to-day, and how Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler is pre-eminently just that type of university president, who, in administrative ability, enterprise, and hard-headed common sense, is so closely analogous to a great personality in the business world. The other "captains" sketched in this issue are Henry Phipps, Mr. Carnegie's former partner, to whom Mr. James H. Bridge, the biographer, gives credit for a very large part of the Carnegie success; and Mr. John F. Dryden, president of the Prudential Insurance Company.

Country Life.

The most ambitious Christmas issue, as such, is the December number of "Country Life," the Christmas

Annual, with elaborate supplements, increased size, and double price. The publishers of this enterprising young periodical have determined, according to their announcement, to pass the standard set for such holiday numbers by the great English periodicals. The number begins with a poem by Rudyard Kipling, "Pan in Vermont,"—a clever fling at the smooth-tongued salesmen of the seed and nursery concerns. A pretty Christmas story by Eleanor Hoyt, author of "Misdemeanours of Nancy," illustrated articles on ice-boating, hockey, curling, skating, tobogganing, skiing, snowshoeing, and other winter sports, and many features, reproducing in large pictures and text the Christmas morning atmosphere, give the requisite winter and holiday flavour to the number.

Everybody's Magazine.

"Everybody's Magazine" gets its holiday flavour from the collection of very brief stories, by various authors, all under the title "A Christmas of Good Deeds." An excellent feature is the Gaucho horse-story, by William Bulfin, illustrated from plaster models made for the magazine by Solon H. Borglum, the Western sculptor who has such a remarkable genius for figuring the broncho.

Foreign Reviews.

La Revue.

Both numbers of "La Revue" for November contain much interesting reading. The most prominent feature is M. Finot's article on French and English, which we notice elsewhere. In both numbers there is rather less literature and more life than is usual in French reviews.

In the number of November 1, M. Camille Flammarion, writing on "The Pendulum of the Pantheon," gives a number of interesting facts concerning the rotation of the earth. He says that if the geocentric theory of the earth were adopted, and the other heavenly bodies assumed to move around it, the sun, in order to complete its daily circuit, would have to move at a speed of 10,695 kilometres a second, and the nearest fixed star at the rate of 2,941,000,000 kilometres a second. The physical proof of the rotation of the earth afforded by a swinging pendulum was repeated in the Pantheon on a great scale by M. Flammarion and others last February. A steel wire no less than sixty-seven metres long was used for suspending the globe of the pendulum. Each oscillation took eight seconds, and owing to this great swing the displacement of the plane of oscillation can be seen almost immediately. A pendulum of this size continues to swing for several hours.

Dr. Merck describes the discovery of the microbe and serum of whooping-cough, which has been made by a young Belgian doctor named De Leuriau.

The November 15 number contains an article by M. J. Novicow on "The Pretended Inferiority of Women," an inferiority in which M. Novicow does not believe. M. Novicow attributes any difference there may be between the achievements of men and of women to the character of our social order. Among animals, as among savages, the females are not inferior. He points out with justice that there are greater differences between individual men than there is between the average man and the average woman; and if we exclude women from civic rights because of a general supposed inferiority of the whole sex, why do we not discriminate against individual men who are often much more inferior in intelligence to their fellow-men than women

are? However, M. Novicow goes farther than this, for he will not admit that women as a whole are inferior intellectually or even physically to men. "If we could measure the muscular strength of all men and of all women," he says, "who knows if we should not obtain an average equal for the two sexes?" To the argument that maternity will prevent women rivalling men in the active world, M. Novicow replies that the average woman who lives perhaps 720 months is only incapacitated from this cause for ten or twelve months, while many of the greatest men have been invalids for nearly their whole lives.

M. Georges Caye describes a new electrical accumulator invented by a French engineer, M. Paul Schmitt. M. Caye maintains that M. Schmitt's accumulator is more efficient than Mr. Edison's, which has been so much talked about of late. He says that an electrical carriage of the old type, carrying accumulators weighing 300 kilogrammes, can travel at most 85 kilometres without recharging, whereas, fitted with M. Schmitt's accumulator, weighing only 200 kilogrammes, it would cover 105 kilometres without recharging.

An article of a very different character is that signed "Un Diplomate Russe," dealing with railway developments in the Near East. The writer declares that Russia has nothing whatever to fear from the Bagdad Railway. The German line will always be secondary to the Russian lines from Orenburg or from Vladikavkaz, which form the direct route to India. A Russian line through Persia will finally solve the problem. The Russian Diplomatist, in conclusion, declares that the Bagdad railway will be of very little use to Turkey from a military point of view should war break out.

Other articles of interest are M. Camille Melinaud's "Psychology of Passion," and M. G. Savitch's paper on the novels of Madame Dmitrieva, a Russian writer, whom he describes as "Le Romancier de l'Esperance."

La Revue de Paris.

One or two of the most striking articles in the "Revue de Paris" are noticed elsewhere.

The editors are also able to offer their readers the first portion of what promises to be a brilliant volume of memoirs written by Madame Judith Gautier, the talented daughter of the famous Theophile of that ilk, several of whose novels have become classics. Very charming, and giving a delightful picture of the famous writer's home life, are these simply written pages; among other vivid pen-pictures is a curious account of Beaudelaire, the eccentric genius who seems to have thoroughly lived up to his reputation for oddity.

How to Deal with an Editor.

On one occasion, when meeting a literary friend, who was also a publisher, in the street, Beaudelaire suddenly said, "Let us go and take a bath together." "Certainly," answered the other, not willing to appear surprised at this singular proposal. Accordingly the two found their way to one of the many bathing establishments which even now still survive in the older quarters of Paris. Scarcely had the editor settled himself down to enjoy his warm bath when he heard Beaudelaire call out, "Now that you can no longer defend yourself, dear friend, I will read you my five-act tragedy!" It should be explained that in those days the taking of a bath was, in Paris, a lengthy and important business; the longer the bather stayed in the warm water the better it was supposed to be for his health.

France's Naval Problem.

The most topical article in the "Revue de Paris" deals with the French naval manoeuvres of 1902. The writer has preferred to remain anonymous, but he is evidently well acquainted with the whole subject of the world's navies, for, unlike so many French military and naval critics, he makes no attempt to belittle the naval supremacy of Great Britain. On the other hand, he is not one of those who regard Britain as France's hereditary foe, and he points out that the French navy may some day find herself engaged in conflict with the sea forces of some other nation.

He gives a careful analysis of the recent French naval manoeuvres which have taken place in the Mediterranean, and he points out that by far the most interesting section of the manoeuvres was that which concerned the attack on Bizerta, and which was, he says, admirably concerted and managed.

It appears that this year, for the first time, the French beat the record hitherto held by the British navy as regards rapidity of coaling, and he asserts that the "Bouvet's" crew coaled at the rate of 300 tons an hour.

A French Boy's Upbringing.

M. Lavisson, who in addition to being one of the editors of the "Revue de Paris," is a very distinguished man of letters, offers some curious autobiographical fragments, in which he gives with some detail an account of his upbringing. His was a thoroughly old-fashioned education, and was curiously approximate to that which is given to-day to the British public-school boy; Greek and Latin played a great part, as did the past history of France. As M. Lavisson quaintly puts it: "I have lived at Athens in the days of Pericles; at Rome in the days of Augustus; and at Versailles when Louis XIV. was King." And yet the dry bones of history were never clothed with any of those picturesque facts which do so much to really teach us the truth concerning past civilisations. Of practical things the boy Lavisson was taught nothing; indeed, looking back, he was astonished that he was not sickened with all learning, and above all with historical learning and research. After leaving school he was sent to the famous Ecole Normale, which with so many young Frenchmen takes the place of our Oxford and Cambridge. The teaching there was in those days—presumably some forty years ago—very much what had been that of the schoolmaster, but some attempt was made to teach the young men general culture. There was a scientific class, with which those pupils concerned with literature were allowed to have nothing to do. M. Lavisson admits that since his day great reforms have taken place in the Ecole Normale, but he would like to see the younger generation taught to think and to reason, and, above all, taught to learn.

La Nouvelle Revue.

The editors of "La Nouvelle Revue" make a great attempt to be up to date, and on the whole they succeed far better than do their greater rivals.

What to do with the Young Criminal.

M. Raffalovich, who is quite an authority on criminology, gives some account of a curious manual, lately issued in Germany and Austria, and addressed to police court judges and to the heads of the Criminal Investigation Departments. The manual might well serve as guide to a Sherlock Holmes, for in it the author, a

Professor Gross, of the Prague University, deals at length with every side of the modern criminal. Though he admits that the average criminal is by no means an interesting or romantic individual, the Professor declares that the under-world of evil-doers form a caste apart, having their own language, their own mysterious signs, and even their own alphabet, with the aid of which they render their written communications meaningless to those not in the secret. The Professor, being an Austrian, naturally deals at some length with the Bohemian criminal, apparently an amazingly clever and brilliant specimen, equally at home in every great city, and of whose special characteristics the writer gives some curious indications. When a wandering Bohemian wishes to let those of his own country and kind know that he is about, he crosses two bits of dead wood on the road; when he desires to indicate death is in the neighbourhood, he places a piece of half-burnt wood and a little straw in juxtaposition; and he signifies danger by simply showing those he wishes to warn some object made of leather. The Bohemian is a remarkably clever thief, and seldom develops into a murderer, for his natural astuteness serves him to get out of any scrape into which his nefarious ways may have led him.

The Greatest of French Writers.

Balzac, of whom a statue has for the first time just been erected in Paris, is sometimes styled the French Shakespeare. As an actual fact the author of the "Comedie Humaine" had very little in common with the author of "Romeo and Juliet." He was the first of the great realists, and he set himself to describe with pitiless truth the French world of his day, sparing neither rank, age, nor sex. Balzac, the man, has left an imperishable picture of himself in his extraordinarily lengthy and full correspondence with a Polish lady who ultimately became his wife. In these letters the sympathising reader follows each step of the gigantic struggle, for Balzac, like so many men of genius, was no manager of money; he was never out of debt, and even the most famous of his novels were written more with a view to satisfying his creditors and to obtaining small sums of ready money than in order to win fame. The great realist was in his own life a pure idealist. He confessed to having only loved three women, of whom the first, most passionately adored, was twenty years older than himself; and it is admitted that each of these three love affairs was almost certainly Platonic—indeed, his devoted affection to the Countess Hanska lasted for seventeen years, and was almost entirely fed by letters, for the lady for whom he felt so romantic an affection was an irreproachable wife, and she only became Madame de Balzac after some years of widowhood.

A Vanished Continent.

It is strange that no great imaginative writer, such as Victor Hugo, or in more modern days Jules Verne, has chosen to take the vanished continent of Atlantis as a scene for a story. M. Dumoret, who deals with the whole subject in a very interesting manner, is evidently inclined to believe that there is some truth in the various theories put forth. As a geologist he is inclined to think that the whole surface of the world has utterly altered, and, to give an example, declares that without doubt Great Britain, or rather the spot where the United Kingdom now stands, was once entirely under some 600 feet of water. He points to the example of Martinique to show that great convulsions of Nature are even now by no means uncommon; and a little more than a hundred years ago Iceland was completely devastated by a geological catastrophe, and the formation of Java was more or less changed by an

earthquake which occurred in 1822. Ten years later a new island suddenly appeared in the Mediterranean off the coast of Sicily, but after some years once more sank into the sea.

Some Other Articles.

Other articles in the "Nouvelle Revue" consist of a curious paper concerning the foundation and organisation of the great Napoleon's Imperial Guard—that wonderful corps which sang its death song at Waterloo; a gossipping account of Baden-Baden as it was in the days when the old German Emperor was so fond of the lively little watering-place; and some pages of interest to antiquaries describing the village games of ancient France.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

We have noticed elsewhere M. Grandmaison's article on insurance against old age, M. Filon's attack upon Oliver Cromwell, and General Zurlinden's dramatic escape from a German fortress. For the rest, although there are some interesting papers, there are none of outstanding importance.

France in the Central Soudan.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu continues his interesting series of articles on the Sahara, Central Soudan, and the Trans-Saharan railways. He is convinced that the region of Lake Chad is a kind of Eden. There is there, he declares, a new Egypt, perhaps even a greater Egypt, for it has not only a fertile soil, but also metallic deposits, and, moreover, its geographical position affords it security. To bring this inner Egypt into communication with the rest of the world by means of a Trans-Saharan railway is, in his view, the mission of France. This would foster an enormous trade in hides, certain tropical plants, various minerals, salt, sugar, and, above all, cotton, of which the country can produce hundreds of thousands of tons. It is, in M. Leroy-Beaulieu's opinion, the last chance which France has of forming an African Empire, and if she misses it she will have failed definitely in her colonising mission.

The Collectivist Tendency.

M. Prins, in concluding his papers on the Collectivist tendency of the age, finds fault with the conception of a gigantic State organisation of industry, like the Creusot or Krupp or Pittsburg factories writ large. Such an organisation implies the subjection of the workers to a series of directors and managers, and he cannot see in what respect their discipline and authority would be more tolerable than that which now exists. He goes on to say that while the tendency towards social organisation is actually being realised under our very eyes, the Socialist-Collectivist conception is vanishing, and the scientific dress with which Marx clothed it is falling to pieces. The radiant vision of a life in which all would be joy and harmony and beauty and love and happiness enables poor humanity to struggle on in the hope of seeing an end to its miseries. Such visions are all very well in their way, but M. Prins remorselessly urges us to recognise the limits both of our knowledge and of our power. It is only the relatively good which is attainable. The best society is that which, while not proclaiming the absolute superiority of any social system, yet leaves scope for the State, for the individual, and for the corporation alike. In other words, it is the flexibility of the modern social structure which M. Prins so much prefers to the rigidity of collectivism.

German Magazines.

Frederic Loilee, in the "Deutsche Revue," gives an interesting account of Emile Zola's private life. He prefaces his article with a few remarks upon the effect produced in different countries by Zola's death. He does not think that outside France it caused much stir, and that even there his later writings were not nearly so popular as his earlier ones. Zola much preferred living in his country house, and only returned reluctantly to Paris to spend the winter months. Although in his writings he too often used his best powers in depicting the ugliest and most trivial in men's lives, he himself was fond of originality, fantasy, and the romantic. His rooms were crowded with all sorts of furniture from every part of the world. At Medan, where he loved to be, his house consisted of a square tower, at whose foot nestled a small dwelling-house. He worked there in a very high and large room. His splendid house in the Rue de Bruxelles, where he died, was furnished in such a way that the visitor could not help being struck with the fact that Zola, since becoming one of the wealthiest "pachas" of literature, had known how to use to advantage the experience of an old decorator and upholsterer. Everything seems to have been in extremely good taste. Mr. Loilee mentions that it was very difficult to obtain entry into Zola's house, his visitors being limited to intimate friends. Altogether, the article gives a very readable description of Zola himself and of his dwelling places.

Ulrich von Hassell, in the "Monatschrift fur Stadt und Land," deals principally with the Colonial Congress and the resolutions it arrived at. One was that the Congress shall reassemble in 1905. The most interesting part, however, is that relating to the German emigration to Brazil. That, the Congress decided, should be encouraged; but emigration to Argentina should not be, the reason being rather a singular one. So much corn is already sent from Argentina to Germany that no more is wanted, therefore no emigrants to that country are to be countenanced. In South Brazil there are not such facilities for the export of corn; the German producer at home will not, therefore, be affected by any competition, so emigrants will be encouraged to go to Brazil! One cannot help being struck with the fact that the whole note of the Congress was that the colonies were entirely for Germany, and that all export from them should be to Germany, whilst the colonies themselves should be obliged to have every requisite sent from the Fatherland. Such methods do not succeed in colonies, it does not tend to make them popular, and it limits their markets and therefore cramps their energies. Very little notice appears to have been taken of the Congress by the German papers, and it is rather surprising to learn that no fewer than 1,700 people took part in it. It must have been rather unwieldy to manage such an assembly, but it seems to have been well done by Duke Albrecht of Mecklenberg. There is rather an interesting article upon Spanish Protestantism and the Inquisition in the sixteenth century, by Dr. A. W. Hunziger.

The Italian Magazines.

Under the title "An Exhausted People," the editor of the "Nuova Antologia" (November 16) Naggiorino Ferraris, continues his campaign in favour of an entire reorganisation of taxation in Italy. He opens his article with the statement that Italy is the most heavily taxed nation of the civilised world, and points out that this is the result partly of the inevitably heavy expenses of

building up a united people, and partly of the hand-to-mouth expedients by which successive Finance Ministers have tried to make up the deficits of past Budgets. Now, however, the time has come, if the prosperity of Italy is not to be gravely imperilled, for an equitable readjustment of taxation and a reduction of the national burden. A full and able criticism of Mr. Benjamin Kidd's recent book, "The Principles of Western Civilisation," is contributed by Professor Loria, of Padua, who remarks that although the supply of sociological works from England is small, they are usually of high merit. The Italian professor emphatically disputes both the premisses and the conclusions of Mr. Kidd's book, but he welcomes the work as a brilliant and useful contribution to sociological science. F. Crispolti writes an excellent article (November 1) in support of the International League against duelling, pointing out that in Italy, happily, the custom has never obtained the sanction of public opinion to the same extent as in Germany, France, and Austria.

To the "Rivista Moderna" (October 15) Signora Paola Lombroso contributes a very charming article on "Why Babies Love Fables," pointing out that it is quite a mistake to suppose that children have any predilection for the marvellous. The truth is, what appears marvellous to us is no more marvellous to them than many of the most ordinary events of everyday life must appear, such as a fall of snow, an echo, the ringing of unseen bells, and so on. The anonymous political leader writer of the "Rivista Moderna" devotes his monthly article, under the title, "A Sad Odyssey," to a lamentation over the begging tour of the Boer generals through Europe, which he regards as a mistake on their own part and a damaging blow to the dignity of England.

"Emporium," thanks to the excellence of its numerous illustrations, is taking a front place among Italian magazines. The November number contains the best account we have seen of the recent exhibition at Bruges, with some thirty reproductions of the finest pictures exhibited there, and a very fully illustrated article on wireless telegraphy by F. G. di Brazza. There is also an extremely interesting collection of portraits and caricatures, including one by Aubrey Beardsley of Zola, who continues to enjoy an extraordinary amount of notice.

Under the title, "Triumphant Immorality," the "Civiltà Cattolica" writes—or rather shrieks—with horror over the moral condition of Europe as instanced by the recent apotheosis of Zola. The evil is traced to secular education. The protest would have been more effectual had the language been more moderate.

The democratic and socialistic experiments through which Australia and New Zealand are striving to solve their industrial problems are beginning to attract attention on the Continent of Europe. The "Rassegna Nazionale" (November 1) summarises some of the recent Australian legislative enactments in an article called "The Paradise of Workmen."

The Dutch Magazines.

"Elsevier" once more makes a welcome variation in the article with which it opens; it is not about an artist and his work. True, it concerns a kindred subject, but that can be overlooked. Mr. Zileken tells us about etching and engraving in this opening article, and what he has to say is interesting, especially as he gives us some reproductions from various sources. The author thinks that there a great many persons who do

not comprehend the difference between etching and engraving, so he begins by telling his readers that an etching is done with acids and an engraving is executed by means of a tool called a graver. Some early notes on engraving are to be found in a French booklet by Abraham Bosse, a translation of which appeared in Amsterdam in 1662; it was illustrated, and some of the pictures are reproduced. The illustrations in the article also comprise "An Etcher at Work," the point of a graving tool, the manner in which the tool is handled, and so on. The other contents of the magazine are of ordinary interest; they are worth reading, but call for no special remark.

The condition of Java gives Mr. C. Th. Van Deventer (in "De Gids") scope for an exposition of the financial position and relations of Holland and her colony. The poverty is greatest in Middle Java; the causes of the distress are, as usual, a matter of opinion, some believing that the rapid increase of the population is the chief factor. The method in which the Dutch Government deals with this state of things is discussed and criticised, and the article teems with facts and figures. He was a wise man and a keen student of human nature who said that "we are not altogether displeased with the misfortunes of others," and, if it be permissible to find consolation in the fact that others are as badly situated as ourselves—as we are sometimes taught—then it may be consolation for us to know that there is another India. Dutch politicians appear to be awakening to the responsibilities of the situation, which is a hint for us. "Charles Hall's Cry" is the title of an essay by Mr. Quack, and it deals with the opinions of Charles Hall on the subject of labour and capital, the rich and the poor. Hall was a medical man who went to Holland to study; the quotations from his books, about a century old, are strikingly modern. Anna Eker's description of the battlefields of Sedan, which she visited somewhat under the influence of Zola's "Debacle," is a vivid piece of writing, recalling, to those who have entered the forties or are older still, the terrible days of thirty-two years ago. "Surrender of Napoleon," "MacMahon wounded," and "Death of Macmahon," are some of the newspaper headlines, correct or incorrect, that float before one's mental vision on perusing this article. Another contribution is by Professor Van Hamel, on Victor Hugo's Bibliography in Holland.

The Wajang Orang is a dance, not a monkey, and is to be seen in Java. Mr. Sastro Prawiro, a Javanese, writes about it in "Woord en Beeld." The Wajang is a very primitive affair. There are three kinds, of which the Orang is the more advanced specimen, and was instituted in the middle of the eighteenth century by princes under European influence. One kind of Wajang is a sort of shadow dance, the shadows of puppets being thrown on a sheet; another kind is a dance of wooden puppets; while the Orang is the same terpsichorean exercise performed by human beings. The dance is one of those curious native amusements that entertain the coloured races and serve to illustrate the evolution of dancing.

The great attraction of the Christmas number of "The Woman at Home" is a superbly-illustrated series of sketches by Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley, of the famous portrait-painters of the day, among whom are included Mr. John Sargent, Sir W. B. Richmond, Mr. Ellis Roberts, Mr. Edward Hughes, Mr. John Collier, Mrs. Perugini, Mr. G. F. Watts, Professor Herkomer, Madame Canziani, and Mr. Leslie Ward.

"THE NEW IDEA."

The January number of "The New Idea"—a woman's home journal for Australasia—carries a pretty cover design by way of New Year greetings to its readers. The reading matter is better than that of any of its predecessors, being strengthened by the inclusion of several new departments.

Lady Rawson at Home.

The series of Notable Australasian Women at Home is continued, the subject for No. 3 being Lady Rawson, wife of Sir Harry Rawson, Governor of New South Wales. The photos of Lady Rawson and her daughter and some amateur snapshots taken by Miss Rawson are excellently reproduced, and the letterpress is bright and interesting. For instance:

"We have been here such a short time yet—only a little over six months," explains Lady Rawson, while taking tete-a-tete tea; "but we like Australia, and quite enjoyed the winter and your lovely bright sun. The country districts compare very much with our reminiscences of the South African veldt, and we have found the people most kind-hearted.

"Yes, I have travelled about a great deal. Miss Rawson and myself spent three years with His Excellency on the Cape of Good Hope station, and we had a most enjoyable time. A particularly interesting experience was when we went up to Bulawayo by train. That was the farthest the railway had gone then. From Bulawayo we made a lot of nice long drives, and did a good deal of trekking. We paid a visit to Mr. Rhodes, and stayed at his farms. Indeed, we were the first passengers on the Uganda railway. That journey was made in open trucks.

"The journey to Matoppo meant driving seventy-four miles in an ambulance cart. With no springs!" continued Lady Rawson, as she rose and fetched an album of photographs. "That is a picture of the straw huts built by the natives at Matoppo, and in which we slept at the farm." The photographs in this and other albums which were graciously shown were taken by Lady Rawson and Miss Rawson, and afford extremely entertaining reminiscences of their travels.

"Both Lady Rawson and her daughter are ardent photographers, though her ladyship concedes the honours to Miss Rawson. 'Yes, mother,' interjected Miss Rawson, when we asked Lady Rawson if this was one of her hobbies; 'you cannot call photography quite your hobby, because you only press the button, and somebody else does the rest.' Nevertheless, the 'Cranbrook' albums are replete with photographic records from Lady Rawson's camera, taken on her travels. Many of the Uganda photographs were taken from the railway carriage window while travelling. There is a snapshot of Lobengula's wives and another of Cecil Rhodes' 'View of the World,' from Matoppo."

The Woman who Toils.

Under this heading is given the first of a number of articles on Women Workers. The Australian Telephone Girl is the first worker treated, and Miss Myra

S. Merfield, B.A., writes a chatty description (illustrated with photos) of the duties and pleasures of the girls in one of the big telephone exchanges.

Casual Conversations.

"Rat-tat-tat," I tapped on the door of the music-room at the Old White Hart Hotel, Melbourne, and

"Shine of gold in western skies
Slow sinks the day to rest,"

came the answer in tenor accents.

"Rat-tat-tat," I knocked again, more loudly, and

"Riseth the silver moon,
Friend of our love the best,"

was the only response.

"Rat-tat-tat! Bang! bang! I persisted, and this time

"Here do I linger"—Oh, come in—come in!" called the singer, and his accompanist ended with a crash.

"I entered, and found Mr. Ord Hume, in a morning dress, including the latest thing in up-to-date corded smoking jackets, seated on the piano stool. The centre table was covered with music-sheets, the ink on one of which was still wet.

"Just getting a song ready for the printer," explained Mr. Hume. "It is the champion soprano solo that had to be sung by competitors at sight at the recent Ballarat competitions. Yes, I composed the music, and the words were written by a young Ballarat pressman."

"Then we fell to chatting about musical affairs in general and competitions in particular."

This is the introduction to the first of three interesting interviews—of a somewhat informal nature—with Mr. Ord Hume, who came to Australia to act as judge in various musical competitions; with Miss Rose Scott, New South Wales' political lady; and with Mrs. E. F. Allan, New Zealand's lady-lawyer.

Women's Interests.

The journalism of the world contributes to this department. A Chicago exchange, for instance, supplies half a page to "a newly discovered—or, to speak more correctly, newly adopted—method of treating rheumatism. It is by using the common honey-bee as a sort of hypodermic syringe for the injection of the formic acid with which bees are supplied by nature. Formic acid is so powerful that a solution of one part in 500,000 parts of water makes one of the most powerful germicides known. It has for many years been known that formic acid would relieve local pains, and it has been widely used in such disorders as Bright's disease, diphtheritic throat, erysipelas, and rheumatism, but its effects were transitory. Recently, however, a martyr to rheumatism accidentally upset a beehive, was stung by some dozens of angry bees, and as a result was completely cured. The writer of the article in question says, in conclusion:

"Just what happens when one is stung by a bee is the secret for which physicians are now looking. That the sting breaks the skin slightly, and that through

this aperture the poison reaches the veins and courses through the system, is about as far as the research work tells us. As far as science has ascertained, the bee poison given by a physician is identical with that injected by the bee. But this remedy only relieves, while it appears that the direct sting of the insect is a curative. In all cases of self-treatment, however, proper precautions should be taken. It should be borne in mind that there is some danger of being stung by too many bees in any limited space.'

"We must frankly admit," says the editor, "that we have not tried the remedy, but if any of our readers care to experiment, we shall be glad to hear the result."



Cookery for Our Climate.

HOT-WEATHER FARE.—SOME DAINTY DISHES.

By "Cuisiniere."

"Once, heavy puddings and pies were the current things as sweets. Now, the large variety of ice-puddings, creams, custards, and stewed fruits have a deserved vogue. Because these belong to high-class cookery, many a housewife is afraid to try them. The aim of these notes will be to popularise such developments in English cookery, and to show that they are not only particularly suitable for Australia, but easily made, and within the reach of the million."

LIGHT SWEETS.

"Foremost, of course, amongst the up-to-date light sweets come frozen puddings. Unfortunately, in order to make these, special moulds and a freezer are necessary. The expense puts this out of the way of those living in modest style. But once the paraphernalia be acquired, frozen puddings are simplicity itself, being a series of frozen creams, custards, etc., with such variety in flavouring as the cook can introduce, either lemon, vanilla, coffee, chocolate, strawberry, or any fruit juice. These puddings are very nice served with compotes of the various fruits. With judicious colouring and a proper selection of moulds they also lend themselves to exceedingly pretty decorative effects. A combination of frozen pudding and jelly looks most effective. During the Coronation festivities in England, moulds

cast in the form of the Crown, or with the letters 'E.R.' and other devices suitable to the occasion, were much used. How much has been done in late years in the matter of moulds only those in touch with foreign and English cookery realise. The demand for such things here is not great, consequently there is not a wide variety in design to select from. It is the design right up-to-date that gives a new face to these puddings."

"Then follow a number of common-sense up-to-date recipes.

FRUITS.

"To consider some of the ways fruit can be prepared, either to serve with cream, or some such light sweet as I have indicated. A gelee macedoine is very nice. To make it, prepare such fruits as are to hand. Then line a mould with a stiff wine or lemon jelly, or, failing these, a jelly made from some of the jellies sold by grocers. Then arrange the fruit, putting the heavier kinds at the top, so they may rest on the dish when the mould is turned out. Over each layer of fruit pour some jelly, until the mould is filled. Let each layer set before adding the next. Leave it to set; then serve."

"For compotes of fruit, a light syrup, made of 1 pint of water and half a pound of sugar, is the usual thing."



Amusements and Entertaining.

A NUTTING PARTY.

"The half-dozen games on which a nutting party is founded can be arranged with a very trifling expenditure of time and labour. The opening game goes to decide the question of whether or not each player is destined to marry. This is played by making a little heap of nuts in some portion of the parlour and giving your guests each a broad-bladed kitchen knife. To discover his fate he must pick up one of the nuts upon the knife, and run around the room with it so balanced. Two minutes by the watch is allowed for this feat. If he fails to get the nut on the blade, or if it tumbles in the progress round the room, the person thus failing will never marry."



A New Business for the Busy Bee.

Notes about Notabilities.

A MELBA STORY.

"Anecdotes about Melba are always welcomed by the American press, and the following is one of the most recently published. It is probably more readable than exact:

"Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, hero of campaigns, has met defeat in an engagement of wits. He has been vanquished by a woman. The visitor in the little dinner-table tilt was Madame Melba, and the scene of the occurrence the house of a member of the British aristocracy.

"Madame Melba, at this dinner, was seated at the right of Lord Wolseley, who was at the right of the hostess of the evening. Lord Wolseley, at the beginning of the dinner, asked of the hostess, 'Who is the lady at my right?'

"'Why, that is Madame Melba.'

"'Who is this Madame Melba?'

"'Is it possible that your lordship does not know the great singer?'

"'Oh, yes. Born in Australia, I believe.' And with that the general applied himself to the course then served. After a few minutes, he turned to the prima donna, greeted her pleasantly, and said, 'You are an Australian, I believe, Madame? I know a great deal about your country. My brother lives in Melbourne.'

"'And pray, sir, what is the name of your brother?' the singer naively inquired.

"'Goodness! Why, his name is the same as mine—Wolseley,' answered the surprised officer.

"'Who is Wolseley? I do not recall having heard that name,' Madame Melba explained.

"'Why, I am General Wolseley,' replied the astonished officer.

"'Wolseley? Wolseley? Wolseley?' whispered the singer, as if appearing to refresh her memory. And then the general applied himself again to the food. He had learned his lesson."

A LIFE-SAVING JOKE.

"'That man will kill me yet,' gasped a red-faced woman in the gallery of Daly's Theatre, London, where Arthur Roberts, the comedian, appears nightly. She little knew that before the evening was over he would save many lives; but such was the case, for during the performance some of the scenery caught fire, and as the smoke rolled out, the audience became alarmed, and was on the point of stampeding.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' said Mr. Roberts, 'there is no danger. Compose yourselves.'

"But the audience began to move.

"'Confound it, ladies and gentlemen,' Mr. Roberts cried; "do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?"

"Then the audience sat still and laughed while the firemen and supers succeeded in getting the flames under control. Mr. Roberts, it may be noted, was so severely burned by some powder that exploded that he was unable to appear for several nights."

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

On the whole the editors of "The New Idea" are to be congratulated on the excellence of the standard they have set up—and on which, it may be added, they seem to be improving. "The New Idea" is published by T. Shaw Fitchett, 167-9 Queen Street, Melbourne, and the subscription rate to any part of Australasia is 3s. per annum.



SYSTEM IN PLEASURE.

"Every mother feels that she does not want to be unduly severe or restrictive with her daughter during her girlhood days. The feeling is only natural that girlhood's days are fleeting enough. 'While she is a girl,' the mother argues, 'let her have a good time. Responsibilities and cares will come soon enough.' And so she sometimes acts against her own judgment in giving permission to her daughter to do something which permission instinctively she wishes she were strong enough not to grant.

"There are hundreds of young girls in Australian homes to-day whose pitiable physical condition is not in any sense due to overstudy, or to the unhealthy condition of our school buildings, or to any task imposed upon them by teacher or educational board, but to the unrestricted part which they are allowed to take in social pleasures, and consequent late hours, by their parents. These girls go to school each morning absolutely unfit to study anything. Loss of sleep, and the physical drain consequent upon the previous evening's gaieties, make them mentally incompetent. If a fully matured man cannot go to his business with a clear mind after late hours the night before, how can a parent expect his undeveloped daughter to study if she has danced away the hours the night before, with sometimes an hour or two in the morning included? What teacher can teach a girl who is in no fit mental or physical condition to be taught? Yet in the cases of hundreds of girls, mothers are to-day blaming the teachers of their daughters for what they, as mothers, are alone to blame. It would be a pretty good rule for many a mother to look at herself before she blames anyone else for the anaemic, nervous and sometimes shattered physical condition of her daughter. . . ."

EDUCATION THROUGH PLAY.

"A mother must realise that child-training is a work quite as important as any profession, and one which requires an equal outlay of patience and persistence. Women with but small talent will devote years of time and expend money and enthusiasm upon the study of music or the drama in order to enter on these careers. They will relinquish social life, and give up all pleasure and amusement not connected with their chosen profession. It is only when mothers are ready to show a like interest in the profession of child-training that they can hope for success.

"A little child of three is a peculiar combination. It is innocent, oftentimes angelic, and wholly free from any knowledge of evil, yet in its small brain all the propensities of the future man or woman lie dormant. Sometimes a small child will show a propensity to be cruel even before it attains a trio of years. It seems to delight in inflicting pain on insects and animals.

"For a destructive or seemingly cruel child the very first education should be in the line of the constructive, and its sympathies with all living things should be awakened. All this should be done not by dreary lessons or arguments, but through play."

— SANDOW'S —

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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

By "AUSTRALIAN."

New-Year Prospects.

The first month of the New Year has opened with prospects far more favourable than for some considerable time past. True it is that the agricultural season now passing has been marked by extremely short production, and that for the next eight or nine months we must expect quietness in trade; but the fact remains that the favourable character of the weather for the past six weeks has given the entire population new life, and on every side there is just as marked a tendency to take a hopeful view of things as there was in November last to be gloomy. New heart has been given to the drought-stricken farmers. Admittedly they have not derived any great immediate benefit from the rains, except that water is provided in plenty, and carting can be dispensed with. But the situation for him does not now appear so absolutely hopeless as it did a few months back.

Up till November it certainly looked as if it never would rain. Since the opening of November some splendid records have been made. What producers look forward to with longing is a damp autumn such as will enable them to increase the area cultivated, and give the crops an early start. They will this year have a vast increase in the fallowed area, for the immense acreage which failed entirely last season (even though in many cases well manured) will this year be available for grain as fallow. With anything like decent weather, cereal and stock-raisers, together with those engaged in the dairying industry, should later in the year regain the position they occupied in 1901,

and their prosperity will mean increased trade, and more demand for our own manufactures.

From time to time the "Review of Reviews" has pointed out that as far as Victoria was concerned, the season 1901-02 was not nearly as bad as it was being painted, though we never had any great hopes of 1902-03 being marked by even moderate production in any of the eastern States. The agricultural and horticultural production for the season 1901-02, it now appears, exceeded that of any previous year in the history of Victoria. The figures are given as follow:

	1898-99.	1899-1900.	1900-1901.	1901-1902.
Wheat	£2,121,308	£1,825,374	£2,212,324	£1,971,199
Oats	454,531	637,088	738,638	784,572
Barley	200,175	222,895	165,832	137,754
Maize	86,837	74,200	80,557	120,090
Other cereals	35,604	26,746	29,630	36,878
Hay	1,244,677	1,214,743	1,332,922	2,653,107
Potatoes	326,312	255,737	362,195	486,735
Onions	69,232	79,620	98,936	98,087
*All other produce	2,114,619	2,043,252	2,330,206	2,276,594
Totals	£6,653,235	£6,379,655	£7,351,300	£8,564,966

*Exclusive of wool, stock, and dairy produce.

The great increase was to some extent due to the necessitous condition of New South Wales and Queensland. Their disasters proved to be the opportunity of the farmer in very many districts of Victoria for making a considerable profit, and the above figures show that the benefit was a substantial one. The losses, of course, in the northern parts of Victoria were considerable; but they have been more than counterbalanced, in the aggregate, by the excellent returns in the southern and western areas.

The returns from the harvest year, 1901-02, for New South Wales, as compiled by Coghlan, are available, and show that there, also, agriculturists, despite the drought, received, in the aggregate, greater values than ever before. The figures are appended:

1895	£3,438,512
1896	4,100,709
1897	5,373,614
1898	6,249,677
1899	4,874,696
1900	5,609,437
1901	4,955,674
1902	*7,318,574

*Owing to the wheat crop being largely over-estimated, the official aggregate value is, we think, too high by at least £300,000, if not more.

Even allowing for the overestimate of the wheat crop, it will be seen farmers produced a greater value than in any previous year. Unfortunately, while one-half of the farmers was making "big money," the other was losing heavily.

In New South Wales the position of the agricultural industry has been improved by the rains, but farmers have still a long, dreary wait until returns can come in. Grass is said to be plentiful out on parts of the western plains where the stock left are few in number. There has been an almost general desire to restock, but suitable sheep and cattle are scarce. The more judicious among the settlers are acting warily, and intend waiting until well on towards the autumn. It is not likely that any large amount of stocking up can be done, for the simple but sufficient reason that there are not sufficient sheep or cattle left to satisfy the wants of the back-country settlers. Perhaps it is just as well. With our reduced herds and flocks



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Premium Income Exceeds £1,100,000.

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ROBERT W. MARTIN, Manager.

there will be no great danger of any unfavourable change in the weather causing a recurrence of the horrors of the past few years, and in the interim probably something will be done towards conserving water permanently, and rendering irrigation of feed crops possible.

Queensland reports state that the five to ten inches of rain which have fallen in the last seven weeks have done an incalculable amount of good. The remainder of the sheep and cattle are picking up, and there is now abundance of feed to carry the stock on for a considerable length of time. Steady improvement will doubtless be noticeable from now on.

South Australia had a considerable area of drought-stricken country, but fortunately obtained a large wheat crop from the favoured districts. The fact that five out of the six States have to import wheat, which brings the duties and wharfage charges into operation, has caused a considerable rise in the value of this grain, and the 8,000,000 bushels estimated to have been harvested in South Australia is actually equal to about 15,000,000 bushels at ordinary prices. In other ways South Australia is improving. The drought has lifted, and though there may be temporary quietness in affairs, financial and commercial, we look with assurance for improvement of considerable extent later in the year.

Western Australia continues to progress steadily, and, with careful legislation and just administration of her affairs, will probably see a very considerable advance in 1903. The gold yield is increasing rapidly, and many mines are yielding handsome profits; while it is satisfactory to note that the pastoral and agricultural industries are making considerable strides, and that the great timber industry is once more lifting its head from the bed of depression in which it has lain for so long a time.

Tasmanian affairs are prosperous. The people are obtaining increased returns from the land and from mining. The only regrettable feature is that the Government is still hampered by the fact that Federation has absorbed its chief revenue producer, and the Commonwealth Treasurer hands back an inadequate revenue for the purpose of the local government. Still, the prosperity of the people is undoubtedly, and the tight little island must make considerable headway in 1903.

Australasian Borrowing.

We firmly believe that late in 1903 there will be signs of general prosperity returning to these States, provided always that anything like decent weather be experienced. It is earnestly to be hoped that any return of prosperity will not mean an increase in our borrowing or expenditure from revenue. Probably it was fortunate for ourselves that in 1902 the London market remained for so long a time decidedly against new Australasian loans, and the result is that the return of the gross borrowings for that period is not as great as the various Treasurers would have made it had London been a free lender. The following table

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At FOUR Per Cent.,

In sums of £2,000 to £15,000 on Town Properties, £2,000 to £25,000 on Broad Acres, and sums from £500 to £2,000 at 4½ Per Cent. on Town Properties

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MANAGER

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Amount of cash surplus divided among the Members for the single year, 1901, was £588,725; yielding Reversionary Bonuses of about £1,000,000.

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ROBERT B. CAMERON, SECRETARY.

Head Office: 87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

compares the gross loans raised in the States and in London, excluding always indirect loans, such as accommodation received from bankers, or life insurance societies, drafts on trusts' funds, Savings Bank funds, and the like:

ISSUED LOCALLY.

	1900.	1901.	1902.
Victorian Govt.	£850,000	£1,160,000	£620,000
Metro'p' Board of Works	600,000	700,000	400,000
Melbourne City Council	—	350,000	—
Savings Banks	250,000	225,000	200,000
N.S.W. Govt.	1,300,000	1,600,000	910,000
Sydney C. C.	—	220,000	—
Queensland Govt.	—	1,110,000	530,000
S.A. Govt.	650,000	550,000	1,189,000
Tasmanian Govt.	—	250,000	—
N.Z. Govt.	—	650,000	1,600,000
Total	£3,650,000	£6,815,000	£5,449,000

ISSUED IN LONDON.

	1900.	1901.	1902.
Victoria	—	£3,000,000	£1,000,000
New South Wales	£1,000,000	5,000,000	3,000,000
Queensland	1,400,000	1,374,213	—
South Australia	1,000,000	—	—
Western Australia	1,880,000	1,500,000	1,500,000
Tasmania	—	450,000	—
New Zealand	300,000	1,500,000	—
Total	£5,580,000	£12,824,213	£5,500,000

The aggregates for the past three years (gross borrowings) are as follow:

1900	£9,230,000
1901	19,639,213
1902	10,949,000

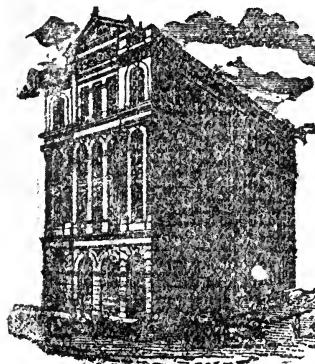
Had the London market been consistently favourable to borrowing, the total would have been far greater than that shown above. The year closed with Victoria with arrangements made to borrow £1,000,000 from the Savings Banks. New South Wales was seeking £4,000,000 on Treasury Bills in London (£1,000,000 just issued at par at 4 per cent.), and the Parliament had, in addition, authorised in the meantime another £2,000,000 of public works, to be constructed from future loan funds. Queensland, we know, contemplates the issue, at an early date, of £600,000 Treasury Bills locally, and has £2,000,000 authorised awaiting issue in London. Of the latter sum, £1,000,000 at 3½ per cent. is to be issued shortly. South Australia continues to sell Treasury Bills locally, but would probably gladly accept an opportunity of borrowing a million or so in London. Western Australia has sufficient in hand—advanced by A.M.P. Society and Savings Banks—to meet current expenditure on loan works until February, and then, by reason of a buoyant revenue and prosperity, should be able to borrow cheaply in London. It appears to us to be almost certain that it will not be before March that Australia will be able to satisfy all her rather pressing wants.

Our Dependence on Our Creditors.

It will be seen that, approximately, Australia alone wants £8,000,000 or so at the present time from Great Britain, and New Zealand could very well do with another million or a million and a half. That total will probably be borrowed during the currency of this year, while, in addition, Victoria has to make arrangements for the conversion of £5,000,000 4½ per cents. and £57,000 4 per cents. falling due on January 1 next. The twelve months will assuredly be a trying time for the various State Treasurers. These figures show how greatly dependent we are on the lending power of British creditors, and the fact that the gross debt of Australasia now reaches over £275,000,000, of which no less than £235,000,000 is due to the Mother Country, must suggest to the cautious individual that it is about time to stop this outside borrowing policy entirely, or reduce it very materially. There are objections, it is true, to the Commonwealth becoming the sole borrower and the sole judge as to the loan wants of individual States. Possibly they may be surmountable; but, for the present, we believe that they will

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prove the opposite. The people cannot protect themselves against extravagance on the part of the States, therefore, in this way. Common sense, we believe, must prevail at last; but the people must rise with one accord—just as they have done in Victoria—throughout the whole of the Commonwealth, and protest with no uncertain voice against the ceaseless extravagance and lavish waste, not only of loan funds, but of the general revenue. If the present financial policy of some of the States be continued, the results will be both distressing and far-reaching for the population, however pleasing the immediate effects of extravagance may prove to be. Our dependence on Great Britain may prove a safeguard. If it be found impossible to borrow in London, and difficult to raise loans locally, then the day of spendthrift, extravagant Ministries will have passed. While they have money to spend they have strong supporters. When they have none, they will be merely political outcasts.

New South Wales' Finances.

Mr. E. W. O'Sullivan has lately visited Melbourne. His references to the increase in the debt of New South Wales moved the well-known Financial Editor of the Sydney "D. T." to write as follows:

"Mr. O'Sullivan's letter affords much food for comment. He says that, in his department, £7,211,089 has been expended since September 14, 1899, and that thereby New South Wales has been saved from 'a serious condition, commercially, industrially, and financially.' He says we must go on as we have been for at least another two years, to keep the wolf from the door. As for £17,000,000 of loan money having been involved, that is unjust, because a large sum has been required to repay loans which fell due. Now, we have not the least desire to do Mr. O'Sullivan any injustice. But let us look the facts of the position in the face. September 14, 1899, is an awkward date. Taking June 30, 1899, to December 31, 1902 (three and a half years), the position of the debt, according to the accounts published, comes out as under:

NEW SOUTH WALES' DEBT.

	June 30, 1899.	Dec. 31, 1902.
Public debt..	£63,761,666	£74,414,421
Loan account overdrawn..	2,196,469	4,366,700
Other overdrafts..	—	1,384,055
	£65,958,135	£80,165,156
Less cash in hand..	1,853,745	378,190
	£64,104,390	£79,786,966
Resumptions unpaid (say)	—	2,000,000
		£81,786,966

This makes the addition £17,682,576, altogether apart from any repayments of loans, which have been allowed for. If Mr. O'Sullivan can correct these figures, it is, of course, open to him to do so. But while £2,000,000 of this increase as yet remains unpaid, it is an admitted liability, all the same; and if Mr. O'Sullivan could add all his outstanding commitments to the total, we should have a thoroughly interesting statement of the country's debts and liabilities. The Government, at any rate, proposed spending £3,000,000 of loan money in the seven months from December 1 last.

"But the argument that a loan expenditure is justified because it prevents depression in incomes and trade is a very peculiar one. The formula is this: 'Whenever your income is reduced, do not spend less, but supplement your earnings by borrowing.' There is no further formula that in prosperous years those loans should be repaid. We could understand the proposition that in prosperous years we should accumulate a surplus so as to supplement our earnings in lean years. Supposing we all followed Mr. O'Sullivan's lead. Where would our credit as individuals or public companies be found? Loan money is not income; yet Mr.

O'Sullivan asserts that he has used the loan moneys to swell the incomes of the people. How will that read when it gets to London?

Mr. O'Sullivan has asserted that another two years of free borrowing and expenditure will be necessary to keep "New South Wales on an even keel," financially and commercially. If the See-O'Sullivan Ministry remains in power for that period, and carries out its policy, it will undoubtedly be a very long time before the mother State gets on an even keel again. The consequences of the late extravagance and foolish expenditure will assuredly be serious.

Rapidly Rising Gold Yield.

The gold yield of Australasia for 1902 shows a very large increase, and, as far as the return in crude ounces goes, constitutes a record by a very wide margin. From the returns so far available we arrive at the following:

	1899.	1900.	1901.	1902.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
New South Wales	496,196	345,650	267,061	300,289
Victoria	854,500	807,407	789,562	825,335
Queensland	946,894	963,189	835,553	857,513
South Australia	23,123	24,086	27,490	*29,000
Western Australia	1,643,877	1,580,950	1,879,391	2,177,641
Tasmania	83,992	81,125	75,831	*68,000

Commonwealth	4,048,582	3,802,407	3,874,888	4,257,778
New Zealand	389,558	373,616	455,561	503,100

Australasia	4,438,140	4,176,023	4,330,449	4,760,878
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The foregoing return is the largest, both in value and in quantity, ever produced in our history, and is quite sufficient to place these colonies once more at the head of the gold producers of the world. It is satisfactory, too, to be able to state that there is every probability of very marked improvement in this year.

Regarding Western Australia—a State where the gold yield is rapidly rising, and where dividends are increasing—the following figures relating to yields and dividends, taken from official sources, will be found interesting:

	Crude ounces.	Value.	Dividends.
1886 to 1891	77,278	£293,657	£6,576
1892	59,548	226,282	1,875
1893	110,891	421,386	34,350
1894	207,131	787,098	110,642
1895	231,513	879,749	82,183
1896	281,265	1,068,807	168,216
1897	674,994	2,564,977	507,732
1898	1,050,184	3,990,699	606,124
1899	1,643,877	6,246,733	2,057,421
1900	1,580,950	6,007,610	1,392,866
1901	1,879,390	7,235,652	1,091,855
1902	2,177,441	7,947,721	1,737,000
Total	9,974,462	£37,670,371	£7,796,840

In Queensland, two very promising fields, in Charters Towers and Gympie, have issued excellent returns, while Croydon is making good headway. Regarding Charters Towers—a field we believe to be without equal both in the honest manner in which it is conducted, and the steadiness of its returns, the following figures are of interest:

DIVIDENDS PAID.

1888	£76,817	1896	..	£252,042
1889	98,212	1897	..	340,244
1890	147,652	1898	..	303,730
1891	272,321	1899	..	302,262
1892	341,947	1900	..	299,206
1893	304,564	1901	..	277,160
1894	298,508	1902	..	421,567
1895	248,488			

The calls in 1902 amounted to only £95,619. The dividends for December alone were a record, totalling £65,210. The total gold yield for Charters Towers in 1902 was 384,000 ounces, against 359,400 in 1901.

In 1903 it is believed that the following mines will become more prominent: Band of Hope, Queen Central, Queen Central Block, New Queen, Vesuvius, Marshall's Queen, and Papuan Brilliant and Victoria. The present big dividend payers should also keep very much to the front.

Another promising field is Gympie. We extract the following from the "Gympie Times" of January 1:

"The year which closed yesterday—the thirty-fifth since the discovery of Gympie—stands out as the best in the history of the field for gold yield, dividends, and production of ore, yet it would seem that there are not those outward signs of prosperity which would in former days have accompanied such a record-making year. During 1902 140,776 tons 10 cwt. of stone were crushed for a return of 140,510 oz. 12 dwt. 12 gr. gold, whilst the total amount of dividends declared was £263,874 2s. 1d., the calls only amounting to £76,590 8s. Compared with last year's record figures of 117,062 oz. 5 dwt. 12 gr. from 112,100 tons 13 cwt., this shows the splendid increase of 23,448 oz. gold, and 28,676 tons of stone crushed. In 1901 the dividends were £201,722, so that there was the satisfactory increase of £62,150 for 1902, which was also £8,560 more than the amount paid to shareholders in the record year, 1884, when £255,314 was divided. Gympie may well feel proud that she has so ably assisted in the disastrous year just ended to keep the gold production of Queensland up to high-water mark, and so well remunerated investors who were willing to place their faith in the State's oldest goldfield. The average return of the stone treated—just an ounce to the ton—is a splendid one for such a large quantity of ore. As showing the profitability of gold mining on this field, it is well to note that the dividends exceeded the calls by no less a sum than £187,283."

The Australian Mints.

Three branches of the Imperial Mint are at work in Australia—one at Melbourne, one at Sydney, and one at Perth. In 1902 they, too, reached a record as far as receipts and issues of gold were concerned. The figures of receipts are appended:

	1900.	1901.	1902.
	Crude Oz.	Crude Oz.	Crude Oz.
Melbourne	1,158,651	1,048,239	1,141,923
Sydney	1,044,518	864,634	*675,832
Perth	527,822	827,510	1,354,632
	2,730,991	2,740,383	3,172,387

*Fine ounces in this year only. The receipts in 1901 were approximately equal to 740,000 fine ounces.

Issues were also better than ever before recorded, mainly due to the excellent increase at the Perth Mint:

	1900.	1901.	1902.
	£4,484,654	£4,075,234	£4,462,567
Melbourne	3,731,738	3,030,844	2,857,553
Sydney	1,945,806	2,910,558	4,675,109
Perth			
Total	£10,162,198	£10,016,636	£11,995,229

These figures are very satisfactory. The great advance in the Perth Mint's operations is doubly so, for the reason that at first the Mint was not supported to the extent it should have been. Nothing but careful and progressive management and persistent attempts to popularise the branch could have resulted in the excellent showing now made.

Australian Wheat Production.

The total wheat production of Australia this year will probably just about equal that of a moderate crop for Victoria alone in a fair season. The figures so far available are appended and compared:

	1899-1900.	1900-1901.	1901-1902.	1902,1903.
	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.
N.S.W.	13,604,166	16,173,771	*14,308,705	1,411,219
Vic.	15,237,948	17,847,321	12,127,382	3,000,000
Q'land	614,414	1,194,088	1,692,222	250,000
S. Aus.	8,453,135	11,253,148	8,012,762	7,500,000
W. Aus.	987,329	774,176	933,101	1,000,000
Tas.	1,101,303	1,110,421	963,662	1,000,000

C'wealth 39,998,295 .. 43,352,925 .. 38,537,834 .. 14,161,219

*Official return estimated to be 2,300,000 bushels over actual output.

On the basis of the above figures Australia will have to import at least nine to ten million bushels of wheat, or its equivalent in flour. Already very large orders have been sent to 'Frisco, Portland, Tacoma, New York, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, Kurrahe and Calcutta, and about 4,000,000 bushels have been bought for extended delivery. South Australia is the only State with a surplus, and, selling at present extreme rates, is making a very considerable profit.

In other cereals production has been short. Oats are scarce, and will remain at high values. Barley is being very freely imported from 'Frisco, and stands at very high prices in the local markets. Maize continues to sell at 80 per cent. above the ordinary level of prices, while peas, etc., are all high. Hay and chaff are above the average value in the market, and must continue so. Potatoes are selling at more reasonable prices. For those farmers lucky enough to obtain supplies, the season will be a profitable one; but they are few in number. For the great majority the season 1902-03 will be marked by the shortest returns for a very considerable period. But the faith of the Australian farmer is proverbial. We hear of no general throwing up of selections, or reduction in area cultivated. The producer returns with renewed vigour to the work which has proved so unprofitable for the season, and is buoyed up with hopes of getting twice as much next year, to make up for this season's loss.

Insurance News and Notes.

A number of interesting suits are in progress in the American Courts as to what time "noon" in an insurance policy actually means. "Is it noon by standard time or solar time?" is the question, and on the decision rests some £5,000 of insurance money. The insured under the policies occupied three buildings at Fourteenth Street and Portland Avenue, Louisville. The buildings were destroyed by fire on April 1, 1902, the damage being £50,000. Of this, about £45,000 was covered by insurance. All the insurance was paid excepting the £5,000 above-mentioned, and which was held by thirteen fire companies. The policies were in force from noon, April 1, 1901, to noon, April 1, 1902, and, as is universal, no mention was made of standard or solar time. In Louisville the solar noon is 17½ minutes earlier than standard noon, and the fire occurred, according to the fire-brigade's time, at 11.45 a.m. The brigade, of course, uses standard time. Now, by solar time, the fire would have occurred at 2½ minutes past noon, and the thirteen companies referred to maintained that noon in their policies was solar time, and accordingly refused to pay. The policyholders argue that in the city of Louisville standard time is the official time, and all business and social engagements are made by standard time, and therefore claim that they are entitled to the proceeds of their policies. The decision on the point will be watched by insurance men with great interest.

A welcome to Chief-Officer Stein was tendered by the Metropolitan Fire Brigades Board, at the head station, on the 18th ult. There were about 300 guests present. Mr. M. A. Ridge, President of the Board, in a short speech referred to the objects and results of Mr. Stein's tour of the world. Mr. Stein gave a summary of the impressions which he had gathered on the trip. The station was brilliantly lit up, and the guests were shown how a call of fire is answered.

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The election of representatives of insurance companies on the Metropolitan Fire Brigades Board has resulted as follows: Messrs. M. A. Ridge, C. E. Jarrett, and E. S. Watson, and for the Country Board, Messrs. W. J. Jack and A. Campbell.

The annual meeting of the Insurance Institute of Victoria was held at the Vienna Cafe on the 17th ult. The annual report stated that at the close of the session the number of members was 154. The committee recorded, with deep regret, the recent death of Mr. John Sinclair, one of the original members of the institute. The financial statement showed a balance carried forward of £25 6s. Messrs. F. F. Leslie and A. A. Taverner were elected to vacancies on the committee, Mr. B. Goldsmith was re-elected auditor, and Mr. R. J. White was elected honorary secretary and treasurer, in succession to Mr. C. R. Colquhoun, regret at whose retirement from the position was expressed in the annual report.

The Federal Government have decided, on and after June 30 next, to take up the fidelity guarantee risk of their servants themselves. Hitherto all officers were guaranteed by local insurance companies, but the Commonwealth Government has decided to form a fund, to which the officers will pay 2s. 6d. per £100 on the amount of guarantee required. From this fund will be paid any defalcations that may be made, and it is expected that the above rate will be ample for the purpose. The Government further anticipate that in time the fund will be of sufficient size to permit of a reduction of the rate charged.

The new East River Bridge, in course of erection between New York and Brooklyn, was severely damaged by fire on November 10 last, the loss being £100,000. For four hours the fire raged at the top of a great steel tower, 355 feet in the air, and it was impossible for any brigade appliances to reach it. The fire commenced in a tool shed, and spread to the great timber framework, and as the supports burned through, nearly a million feet of blazing timber fell into the river. Everything combustible on the tower was destroyed, leaving only the steel tower and four eighteen-inch cables stretching across the river.

According to the "Mutual Provident Messenger," statements were made by a representative of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, at a reception given to him at Toronto, Canada, on his return from Australia, that the I.O.F. had already made its mark in that country, and that two of the strongest of the old-line companies, the Australian Mutual Provident Society and the National Mutual Life Association, had recognised the fraternal principle in life assurance, and that one of them had established a fraternal branch, so-called, and the other is preparing to do so. The "Messenger" states that, as far as the A.M.P. Society is concerned, "we need scarcely assure our members that the largest mutual life office in the British Empire, and, as we think, the most successful which the world has ever seen, is not going to degrade itself by adopting a system of alleged assurance which has been condemned by every respectable financial journal in existence, and which has consigned to the bottomless pit of bankruptcy so many thousands of the concerns which have practised it."

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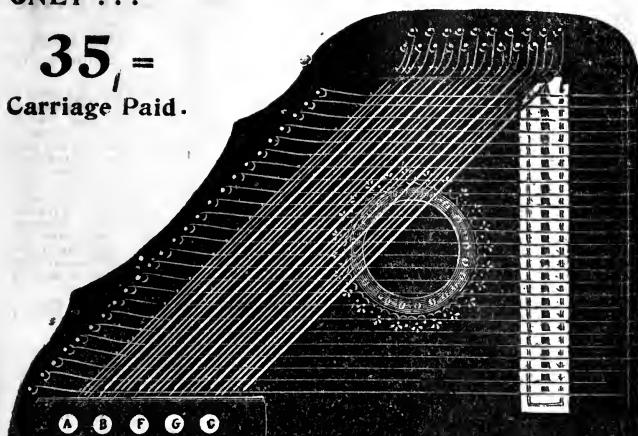
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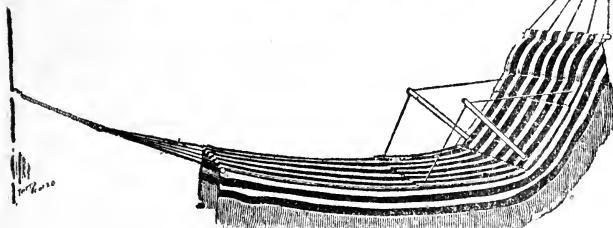
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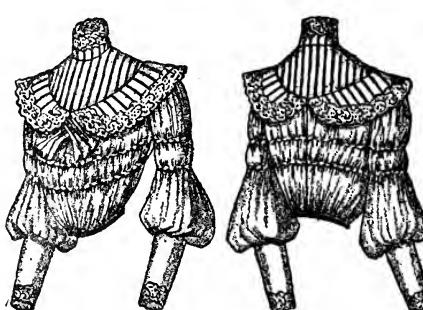
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